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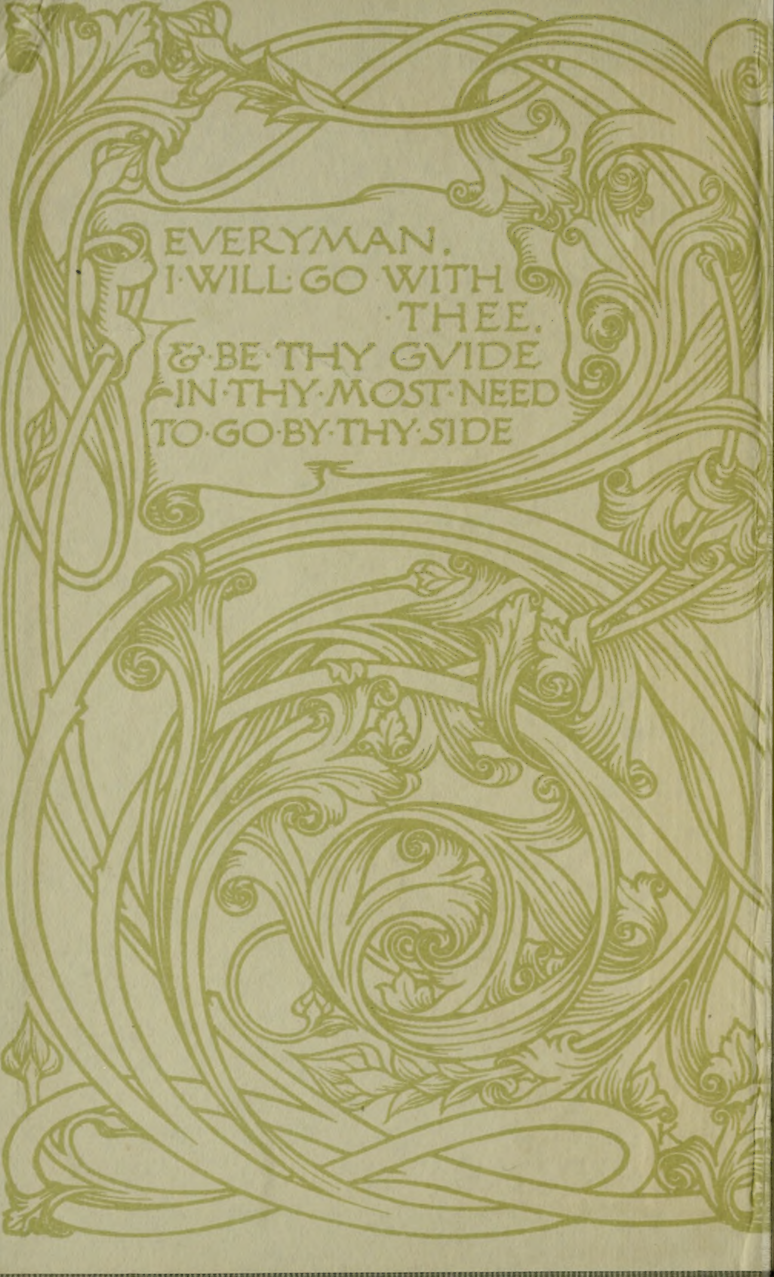

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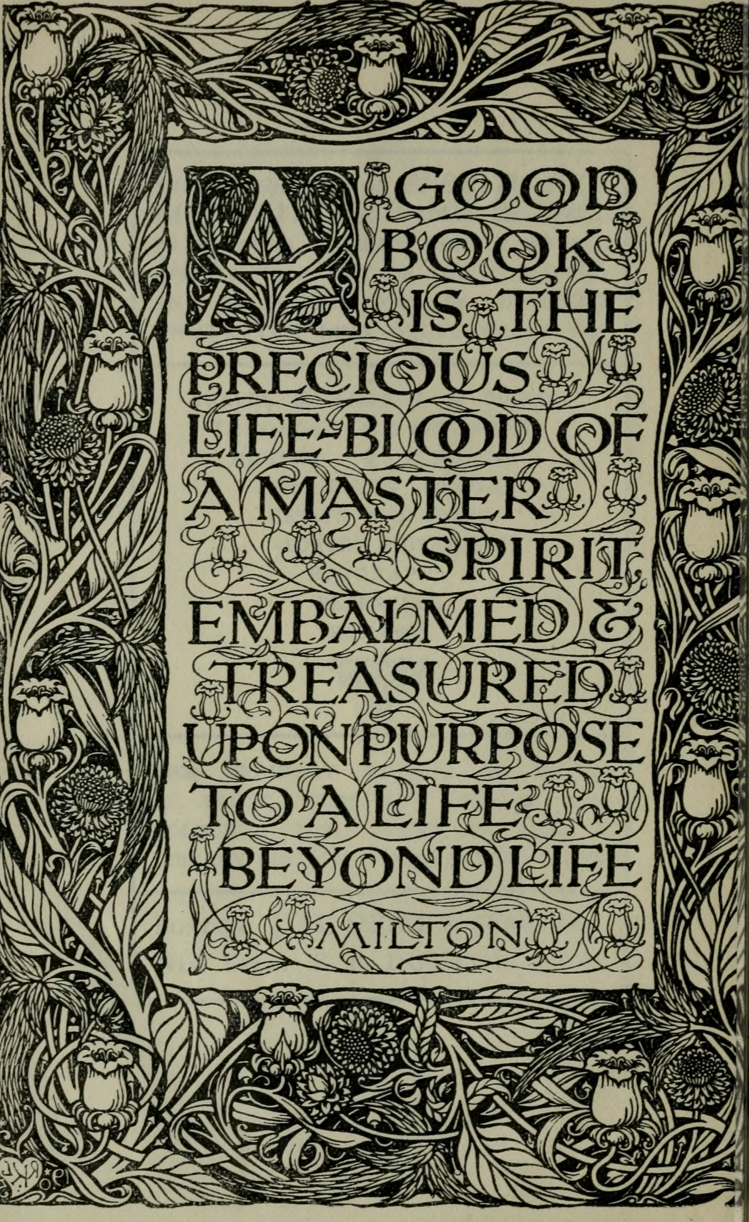

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# DIARY·OF SAMVEL·PEPYS

F.R.S. Secretary to the
Admiralty in the
Reigns of CHARLES·II
& JAMES·II. The
Diary deciphered by
the Rev. J. SMITH A.M.
From the Original
Shorthand M.S. in the
Pepysian Library
With Notes by RICHARD
LORD BRAYBROOKE

## VOLVME TWO

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# DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS

## 1665–6

JANUARY 1st. Called up by five o'clock by Mr. Tooker, who wrote, while I dictated to him, my business of the Pursers; and so, without eating or drinking, till three in the afternoon, to my great content, finished it.[1]

2d. Up by candle-light again, and my business being done, to my Lord Brouncker's, and there find Sir J. Minnes and all his company, and Mr. Boreman and Mrs. Turner, but, above all, my dear Mrs. Knipp, with whom I sang, and in perfect pleasure I was to hear her sing, and especially her little Scotch song of "Barbary Allen;" and to make our mirth the completer, Sir J. Minnes was in the highest pitch of mirth, and his mimicall tricks, that ever I saw, and most excellent pleasant company he is, and the best musique that ever I saw, and certainly would have made an excellent actor, and now would be an excellent teacher of actors. Then, it being past night, against my will, took leave.

3d. I to the Duke of Albemarle and back again: and, at the Duke's, with great joy, I received the good news of the decrease of the plague this week to 70, and but 253 in all; which is the least Bill hath been known these twenty years in the City, though the want of people in London is it, that must make it so low, below the ordinary number for Bills. So home, and find all my good company I had bespoke, as Colman and his wife, and Laneare, Knipp and her surly husband; and good musick we had, and among other things, Mr. Coleman sang my words I set, of "Beauty, retire," and they praise it mightily. Then to dancing and supper, and mighty merry till Mr. Rolt come in, whose pain of the toothache made him no company, and spoilt ours: so he away, and then my wife's teeth fell of aching, and she to bed. So forced to break up all with a good song, and so to bed.

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[1] This document is in the British Museum (Harleian MS., 6287), and is entitled, "A letter from Mr. Pepys, dated at Greenwich, 1st Jan., 1665–6, which he calls his New Year's Gift to his hon. friend, Sir Wm. Coventry, wherein he lays down a Method of securing his Majesty in husbandly execution of the Victualling Part of the Naval Expence." It consists of nineteen closely written folio pages, and is a remarkable specimen of Pepys's business habits.

5th. I with my Lord Brouncker and Mrs. Williams by coach with four horses to London, to my Lord's house in Covent Garden.[1] But, Lord! what staring to see a nobleman's coach come to town! And porters every where bow to us; and such begging of beggars! And delightful it is to see the town full of people again; and shops begin to open, though in many places seven or eight together, and more, all shut; but yet the town is full, compared with what it used to be. I mean the City end: for Covent Garden and Westminster are yet very empty of people, no Court nor gentry being there. Home, thinking to get Mrs. Knipp, but could not, she being busy with company, but sent me a pleasant letter, writing herself "Barbary Allen." Reading a discourse about the river of Thames, the reason of its being choked up in several places with shelfes: which is plain is, by the encroachments made upon the River, and running out of causeways into the River, at every wood-wharfe: which was not heretofore, when Westminster Hall and White Hall were built, and Redriffe Church, which now are sometimes overflown with water.

6th. To a great dinner and much company. Mr. Cuttle and his lady and I went, hoping to get Mrs. Knipp to us, having wrote a letter to her in the morning, calling myself "Dapper Dicky,"[2] in answer to her's of "Barbary Allen," but could not, and am told by the boy that carried my letter, that he found her crying; and I fear she lives a sad life with that ill-natured fellow her husband: so we had a great, but I a melancholy dinner. After dinner to cards, and then comes notice that my wife is come unexpectedly to me to town: so I to her. It is only to see what I do, and why I come not home; and she is in the right that I would have a little more of Mrs. Knipp's company before I go away. My wife to fetch away my things from Woolwich, and I back to cards, and after cards to choose King and Queene, and a good cake there was, but no marks found; but I privately found the clove, the mark of the knave, and privately put it into Captain Cocke's piece, which made some mirth, because of his lately being known by his buying of clove and mace of the East India prizes. At night home to my lodging, where I find my wife returned with my things. It being Twelfth-Night, they had got the fiddler, and mighty merry they were; and I above, come not to them, leaving them dancing, and choosing King and Queene.

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[1] In the Piazza; and one of the largest houses in what was then the most fashionable part of London.

[2] A song called "Dapper Dick" is in the British Museum; it begins, "In a barren tree." It was printed in 1710.

7th. (Lord's day.) The town talks of my Lord Craven being to come into Sir G. Carteret's place; but sure it cannot be true. But I do fear those two families, his and my Lord Sandwich's, are quite broken; and I must now stand upon my own legs. With my wife and Mercer took boat and away home; but in the evening, before I went, comes Mrs. Knipp, just to speak with me privately, to excuse her not coming to me yesterday, complaining how like a devil her husband treats her, but will be with us in town a week hence.

8th. To Bennett's, in Paternoster Row, few shops there being yet open, and there bought velvett for a coat, and camelott for a cloak for myself; and thence to a place to look over some fine counterfeit damasks to hang my wife's closet, and pitched upon one.

9th. To the office, where we met first since the plague, which God preserve us in! Pierce tells me how great a difference hath been between the Duke and Duchess, he suspecting her to be naught with Mr. Sidney. But some way or other the matter is made up; but he [Sidney] was banished the Court, and the Duke for many days did not speak to the Duchess at all. He tells me that my Lord Sandwich is lost there at Court, though the King is particularly his friend. But people do speak every where slightly of him; which is a sad story to me, but I hope it may be better again. And that Sir G. Carteret is neglected, and hath great enemies at work against him. That matters must needs go bad, while all the town, and every boy in the street, openly cries, "The King cannot go away till my Lady Castlemaine be ready to come along with him;" she being lately put to bed.[1] And that he visits her and Mrs. Stewart every morning before he eats his breakfast.

10th. I do find Sir G. Downing to be a mighty talker, more than is true, which I now know to be so, and suspected it before. To my Lord Brouncker's house in Covent Garden. The plague is encreased this week from seventy to eighty-nine. We have also great fear of our Hambrough fleete, of their meeting with the Dutch; as also have certain news, that by storms Sir Jer. Smith's[1] fleete is scattered, and three of them come without masts back to Plymouth. Seeing and saluting Mrs. Stokes, my little goldsmith's wife in Paternoster Row, and there bespoke a silver chafing-dish for warming plates. To the Duke of Albemarle. Here I saw Sir W. Coventry's kind letter to him concerning my paper,[2] and among other of his letters, which I saw all, and that is a strange thing, that whatever is writ to this Duke Albemarle, all the world may see; for this very night he did give me Mr. Coventry's letter to read soon as it come to his hand, before he had read it himself, and bid me take out of it what concerned the Navy, and many things there was in it, which I should not have thought fit for him to have let anybody so suddenly see; but, among other things, find him profess himself to the Duke a friend into the inquiring further into the business of prizes, and advises that it may be publick, for the righting the King, and satisfying the people—the blame to be rightly laid where it should be, which strikes very hard upon my Lord Sandwich, and troubles me to read it. Besides, the Duchess cried mightily out against the having of gentlemen captains with feathers and ribbands, and wished the King would send her husband to sea with the old plain sea Captains that he served with formerly, that would make their ships swim with blood, though they could not make leagues as Captains now-a-days can.

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[1] 28th Dec., 1665. In a fellow's chamber, in Merton College, Oxford, of George Fitzroy, afterwards Duke of Northumberland.

11th. At noon to dinner all of us by invitation to Sir W. Pen's, and much company. Among others, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Broome, his poet, and Dr. Whistler and his [Sir William Pen's] son-in-law Lowther,[3] servant to Mrs. Margaret Pen, and Sir Edward Spragg, a merry man, that sang a pleasant song pleasantly.

12th. I and my Lord Brouncker by coach a little way, for discourse sake, till our coach broke, and tumbled me over him quite down the side of the coach, falling on the ground about the stockes, but up again. To my poor wife, who works all day at home like a horse, at the making of her hangings for our chamber and the bed.

---

[1] Admiral Sir Jeremy Smith, mentioned Oct. 13, 1665 *ante*, commanded a fleet in the Streights at this time, and another in the Channel, in 1668.

[2] Pepys's request to be Surveyor-General.

[3] Anthony Lowther, of Marshe, in Yorkshire, who shortly afterwards married Margaret Penn, was M.P. for Appleby in 1678 and 1679. He was buried at Walthamstow in 1692. William his son by Margaret Penn, created a Baronet in 1697, married the heir of Thomas Preston of Holker, Lancashire. The second Baronet married Elizabeth, daughter of William, Duke of Devonshire, and their son, dying unmarried, bequeathed Holker and other estates to his cousin, Lord George Cavendish, whence the Earl of Burlington enjoys them.

13th. Home with his Lordship to Mrs. Williams's, in Covent Garden, to dinner, the first time I ever was there, and there met Captain Cocke; and pretty merry, though not perfectly so, because of the fear that there is of a great encrease again of the plague this week. And again my Lord Brouncker do tell us, that he hath it from Sir John Baber,[1] who is related to my Lord Craven, that my Lord Craven do look after Sir G. Carteret's place, and do reckon himself sure of it.

14th. (Lord's day.) Long in bed, till raised by my new taylor, Mr. Penny, who comes and brings me my new velvet coat, very handsome, but plain. At noon eat the second of the two cygnets Mr. Shepley sent us for a new year's gift. This afternoon, after sermon, comes my dear fair beauty of the Exchange, Mrs. Batelier, brought by her sister, an acquaintance of Mercer's, to see my wife. I saluted her with as much pleasure as I had done any a great while. We sat and talked together an hour, with infinite pleasure to me, and so the fair creature went away, and proves one of the modestest women and pretty, that ever I saw in my life, and my wife judges her so, too.

15th. To Mrs. Pierce, to her new house in Covent Garden, a very fine place and fine house. Took her thence home to my house, and so by water to Boreman's by night, where the greatest disappointment that ever I saw in my life—much company, a good supper provided, and all come with expectation of excess of mirth, but all blank through the waywardnesse of Mrs. Knipp, who, though she had appointed the night, could not be got to come. Not so much as her husband could get her to come; but, which was a pleasant thing in all my anger, I asking him, while we were in expectation what answer one of our many messengers would bring, what he thought, whether she would come or no, he answered that, for his part, he could not so much as think. At last, very late, and supper done, she come undressed, but it brought me no mirth at all; only, after all being done, without singing, or very little, and no dancing, Pierce and I to bed together, and he and I very merry to find how little and thin clothes they give us to cover us, so that we were fain to lie in our stockings and drawers, and lay all our coats and clothes upon the bed.

16th. Mightily troubled at the news of the plague's being encreased, and was much the saddest news that the plague hath brought me from the beginning of it; because of the lateness of the year, and the fear we may with reason have of its continuing with us the next summer. The total being now 375, and the plague 158.

---

[1] Physician in Ordinary to the King, who had knighted him in 1660-61.

17th. After dinner, late took horse, and I rode to Dagenhams in the dark. It was my Lord Crewe's desire that I should come, and chiefly to discourse with me of my Lord Sandwich's matters; and therein to persuade, what I had done already, that my Lord should sue out a pardon for his business of the prizes, as also for Bergen, and all he hath done this year past, before he begins his Embassy to Spain; for it is to be feared that the Parliament will fly out against him, and particular men, the next Session. He is glad also that my Lord is clear of his sea-imployment, though sorry, as I am, only in the manner of its bringing about. After supper, up to wait on my Lady Crewe, who is the same weak silly lady as ever, asking such saintly questions.

18th. To Captain Cocke's, where Mrs. Williams was, and Mrs. Knipp. I was not heartily merry, though a glass of wine did a little cheer me. After dinner to the office. Anon comes to me thither my Lord Brouncker, Mrs. Williams, and Knipp. I brought down my wife in her night-gown, she not being indeed very well, to the office to them. My wife and I anon and Mercer, by coach, to Pierce's, where mighty merry, and sing and dance with great pleasure; and I danced, who never did in company in my life.

19th. It is a remarkable thing how infinitely naked all that end of the town, Covent Garden, is, at this day, of people, while the City is almost as full again of people as ever it was.

20th. I sent my boy home for some papers, where, he staying longer than I would have him, I become angry, and boxed my boy when he come, that I do hurt my thumb so much, that I was not able to stir all the day after, and in great pain.

22d. At noon my Lord Brouncker did come, but left the keys of the chest we should open, at Sir G. Carteret's lodgings, of my Lord Sandwich's, wherein Howe's supposed jewels[1] are, so we could not, according to my Lord Arlington's order, see them to-day: but we parted, resolving to meet here at night: my Lord Brouncker being going with Dr. Wilkins, Mr. Hooke,[2] and others, to Colonel Blunt's, to consider again of the business of chariots, and to try their new invention, which I saw here my Lord Brouncker ride in; where the coachman sits astride upon a pole over the horse, but do not touch the horse, which is a pretty odde thing; but it seems it is most easy for the horse, and, as they say, for the man also. The first meeting of Gresham College since the plague. Dr. Goddard did fill us with talk, in defence of his and his fellow physicians going out of town in the plague-time; saying, that their particular patients were most gone out of town, and they left at liberty; and a great deal more. But what, among other fine discourse, pleased me most, was Sir G. Ent,[1] about respiration; that it is not to this day known, or concluded on, among physicians, nor to be done either, how the action is managed by nature, or for what use it is.

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[1] The jewels were stolen from the Dutch Vice-Admiral. See Nov. 16, 1665, *ante.*

[2] See Feb. 15, 1664-5.

23d. Good news beyond all expectation of the decrease of the plague, being now but 79, and the whole but 272. So home with comfort to bed. A most furious storme all night and morning.

24th. My Lord [Brouncker] and I, the weather being a little fairer, by water to Deptford, to Sir G. Carteret's house, where W. Howe met us, and there we opened the chests, and saw the poor sorry rubys which have caused all this ado to the undoing of W. Howe; though I am not much sorry for it, because of his pride and ill nature. About 200 of these very small stones, and a cod of muske, which it is strange I was not able to smell, is all we could find; so locked them up again, and my Lord and I, the wind being again very furious, so as we durst not go by water, walked to London quite round the bridge, no boat being able to stirre; and, Lord! what a dirty walk we had, and so strong the wind, that in the fields we many times could not carry our bodies against it, but were driven backwards. We went through Horslydowne, where I never was since a boy, that I went to enquire after my father, whom we did give over for lost coming from Holland. It was dangerous to walk the streets, the bricks and tiles falling from the houses, that the whole streets were covered with them; and whole chimneys, nay, whole houses, in two or three places, blowed down. But, above all, the pales of London Bridge, on both sides, were blown away, so that we were fain to stoop very low for fear of blowing off of the bridge. We could see no boats in the Thames afloat, but what were broke loose, and carried through the bridge, it being ebbing water. And the greatest sight of all was, among other parcels of ships driven here and there in clusters together; one was quite overset, and lay with her masts all along in the water, and keel above water.

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[1] Sir George Ent, F.R.S., President of the College of Physicians. Ob. 1689.

25th. It is now certain that the King of France hath publickly declared war against us, and God knows how little fit we are for it.

26th. Pleased mightily with what my poor wife hath been doing these eight or ten days with her own hands, like a drudge, in fitting the new hangings of our bedchamber of blue, and putting the old red ones into my dressing-room.

28th. (Lord's day.) Took coach, and to Hampton Court, where we find the King, and Duke, and Lords, all in council; so we walked up and down: there being none of the ladies come, and so much the more business I hope will be done. The Council being up, out comes the King, and I kissed his hand, and he grasped me very kindly by the hand. The Duke also, I kissed his, and he mighty kind, and Sir W. Coventry. I found my Lord Sandwich there, poor man! I see with a melancholy face, and suffers his beard to grow on his upper lip more than usual. I took him a little aside, to know when I should wait on him, and where: he told me, that it would be best to meet at his lodgings, without being seen to walk together, which I liked very well; and, Lord! to see in what difficulty I stand, that I dare not walk with Sir W. Coventry, for fear my Lord or Sir G. Carteret should see me; nor with either of them, for fear Sir W. Coventry should. I went down into one of the Courts, and there met the King and Duke; and the Duke called me to him. And the King come to me of himself, and told me, "Mr. Pepys," says he, "I do give you thanks for your good service all this year, and I assure you I am very sensible of it." And the Duke of York did tell me with pleasure, that he had read over my discourse about pursers, and would have it ordered in my way, and so fell from one discourse to another. I walked with them quite out of the Court into the fields, and then back, and to my Lord Sandwich's chamber, where I find him very melancholy, and not well satisfied, I perceive, with my carriage to Sir G. Carteret, but I did satisfy him that I have a very hard game to play; and he told me that he was sorry to see it, and the inconveniences which likely may fall upon me with him; but, for all that, I am not much afraid, if I can but keep out of harm's way. He hath got over the business of the prizes, so far as to have a privy seal passed for all that was in his distribution to the officers, which I am heartily glad of; and, for the rest, he must be answerable for what he is proved to have. But for his pardon for anything else, he thinks it not seasonable to ask it, and not useful to him; because that will not stop a Parliament's mouth, and for the King, he is not sure of him. Took boat, and by water to Kingston, and so to our lodgings.

29th. Up, and to Court by coach, where to council before the Duke of York, the Duke of Albemarle with us. My Lord Sandwich come in, in the middle of the business, and, poor man, very melancholy, methought, and said little at all, or to the business, and sat at the lower end, just as he come, no room being made for him, only I did give him my stool, and another was reached me. Mr. Evelyn and I into my Lord Brouncker's coach, and rode together with excellent discourse till we come to Clapham, talking of the vanity and vices of the Court, which makes it a most contemptible thing; and, indeed, in all his discourse, I find him a most worthy person. Particularly he entertained me with discourse of an Infirmary, which he hath projected for the sick and wounded seamen against the next year, which I mightily approve of; and will endeavour to promote it, being a worthy thing, and of use, and will save money. He set me down at Mr. Gauden's, where I took a book and into the gardens, and there walked and read till dark. Anon come in Creed and Mr. Gauden, and his sons, and then they bring in three ladies, who were in the house, but I do not know them—his [Gauden's] daughter and two nieces, daughters of Dr. Whistler's, with whom and Creed mighty sport at supper, the ladies very pretty and mirthfull. After supper, I made the ladies sing, yet it was the saddest stuff I ever heard. However, we sat up late, and then I, in the best chamber, like a prince, to bed, and Creed with me, and, being sleepy, talked but little.

30th. Home, finding the town keeping the day solemnly, it being the day of the King's murther; and they being at church, I presently into the church. This is the first time I have been in the church since I left London for the plague, and it frighted me indeed to go through the church more than I thought it could have done, to see so many graves lie so high upon the churchyards, where people have been buried of the plague. I was much troubled at it, and do not think to go through it again a good while.[1]

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[1] The following summary of the deaths from the plague, of 1665, in the parish of St. Olave's, Hart Street, was extracted from the Register, by the Rev. C. Murray, and printed in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, October, 1845:—In July, 4; August, 22; September, 63; October, 54; November, 18;

31st. I find many about the City that live near the churchyards solicitous to have the churchyards covered with lime, and I think it is needfull, and ours, I hope, will be done. To my Lord Chancellor's new house which he is building, only to view it, hearing so much from Mr. Evelyn of it; and, indeed, it is the finest pile I ever did see in my life, and will be a glorious house. To White Hall, and, to my great joy, people begin to bustle up and down there, the King holding his resolution to be in town to-morrow, and hath good encouragement, blessed be God! to do so, the plague being decreased this week to 56, and the total to 227.

February 2d. My Lord Sandwich is come to town with the King and Duke. To London, and there, among other things, did look over some pictures at Cade's for my house, and did carry home a silver drudger[1] for my cupboard of plate, and did call [at Stokes] for my silver chafing-dishes; and, with my wife, looked over our plate, and picked out £40 worth, I believe, to change for more useful plate, to our great content, and then we shall have a very handsome cupboard of plate.

4th. (Lord's day.) My wife and I the first time together at church since the plague, and now only because of Mr. Mills his coming home to preach his first sermon; expecting a great excuse for his leaving the parish before any body went, and now staying till all are come home; but he made but a very poor and short excuse, and a bad sermon. It was a frost, and had

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December, 5. Of these, there were buried in the churchyard, 98; in the new churchyard, 42; in vaults, 12; in the church, 7; in the chancel, 1. Buried, places of interment not specified, 166. Total, 326. No wonder that Pepys felt nervous on first entering the church, after the sickness abated.

[1] The dredger was probably the *Drageoir* of France; in low Latin, *Dragerium*, or *Drageria*, in which comfits (*dragées*) were kept. Roquefort says—"The ladies wore a little spice-box, in shape like a watch, to carry *dragées*, and it was called a *drageoir*." The custom continued certainly till the middle of the last century. Old Palsgrave, in his *Eclaircissement de la langue Françayse*, gives "*dradge*" as spice, rendering it by the French word *dragée*. Chaucer says, of his Doctor of Physic—

> "Full ready hadde he his Apothecaries
> To send him dragges, and his lattuaries."

The word sometimes may have signified the pounded condiments in which our forefathers delighted. It is worth notice that *dragge* was applied to grain in the eastern counties, though not exclusively there, appearing to denote mixed grain. Bishop Kennet tells us that "dredge mault is mault made up of oats, mixed with barley, of which they make an excellent, freshe, quiete sort of drinke, in Staffordshire." The dredger is still commonly used in our kitchen.

snowed last night, which covered the graves in the churchyard, so as I was the less afraid for going through. My wife tells me my aunt James is lately dead of the stone.

5th. To the Sun, behind the Exchange, about seven o'clock, where I find all the five brothers Houblons, and mighty fine gentlemen they are all, and used me mighty respectfully. We were mighty civilly merry, and their discourses, having been all abroad, very fine.

7th. It being fast-day, I staid at home all day long, putting my chamber in the same condition it was before the plague.

8th. Lord Brouncker with the King and Duke upon the water to-day, to see Greenwich house, and the yacht Castle is building of.

9th. To Westminster, to the Exchequer, about my Tangier business, and so to Westminster Hall, where the first day of the Terme, and the hall very full of people, and much more than was expected, considering the plague that hath been. Anon the five brothers Houblons come, and Mr. Hill, and a very good supper we had, and good company and discourse, with great pleasure. My new plate sets off my cupboard very nobly. A fine sight it is to see these five brothers thus loving one to another, and all industrious merchants. Mr. Hill's going for them to Portugall was the occasion of this entertainment.

10th. To the office. This day comes first Sir Thomas Harvey after the plague, having been out of town all this while. He was coldly received by us, and he went away before we rose also, to make himself appear a man less necessary. To supper, and to bed, being now-a-days, for these four or five months, mightily troubled with my snoring in my sleep, and know not how to remedy it.

11th. (Lord's day.) Up, and put on a new black cloth suit to an old coat, that I make to be in mourning at Court, where they are all, for the King of Spain.[1] I to the Park, and walked two or three turnes of the Pell Mell with the company about the King and Duke; the Duke speaking to me a good deal. There met Lord Brouncker and Mr. Coventry, and discoursed about the Navy business; and all of us much at a loss that we yet can hear nothing of Sir Jeremy Smith's fleete, that went away to the Streights the middle of December, through all the storms that we have had since, that have driven back three or four of them, with their masts by the board. Yesterday came out the

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[1] Philip IV. died 17th Sept., 1665.

King's Declaration of War against the French,[1] but with such mild invitations of both them and the Dutch, to come over here, with promise of their protection, that every body wonders at it.

12th. Comes Mr. Cæsar, my boy's lute-master, whom I have not seen since the plague before, but he hath been in Westminster all this while, very well; and tells me, in the height of it, how bold people there were, to go in sport to one another's burials; and in spite, too, ill people would breathe in the faces, out of their windows, of well people going by.

13th. Ill news this night, that the plague is encreased this week, and in many places else about the town, and at Chatham and elsewhere.

14th. (St. Valentine's day.) This morning called up by Mr. Hill, who, my wife thought, had come to be her Valentine—she, it seems, having drawn him, but it proved not. However, calling him up to our bed-side, my wife challenged him. I took Mr. Hill to my Lord Chancellor's new house[2] that is building, and went, with trouble, up to the top of it; and there is the noblest prospect that ever I saw in my life, Greenwich being nothing to it; and in every thing is a beautiful house, and most strongly built in every respect; and as if, as it hath, it had the Chancellor for its master.[3] I staid a meeting of the Duke of York's, and the officers of the Navy and Ordnance. My Lord Treasurer lying in bed of the gowte.

15th. Mr. Hales[4] begun my wife's portrait in the posture we saw one of my Lady Peters, like a St. Catharine.[5] While he painted, Knipp, and Mercer, and I, sang; and by and by comes Mrs. Pierce, with my name in her bosom for her Valentine, which will cost me money. We hear this night of Sir Jeremy Smith, that he and his fleete have been seen at Malaga; which is good news.

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[1] It was proclaimed by the Herald-at-Arms, and two of his brethren, His Majesty's Sergeants-at-Arms, with other usual officers (with His Majesty's Trumpeters attending), before his Royal palace at Whitehall; and afterwards (the Lord Mayor and his brethren assisting) at Temple Bar, and other the usual parts of the city.—*The London Gazette*, Feb. 8–12, 1665–6.

[2] See 18th Feb., 1665, and 9th May, 1667.

[3] Two years after he was in exile.

[4] John Hayls, or Hales, a portrait-painter, "remarkable for copying Vandyke well, and for being a rival of Lely," though very inferior to him.

[5] It was at this time the fashion to be painted as St. Catherine, in compliment to the Queen. The so-called Lady Bellasys, among the beauties of Charles II., now at Hampton Court, is thus represented.

16th. To my Lord Sandwich, to talk of his affairs, and particularly of his prize goods, wherein I find he is weary of being troubled, and gives over the care of it to let it come to what it will, having the King's release for the dividend made, and for the rest he thinks himself safe from being proved to have anything more. To the Coffee-House, the first time I have been there, where very full, and company, it seems, hath been there all the plague time. The Queen comes to Hampton Court to-night. With Mr. Hater in the garden, talking about a husband for my sister, and reckoning up all our clerks about us, none of which he thinks fit for her and her portion.

17th. News of Sir Jeremy Smith's being very well with his fleete at Cales.

18th. (Lord's day.) It being a brave day, I walked to White Hall, where the Queen and ladies are all come: I saw some few of them, but not the Queen, nor any of the great beauties. Thence took coach, and home, calling by the way at my bookseller's for a book writ about twenty years ago in prophecy of this year coming on, 1666, explaining it to be the mark of the beast.[1]

19th. To see my Lord Hinchingbroke, which I did, and I am mightily out of countenance in my great expectation of him by others' report, though he is indeed a pretty gentleman, yet nothing what I took him for, methinks, either as to person or discourse. I am told for certain, what I have heard once or twice already, of a Jew in town, that in the name of the rest do offer to give any man £10 to be paid £100 if a certain person now at Smyrna be within these two years owned by all the Princes of the East, and particularly the grand Signor, as the King of the world, in the same manner we do the King of England here, and that this man is the true Messiah. One named a friend of his that had received ten pieces in gold upon this score, and says that the Jew hath disposed of £1100 in this manner, which is very strange; and certainly this year of 1666 will be a year of great action: but what the consequences of it will be, God knows! To the 'Change, and from my stationer's thereabouts carried home by coach two books of Ogilby's, his Æsop and Coronation, which fell to my lot at his lottery.[1] Cost me £4, besides the binding. To my Lord Treasurer's, where the state of our Navy debts was laid open, there being but £1,500,000 to answer a certain expence and debt of £2,300,000. To White Hall, and there saw the Queen at cards with many ladies, but none of our beauties were there. But glad I was to see the Queen so well, who looks prettily; and methinks hath more life than before, since it is confessed of all that she miscarried lately; Dr. Clerke telling me yesterday of it at White Hall.[2]

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[1] The book purchased by Pepys is entitled "An interpretation of the Number 666, wherein not only the manner how this Number ought to be interpreted is clearly proved and demonstrated; but it is also shewed that this number is an exquisite and perfect character, truly, exactly, and essentially describing that state of Government to which all other notes of Antichrist doe agree. With all knowne objections solidly and fully answered, that can be materially made against it." By Francis Potter, B.D., Oxford 1642, 4to. A copy of this work in the British Museum contains the book-plate of "William Hewer, of Clapham, in the county of Surrey, Esq., 1699." See 4th and 10th Nov., 1666, *post*.

20th. Up, and to the office; where, among other businesses, Mr. Evelyn's proposition about publick Infirmarys[3] was read and agreed on, he being there: and at noon I took him home to dinner, being desirous of keeping my acquaintance with him; and a most excellent humoured man I still find him, and mighty knowing. To my Lord Sandwich's, where, bolting into the dining-room, I there found Captain Ferrers going to christen a child of his, born yesterday, and I come just pat to be a godfather, along with my Lord Hinchingbroke and Madam Pierce, my Valentine. A little vexed to see myself so beset with people to spend me money. After that done, and gone and kissed my mother in bed, I away to Westminster Hall, and thence home, where little Mrs. Tooker staid all night with us, and a pretty child she is, and happens to be niece to my beauty that is dead, that lived at the Jackanapes, in Cheapside.

21st. My brother John is shortly to be Master in Arts, and writes me this week a Latin letter that he is to go into orders this Lent. To the Duke's chamber, and here the Duke did bring out a book of great antiquity, of some of the customs of the Navy, about 100 years since, which he did lend us to read, and deliver him back again. To Trinity-house, being invited to an Elder Brother's feast; and there met and sat by Mr. Prin, and had good discourse about the privileges of Parliament, which, he says, are few to the Commons' House, and those not examinable by them, but only by the House of Lords. Thence with my Lord Brouncker to Gresham College, the first time after the sickness that I was there, and the second time any met. And here a good lecture of Mr. Hooke's about the trade of felt-making, very pretty; and anon he alone with me about the art of drawing pictures by Prince Rupert's rule and machine, and another of Dr. Wren's;[1] but he says nothing do like squares, or, which is the best in the world, like a dark roome.[2]

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[1] At the old theatre, between Lincoln's Inn Fields and Vere Street.

[2] The details in the original are very coarsely expressed, but leave no doubt of the fact, exculpating the Chancellor from the charge of having selected the Queen as incapable of bearing children.

[3] For Evelyn's Report about the proposed Chatham Infirmary, in 1666, see Rawlinson, A 195, fol. 249.

22d. We are much troubled that the sickness in general, the town being so full of people, should be but three, and yet of the particular disease of the plague there should be ten encrease.

23d. To my Lord Sandwich's, who did lie the last night at his house in Lincoln's Inne Fields. It being fine walking in the morning, and the streets full of people again. There I staid, and the house full of people come to take leave of my Lord, who this day goes out of towne upon his embassy towards Spain; and I was glad to find Sir W. Coventry to come, though I know it is only a piece of courtship. To Mr. Hales's, and my wife's picture pleases me well, and I begin to doubt the picture of my Lady Peters my wife takes her posture from, and which is an excellent picture, is not of his making—it is so master-like. Comes Mrs. Knipp to see my wife, and I spent all the night talking with this baggage, and teaching her my song of "Beauty, retire," which she sings and makes go most rarely, and a very fine song it seems to be. She also entertained me with repeating many of her own and others' parts of the play-house, which she do most excellently; and tells me the whole practices of the play-house and players, and is in every respect most excellent company. So I supped, and was merry at home all the evening, and the rather it being my birthday 33 years, for which God be praised that I am in so good a condition of health and estate, and everything else as I am, beyond expectation, in all.

24th. At the office till past three o'clock. At that hour home, and eat a bit alone, my wife being gone out. So abroad by coach with Mr. Hill, who staid for me to speak about business, and he and I to Hales's, where I find my wife, and her woman, and Pierce and Knipp. There sung, and was mighty merry, and I joyed myself in it; but vexed at first to find my wife's picture not so like as I expected; but it was only his having finished one part, and not another, of the face; but, before I went, I was satisfied it will be an excellent picture.

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[1] Sir Christopher Wren.

[2] The *camera obscura*.

Here we had ale and cakes, and mighty merry, and sung my song, which she [Knipp] now sings bravely, and makes me proud of myself. Thence left my wife to go home with Mrs. Pierce, while I home to the office, and there pretty late, and to bed, after fitting myself for to-morrow's journey.

25th. (Lord's day.) My wife up between three and four of the clock in the morning to dress herself, and I about five, and were all ready to take coach, she and I and Mercer, a little past five, but, to our trouble, the coach did not come till six. I hired it on purpose, and Lechmere to ride by, through the city, it being clear day, to Branford, and so with our coach of four horses to Windsor, and so to Cranborne,[1] about eleven o'clock, and found my Lord[2] and the ladies at a sermon in the house; which being ended, we to them, and all the company glad to see us, and mighty merry to dinner. Here was my Lord, and Lord Hinchingbroke, and Mr. Sidney,[3] Sir Charles Herbert [Harbord],[4] and Mr. Carteret, my Lady Carteret, my Lady Jemimah, and Lady Slaning.[5] After dinner to walk in the Park, my Lord and I alone; and he tells me my Lord of Suffolk, Lord Arlington, Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Treasurer, Mr. Atturny Montagu, Sir Thomas Clifford in the House of Commons, Sir G. Carteret, and some others I cannot presently remember, are friends that I may rely on for him. He dreads the issue of this year, and fears there will be some very great revolutions before his coming back again. He doubts it is needful for him to have a pardon for his last year's actions, all which he did without commission, and at most but the King's private single word for that of Bergen; but he dares not ask it at this time, lest it should make them think that there is something more in it than yet they know; and if it should be denied, it would be of very ill consequence. He says, also, if it should in Parliament be enquired into the selling of Dunkirke, though the Chancellor was the man that would have sold it to France, saying the King of Spain had no money to give for it, yet he will be found to have been the greatest adviser of it, which he is a little apprehensive may be called upon by this Parliament. He told me it would not be necessary for him to tell me his debts, because he thinks I know them so well. He tells me, that for the match propounded of Mrs. Mallett for my Lord Hinchingbroke, it hath been lately off, and now her friends bring it on again, and an overture hath been made to him by a servant of hers, to compass the thing without consent of friends, she herself having a respect to my Lord's family, but my Lord will not listen to it but in a way of honour.[1] Then I with the young ladies and gentlemen, who played on the guittar, and mighty merry, and anon to supper; and then my Lord going away to write, the young gentlemen to flinging of cushions, and other mad sports, till towards twelve at night, and then, being sleepy, I and my wife in a passage-room to bed, and slept not very well, because of noise.

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[1] Cranbourne Lodge. Sir G. Carteret's official residence, as Vice-Chamberlain, 20th July, 1665.

[2] Sandwich.

[3] Sidney Montagu, Lord Sandwich's second son.

[4] This person, erroneously called by Pepys Sir C. Herbert, will be best defined by subjoining the inscription on his monument in Westminster Abbey:—"Sir Charles Harbord, Knight, third son of Sir Charles Harbord, Knight, Surveyor-General, and First Lieutenant of the Royall James, under the most noble and illustrious Captaine, Edward, Earle of Sandwich, Vice-Admirall of England, which, after a terrible fight, maintained to admiration against a squadron of the Holland fleet, above six hours, neere the Suffolk coast, having put off two fire-ships; at last, being utterly disabled, and few of her men remaining unhurt, was, by a third, unfortunately set on fire. But he (though he swome well) neglected to save himselfe, as some did, and out of perfect love to that worthy Lord, whom, for many yeares, he had constantly accompanyed, in all his honourable employments, and in all the engagements of the former warre, dyed with him, at the age of xxxii., much bewailed by his father, whom he never offended; and much beloved by all for his knowne piety, vertue, loyalty, fortitude, and fidelity.'

[5] Sir G. Carteret's daughter Caroline.

26th. Called up about five in the morning, and my Lord up, and took leave, a little after six, very kindly of me and the whole company. So took coach and to Windsor, to the Garter, and thither sent for Dr. Childe,[2] who come to us and carried us to St. George's Chapel, and there placed us among the Knights' stalls; and pretty the observation, that no man, but a woman, may sit in a Knight's place, where any brass plates are set, and hither come cushions to us, and a young singing-boy to bring us a copy of the anthem to be sung. And here, for our sakes, had this anthem and the great service sung extraordinary, only to entertain us. It is a noble place indeed, and a good Quire of voices. Great bowing by all the people, the poor Knights in particularly, to the Altar. After prayers, we to see the plate of the chapel, and the robes of Knights, and a man to show us the banners of the several Knights in being, which hang up over the stalls. And so to other discourse very pretty, about the Order. Was shown where the late King is buried, and King Henry the Eighth, and my Lady Seymour.[1] This being done, to the King's house, and to observe the neatness and contrivance of the house and gates: it is the most romantique castle that is in the world. But, Lord! the prospect that is in the balcone in the Queen's lodgings, and the terrace and walk, are strange things to consider, being the best in the world, sure; and so, giving a great deal of money to this and that man and woman, we to our tavern, and there dined, the Doctor with us; and so took coach and away to Eton, the Doctor with me. Before we went to Chapel this morning, Kate Joyce, in a stage-coach going towards London, called to me. I went to her and saluted her, but could not get her to stay with us, having company. At Eton I left my wife in the coach, and he and I to the College, and there find all mighty fine. The school good, and the custom pretty of boys cutting their names in the shuts of the window when they go to Cambridge, by which many a one hath lived to see himself a Provost and Fellow, that hath his name in the window standing. To the Hall, and there find the boys' verses, "De Peste:" it being their custom to make verses at Shrove-tide. I read several, and very good they were; better, I think, than ever I made when I was a boy, and in rolls as long and longer than the whole Hall, by much. Here is a picture of Venice hung up, and a monument made of Sir H. Wotton's giving it to the College. Thence to the porter's, in the absence of the butler, and did drink of the College beer, which is very good; and went into the back fields to see the scholars play. And so to the chapel, and there saw, among other things. Sir H. Wotton's stone with this Epitaph:

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[1] She afterwards married Lord Rochester.

[2] William Child, Doctor of Music, Organist of St. George's Chapel, at Windsor. Ob. 1696, aged 91.

> Hic jacet primus hujus sententiæ Author:—
> Disputandi pruritus fit ecclesiæ scabies.

But unfortunately the word "Author" was wrong writ, and now so basely altered that it disgraces the stone. Thence took leave of the Doctor, and so took coach, and finely, but sleepy, away home, and got thither about eight at night, and after a little at my office, I to bed; and an hour after, was waked with my wife's quarreling with Mercer, at which I was angry, and my wife and I fell out. But with much ado to sleep again, I beginning to practice more temper, and to give her her way.

28th. Mrs. Knipp and we dined together, she the pleasantest company in the world. After dinner, I did give my wife money to lay out on Knipp, 20*s*.

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[1] Queen Jane Seymour.

March 1st. Blessed be God! a good Bill this week we have; being but 237 in all, and 42 of the plague, and of them but six in the City: though my Lord Brouncker says, that these six are most of them in new parishes, where they were not the last week.

2d. To Sir Philip Warwick's, by appointment. He shewed me his house, which is yet all unhung, but will be a very noble house indeed. Mr. James Houblon told me in my eare this night that he and his brothers have resolved to give me £200 for helping them out with two or three ships. A good sum, and I did expect little less.

3d. To Hales's, and there saw my wife sit; and I do like her picture mightily, and very like it will be, and a brave piece of work; but he do complain that her nose hath cost him as much work as another's face, and he hath done it finely indeed.

4th. (Lord's day.) All day at my Tangier and private accounts, having neglected them since Christmas, which I hope I shall never do again; for I find the inconvenience of it, it being ten times the labour to remember and settle things. But I thank God I did it at last, and brought them all fine and right; and I am, I think, by all appears to me—and I am sure I cannot be £10 wrong—worth about £4,600, for which the Lord be praised, being the biggest sum I ever was worth yet.

5th. I was at it till past two o'clock on Monday morning, and then read my vows, and to bed with great joy. News for certain of the King of Denmark's declaring for the Dutch, and resolution to assist them.

6th. In the evening, being at Sir W. Batten's, I find my Lord Brouncker and Mrs. Williams, and they would of their own accord, though I had never obliged them, nor my wife neither, with one visit for many of theirs, go see my house and my wife; which I showed them, and made them welcome with wine and China oranges, now a great rarity since the war, none to be had. My house happened to be mighty clean, and did me great honour, and they mightily pleased with it.

7th. Up betimes, and to St. James's, thinking Mr. Coventry had lain there; but he do not, but at White Hall; so thither I went to him. We walked an hour in the Matted Gallery: he of himself begun to discourse of the unhappy differences between him and my Lord of Sandwich; and, from the beginning to the end, did run through all passages wherein my Lord hath, at any time, gathered any dissatisfaction, and cleared himself to me most honourably; and, in truth, I do believe he do as he says.

I did afterwards purge myself of all partiality in the business of Sir G. Carteret, whose story Sir W. Coventry did also run over—that I do mind the King's interest, notwithstanding my relation to him; all which he declares he firmly believes, and assures me he hath the same kindness and opinion of me as ever. And, when I said I was jealous of myself, that, having now come to such an income as I am, by his favour, I should not be found to do as much service as might deserve it; he did assure me, he thinks it not too much for me, but thinks I deserve it as much as any man in England. All this discourse did cheer my heart, and sets me right again, after a good deal of melancholy, out of fears of his disinclination to me, upon the difference with my Lord Sandwich and Sir G. Carteret; but I am satisfied thoroughly, and so went away quite another man, and, by the grace of God, will never lose it again by my folly in not visiting and writing to him, as I used heretofore to do. It being a holyday, a fast-day, I to Greenwich, to Captain Cocke's, where dined, he, and Lord Brouncker, and Matt. Wren,[1] Boltele, and Major Cooper, who is also a very pretty companion; but they all drink hard, and, after dinner, to gaming at cards. The King and Duke are to go to-morrow to Audley End, in order to the seeing and buying of it of my Lord Suffolk.[2]

8th. To Hales's, where my wife is sitting; and, indeed, her face and neck, which are now finished, do so please me, that I am not myself almost in consideration of the fine picture that I shall be master of.

9th. Made a visit to the Duke of Albemarle, and, to my great joy, find him the same man to me he has been heretofore, which I was in great doubt of, through my negligence in not visiting of him a great while; and, having now set all to rights there, I shall never suffer matters to run so far backwards again as I have done of late, with reference to my neglecting him and Sir W. Coventry.

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[1] Matthew Wren, eldest son of the Bishop of Ely, of both his names, M.P. for St. Michael's, 1661, and made Secretary to Lord Clarendon, after whose fall he filled a similar office under the Duke of York, till his death, in 1672. According to Pepys's *Signs Manual*, Wren was mortally wounded in the battle of Solebay. He was one of the earliest members of the Royal Society, and published two tracts in answer to Harrington's *Oceana*.

[2] The king took possession of Audley End the following autumn, but the conveyance of the estate was not executed till May 8th, 1669; of the purchase money, which was £50,000, £20,000 remained on mortgage of the Hearth Tax in Ireland; and, in 1701, Henry Howard, fifth Earl of Suffolk, was allowed by the Crown, upon the debt being cancelled, to re-establish himself in the seat of his ancestors. It seems very doubtful whether the interest of the mortgage was ever received by the Suffolk family.

10th. I find at home Mrs. Pierce and Knipp come to dine with me. We were mighty merry; and, after dinner, I carried them and my wife out by coach to the New Exchange, and there I did give my Valentine, Mrs Pierce, a dozen pair of gloves, and a pair of silk stockings, and Knipp for company, though my wife had, by my consent, laid out 20*s.* on her the other day, six pair of gloves. The truth is, I do indulge myself a little the more in pleasure, knowing that this is the proper age of my life to do it; and, out of my observation that most men that do thrive in the world do forget to take pleasure during the time that they are getting their estate, but reserve that till they have got one, and then it is too late for them to enjoy it.

12th. My uncle Talbot Pepys died the last week. All the news now is, that Sir Jeremy Smith is at Cales with his fleete; and Mings in the Elbe. The King is come this noon to town from Audley End, with the Duke of York and a fine train of gentlemen.

13th. The plague encreased this week 29 from 28, though the total fallen from 238 to 207.

14th. With my Lord Brouncker towards London, in our way called in Covent Garden, and took in Sir John, formerly Dr., Baber; who hath this humour, that he will not enter into discourse while any stranger is in company, till he be told who he is that seems a stranger to him. This he did declare openly to me, and asked my Lord who I was. Thence to Guildhall, in our way taking in Dr. Wilkins, and there my Lord and I had full and large discourse with Sir Thomas Player,[1] the Chamberlain of the City, a man I have much heard of, about the credit of our tallys, which are lodged there for security to such as should lend money thereon to the use of the Navy. I had great satisfaction therein: and, the truth is, I find all our matters of credit to be in an ill condition. To walk all alone in the fields behind Grayes Inne, making an end of reading over my dear "Faber fortunæ," of my Lord Bacon's. To Mrs. Pierce's, where I find her, my wife, Mrs. Worshipp and her daughter, and Harris the player, and Knipp, and Mercer, and Mrs. Barbary Shelden, who is come this day to spend a week with my wife; and here with musick we danced, and sung, and supped, till past one in the morning; and much mirth with Sir Anthony Apsley and one Colonel Sidney, who lodge in the house; and, above all, they are mightily taken with Mrs. Knipp.

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[1] One of the City Members in the Oxford and Westminster Parliaments. See more of him in the *Notes*, by Scott, to Absalom and Achitophel; in which poem he is introduced under the designation of "railing Rabsheka."

15th. To Hales, where I met my wife and people; and do find the picture, above all things, a most pretty picture, and mighty like my wife; and I asked him his price: he says £14; and, the truth is, I think he do deserve it.

17th. To Hales's, and paid him £14 for the picture, and £1 5*s.* for the frame. This day I began to sit, and he will make me, I think, a very fine picture. He promises it shall be as good as my wife's, and I to sit to have it full of shadows, and do almost break my neck looking over my shoulder to make the posture for him to work by. Home, having a great cold; so to bed, drinking butter-ale.

19th. After dinner, we walked to the King's playhouse, all in dirt, they being altering of the stage to make it wider. But God knows when they will begin to act again; but my business here was to see the inside of the stage and all the tiring-rooms and machines; and, indeed, it was a sight worthy seeing. But to see their clothes, and the various sorts, and what a mixture of things there was; here a wooden leg,[1] there a ruff, here a hobby-horse, there a crown, would make a man split himself to see with laughing; and particularly Lacy's wardrobe, and Shotrell's.[2] But then again to think how fine they show on the stage by candle-light, and how poor things they are to look at too near hand, is not pleasant at all. The machines are fine, and the paintings very pretty. With Sir W. Warren, talking of many things belonging to us particularly, and I hope to get something considerably by him before the year be over. He gives me good advice of circumspection in my place, which I am now in great mind to improve; for I think our office stands on very ticklish terms, the Parliament likely to sit shortly, and likely to be asked more money, and we able to give a very bad account of the expence and of what we have done with what they did give before. Besides, the turning out the prize officers may be an example for the King's giving us up to Parliament's pleasure as easily, for we deserve it as much. Besides, Sir G. Carteret did tell me to-night how my Lord Brouncker, whose good-will I could have depended as much on as any, did himself to him take notice of the many places I have; and, though I was a painful man, yet the Navy was enough for any man to go through with in his own single place there, which much troubles me, and shall yet provoke me to more and more care and diligence than ever. My father propounds a match in the country for Pall, which pleased me well, of one that hath seven score and odd pounds land per annum in possession; and expects £1000 in money by the death of an old aunt. He hath neither father, mother, sister, nor brother, but demands £600 down, and £100 on birth of first child, which I had some inclination to stretch to. He is kinsman to, and lives with, Mr. Phillips; but my wife tells me he is a drunken, ill-favoured, ill-bred country fellow.

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[1] Compare 5th October, 1667.

[2] Robert and William Shotterel both belonged to the King's Company at the opening of their new theatre in 1664. One of them, called by Downs a good actor, had been Quarter-master to the troop of horse in which Hart was serving as Lieutenant, and Burt as Cornet, under Charles I.'s standard; but nothing further is recorded of his merits or career. Pepys refers to Robert Shotterel, who, it appears, was living in Playhouse Yard, Drury Lane, 1681–4.

21st. To the Duke of York, and did our usual business with him; but, Lord! how anything is yielded presently, even by Sir W. Coventry, that is propounded by the Duke, as now to have Troutbecke,[1] his old surgeon, intended to go Surgeon-General to the fleete, to go Physician-General of the fleete, of which there never was any precedent in the world, and he for that to have £20 per month. Sir Robert Long told us of the plenty of partridges in France, where he says the King of France and his company killed with their guns, in the plain de Versailles, 300 and odd partridges at one bout. With Sir W. Warren, who tells me, that at the Committee of the Lords for the prizes to-day, there passed very high words between my Lord Ashly and Sir W. Coventry, about our business of the prize ships; and that my Lord Ashly did snuff and talk as high to him as he used to do to any ordinary man; and that Sir W. Coventry did take it very quietly; but yet, for all, did speak his mind soberly, and with reason; and went away, saying, that he had done his duty therein.

24th. After the Committee up, I had occasion to follow the Duke into his lodgings, into a chamber where the Duchess was sitting to have her picture drawn by Lilly, who was then at work. But I was well pleased to see that there was nothing near so much resemblance of her face in his work, which is now the second, if not the third time, as there was of my wife's at the very first time. Nor do I think at last it can be like, the lines not being in proportion to those of her face.

26th. My Lord Brouncker and I to the Tower, to see the famous Engraver,[2] to get him to grave a seal for the office. And did see some of the finest pieces of work, in embossed work, that ever I did see in my life, for fineness and smallness of the images thereon. Here I also did see bars of gold melting, which was a fine sight.

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[1] John Troutbecke, in 1661, was Surgeon to the Life-Guards, commanded by the Duke of Albemarle.

[2] One of the Roetiers. Simon was dead.

28th. With Sir W. Clerke into St. James's Park, and met with Mr. Hayes, Prince Rupert's Secretary, who are mighty, both, brisk blades; but I fear they promise themselves more than they expect. To the Cockpitt, and dined with a great deal of company at the Duke of Albemarle's, and a bad and dirty, nasty dinner. This night, I am told, the Queen of Portugall,[1] the mother to our Queen, is lately dead, and news brought of it hither this day.

29th. This day, poor Jane, my old, little Jane, come to us again, to my wife's and my great content, and we hope to take mighty pleasure in her, she having all the marks and qualities of a good and loving and honest servant, she coming by force away from the other place, where she hath lived ever since she went from us, and at our desire, her late mistress having used all the stratagems she could to keep her.

30th. Up, and away goes Alce, our cook-maid, a good servant, whom we loved and did well by her, and she an excellent servant, but would not bear being told of any fault in the fewest and kindest words, and would go away of her own accord, after having given her mistress warning fickly. I out to Lombard Streete, and there received £2200, and brought it home; and, contrary to expectation, received £35 for the use of £2000 of it for a quarter of a year, where it hath produced me this profit, and hath been a convenience to me, as to care and security, at my house, and demandable at two days' warning, as this hath been. To Hales's, and there sat till almost quite dark upon working my gowne, which I hired to be drawn in; an Indian gowne.

31st. To my accounts, but, Lord! what a deal of do I have to understand any part of them; for I have sat up these four nights till past twelve at night to master them, but cannot. However, I do see that I must be grown richer than I was by a good deal last month.

April 1st. (Lord's day.) To Charing Cross, to wait on Sir Philip Howard, whom I find in bed: and he do receive me very civilly. My request was about suffering my wife's brother to go to sea, and to save his pay in the Duke's guards; which, after a little difficulty, he did with great respect agree to. I find him a very fine-spoken gentleman, and one of great parts, and very courteous. Meeting Dr. Allen, the physician, he, and I, and another walked in the Park, a most pleasant, warm day, and to the Queen's chapel; where I do not so dislike the musick. Here I saw on a post an invitation to all good Catholicks to pray for the soul of such a one departed this life. The Queen, I hear, do not yet hear of the death of her mother, she being in a course of physick, that they dare not tell it her. Up and down my Lord St. Albans his new building and market-house,[1] looking to and again into every place building. I this afternoon made a visit to my Lady Carteret, whom I understood newly come to towne; and she took it mighty kindly, but I see her face and heart are dejected from the condition her husband's matters stand in. But I hope they will do all well enough; and I do comfort her as much as I can, for she is a noble lady.

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[1] The celebrated Donna Luiza, widow of Juan IV., and daughter of the Duke de Medina Sidonia.

2d. Walking with Mr. Gauden in Westminster Hall, to talk of his son Benjamin; and I propounded a match for him, and at last named my sister, which he embraces heartily; and, full of it, did go with him to London to the 'Change; and there, with Sir W. Warren, who very wisely did shew me that my matching my sister with Mr. Gauden would undo me in all my places, everybody suspecting me in all I do; and I shall neither be able to serve him, nor free myself from imputation of being of his faction, while I am placed for his severest check. I was convinced that it would be for neither of our interests to make this alliance. To Westminster Hall, where I purposely took my wife well-dressed into the Hall to see and be seen; and, among others, met Howlet's daughter, who is newly married, and is she I call wife, and one I love mightily.

4th. Home, and, being washing-day, dined upon cold meat.

5th. At Viner's was shown the silver plates, made for Captain Cocke, to present to my Lord Brouncker; and I chose a dozen of the same weight to be bespoke for myself, which he told me yesterday he would give me. The plague is, to our great grief, encreased nine this week, though decreased a few in the total. And this encrease runs through many parishes, which makes us much fear the next year.

6th. Up mighty betimes upon my wife's going this day towards Brampton. I could not go, but W. Hewer hath leave from me to go the whole day's journey with her. Met by agreement with Sir Stephen Fox and Mr. [William] Ashburnham, and discoursed the business of our Excise tallys; the former being Treasurer of the Guards, and the other Cofferer of the King's household. This day great news of the Swedes declaring for us against the Dutch, and, so far as that, I believe it.

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[1] Jermyn Street and St. Albans, from his name and title. The market was afterwards called St. James's Market; a portion of which still remains, south of that part of Jermyn Street that lies between Regent Street and the Haymarket.

7th. To Hales's, and there find Mrs. Pierce. She had done sitting the first time, and indeed her face is mighty like at first dash. About ten of the clock, W. Hewer comes to me to tell me that he left my wife well this morning at Bugden, which was great riding, and brings me a letter from her.

8th. (Lord's day.) To the Duke of York, where we all met to hear the debate between Sir Thomas Allen and Mr. Wayth; the former complaining of the latter's ill usuage of him at the late pay of his ship; but a very sorry, poor occasion we had for it. The Duke did determine it with great judgment, chiding both, but encouraging Wayth to continue to be a check to all captains in any thing to the King's right. And, indeed, I never did see the Duke do any thing more in order, nor with more judgement than he did pass the verdict in this business. The Court full this morning of the news of Tom Cheffin's[1] death, the King's closet-keeper. He was as well last night as ever, playing at tables in the house, and not very ill this morning at six o'clock, yet dead before seven: they think, of an imposthume in his breast. But it looks fearfully among people now-a-days, the plague, as we hear, encreasing every where again. To the Chapel, but could not get in to hear well. But I had the pleasure, once in my life, to see an Archbishop,[2] this was of York, in a pulpit. Then at a loss how to get home to dinner, having promised to carry Mrs. Hunt thither. At last, got my Lord Hinchingbroke's coach, he staying at Court; and so took her up in Axe-yard, and home and dined; and good discourse of the old matters of the Protector and his family, she having a relation to them. The Protector[3] lives in France: spends about £500 per annum. To St. James's Chapel, thinking to have heard a Jesuit preach, but come too late.

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[1] Sir E. Walker, Garter King-at-Arms, in 1644 gave a grant of arms *gratis* to Thomas Chiffinch, one of the pages of his Majesty's Bedchamber, Keeper of his Private Closet, and Comptroller of the Excise. His brother William (whose daughter Barbara married Edward Villiers, first Earl of Jersey) appears to have succeeded to the two first-named appointments, and became a great favourite with the King, whom he survived. He died 6th April, 1666, and was buried on the 10th, in Westminster Abbey. There is a portrait of William Chiffinch at Gorhambury.

[2] Richard Sterne, Bishop of Carlisle, elected Archbishop of York, 1664. Ob. 1683.

[3] Richard Cromwell.

9th. By coach to Mrs. Pierce's, and with her and Knipp, and Mrs. Pierce's boy and girl, abroad, thinking to have been merry at Chelsey; but being come almost to the house by coach near the water-side, a house alone—I think the Swan, a gentleman walking by called to us to tell us that the house was shut up of the sickness. So we, with great affright, turned back, being holden to the gentleman; and went away, I, for my part, in great disorder, for Kensington.

10th. To the office, and again all the afternoon, the first time of our resolution to sit both forenoons and afternoons.

11th. My people to work about setting rails upon the leads of my wife's closet, a thing I have long designed. To Hales's, where there was nothing found to be done more to my picture,[1] but the musique, which now pleases me mightily, it being painted true. To Gresham College, where a great deal of do and formality in choosing of the Council and officers. I had three votes to be of the Council, who am but a stranger, nor expected any, my Lord Brouncker being confirmed President.

12th. My Lady Pen comes to me, and takes me into her house, where I find her daughter and a pretty lady of her acquaintance, one Mrs. Lowther,[2] sister, I suppose, of her servant Lowther's, with whom I, notwithstanding all my resolution to follow business close this afternoon, did stay talking, and playing the fool almost all the afternoon. Mrs. Margaret Pen grows mighty homely, and looks old. Thence to the office, where my Lord Brouncker come: and he and I had a little fray, he being, I find, a very peevish man, if he be denied what he expects, and very simple in his arguments.

13th. Called up by my wife's brother, for whom I have got a commission from the Duke of York for Muster-Master of one of the divisions, of which Harman[3] is Rere Admirall.

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[1] A picture without any name, but described in the catalogue as "*Portrait of a Musician*," was bought by Mr. Peter Cunningham at the sale of the Cockerell Collection, in May, 1848, who supposes it to be the painting here mentioned, in which the music was introduced. The person represented seems, however, to have been much older than our journalist; nor do the features accord with the recognised likenesses of him. The editor's impression is, that the picture is the copy of the portrait of Mr. Hill, the merchant, Pepys's *musical* friend, mentioned 16th May following.

[2] Margaret Lowther, subsequently married to John Holmes, afterwards knighted.

[3] See *ante*, 16th June, 1665.

To the Queen's Chapel—it being Good-Friday—where people were all upon their knees very silent, but, it seems, no masse this day. To Mr. Hales's, where he and I presently resolved of going to White Hall, to spend an hour in the galleries there, among the pictures, and we did so, to my extraordinary satisfaction, he shewing me the difference in the paintings, and I do not find so many good things as I thought there was.

15th. (Lord's day.) Walked into the Park to the Queen's chapel, and there heard a good deal of their mass, and some of their musique, which is not so contemptible, I think, as our people would make it, it pleasing me very well; and, indeed, better than the anthem I heard afterwards at White Hall, at my coming back. I staid till the King went down to receive the Sacrament, and stood in his closet with a great many others, and there saw him receive it, which I never did see the manner of before. But I do see very little difference between the degree of the ceremonies used by our people in the administration thereof, and that in the Roman church, saving that, methought, our Chapel was not so fine, nor the manner of doing it so glorious, as it was in the Queen's chapel. Thence walked to Mr. Pierce's, and there dined: very good company and good discourse, they being able to tell me all the businesses of the Court; the amours and the mad doings that are there: how for certain Mrs. Stewart is become the King's mistress; and that the King hath many bastard children that are known and owned, besides the Duke of Monmouth. To the Park, and thence home to Mr. Pierce again; and he being gone forth, she, and I, and the children, out by coach to Kensington, to where we were the other day, and, with great pleasure, staid till night; and were mighty late getting home, the horses tiring and stopping. The horses at Ludgate Hill made a final stop; so there I lighted, and with a link walked home.

16th. Comes Mrs. Mercer, and fair Mrs. Turner, a neighbour of hers, to visit me. I staid a great while with them, being taken with this pretty woman, though a mighty silly, affected, citizen woman she is.

17th. To the office, but, Lord! what a conflict I had with myself, my heart tempting me 1000 times to go abroad about some pleasure or other, notwithstanding the weather foul. However, I did not budge; and, to my great content, did a great deal of business.

18th. To Mr. Lilly's, the painter's; and there saw the heads, some finished, and all begun, of the Flaggmen[1] in the late great fight with the Duke of York against the Dutch. The Duke of York hath them done to hang in his chamber, and very finely they are done indeed. Here are the Prince's, Sir G. Ascue's, Sir Thomas Teddiman's,[1] Sir Christopher Mings's, Sir Joseph Jordan's, Sir William Barkeley's, Sir Thomas Allen's,[2] and Captain Harman's, as also the Duke of Albemarle's; and will be my Lord Sandwich's, Sir W. Pen's, and Sir Jeremy Smith's.[3] I was very well satisfied with this sight, and other good pictures hanging in the house. To the Exchange, and there did see great plenty of fine prints; but did buy only a print of an old pillar in Rome made for a Naval triumph,[4] which, for the antiquity of the ships, I buy and keep.[5]

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[1] Admirals.

21st. I down to walk in the garden at Whitehall, it being a mighty hot and pleasant day; and there was the King, who, among others, talked to us a little; and, among other pretty things, he swore merrily that he believed the ketch that Sir W. Batten bought the last year at Colchester was of his own getting, it was so thick to its length. Another pleasant thing he said of Christopher Pett, commanding him that he will not alter his moulds upon any man's advice; "as," says he, "Commissioner Taylor, I fear, do of his New London, that he makes it differ, in hopes of mending the Old London, built by him." "For," says he, "he finds that God hath put him into the right, and so will keep in it while he is in." "And," says the King, "I am sure it must be God put him in, for no art of his own ever could have done it;" for it seems he cannot give a good account of what he do as an artist. Thence with my Lord Brouncker in his coach to Hide Parke, the first time I have been there this year. There the King was; but I was sorry to see my Lady Castlemaine; for the mourning forcing all the ladies to go in black, with their hair plain and without spots, I find her to be a much more ordinary woman than ever I durst have thought she was; and, indeed, is not so pretty as Mrs. Stewart.

22d. (Lord's day.) Up, and put on my new black coate long down to my knees. To White Hall, where all in deep mourning for the Queen's mother. To the Queen's Chapel at St. James's, and there saw a little mayd baptized: many parts and words whereof are the same with that of our Liturgy, and little that is more ceremonious than ours. To Worcester House, and there staid and saw the Council up. Back to the Cockepitt, and there took my leave of the Duke of Albemarle, who is going to-morrow to sea. He seems mightily pleased with me, which I am glad of; but I do find infinitely my concernment in being careful to appear to the King and Duke to continue my care of his business, and to be found diligent as I used to be. Sat a great while with Will Joyce, who come to see me the first time since the plague, and find him the same impertinent, prating coxcomb that ever he was.

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[1] Then Vice-admiral of the White.

[2] He became Comptroller of the Navy.

[3] Pepys omits Sir John Lawson. The pictures (Prince Rupert excepted) are now in the Naval Hall at Greenwich.

[4] The *columna rostrata* erected in the Forum to C. Duilius, who obtained a triumph for the first naval victory over the Carthaginians, B.C. 261. Part of the column was discovered in the ruins of the Forum near the arch of Septimius, and transferred to the Capitol.

[5] This is the first mention of Pepys buying prints.

23d. To White Hall, where I had the opportunity to take leave of the Prince, and again of the Duke of Albemarle; and saw them kiss the King's hands and the Duke's; and much content, indeed, there seems to be in all people at their going to sea, and they promise themselves much good from them. This morning the House of Parliament do meet, only to adjourne again till winter. The plague, I hear, encreases in the town much, and exceedingly in the country everywhere. Bonfires in the street, for being St. George's day, and the King's Coronation, and the day of the Prince and Duke's going to sea.

24th. Comes Mr. Bland to me, the first time since his coming from Tangier; and tells me, in short, how all things are out of order there, and like to be; and the place never likely to come to anything while the soldiers govern all, and do not encourage trade.

25th. I to the office, where Mr. Prin come to meet about the Chest-business;[1] and, till company come, did discourse with me a good while in the garden about the laws of England, telling me the main faults in them; and, among others, their obscurity through multitude of long statutes, which he is about to abstract out of all of a sort;[2] and as he lives and Parliaments come, get them put into laws, and the other statutes repealed, and then it will be a short work to know the law. Having supped upon the leads, to bed. The plague, blessed be God! is decreased sixteen this week.

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[1] At Chatham.

[2] Early in the session of 1852–3, Lord Cranworth, Lord High Chancellor, intimated the appointment of a Commission to prepare the way for a general *Code Victoria* to emulate the Code *Napoleon*.

28th. My wife to her father's, to carry him some ruling work,[1] which I have advised her to let him do. It will get him some money. She was also to look after a necklace of pearl, which she is mighty busy about, I being contented to lay out £80 in one for her. Balty took leave of us, going to sea, and upon very good terms, to be Muster-Master of a squadron, which will be worth £100 this year to him, besides keeping him the benefit of his pay in the Guards.

29th. (Lord's day.) To Church, where Mr. Mills, a lazy sermon upon the Devil's having no right to anything in this world. To Mr. Evelyn's, where I walked in his garden till he come from Church, with great pleasure reading Ridly's[2] discourse, all my way going and coming, upon the Civill and Ecclesiastical Law. He being come home, he and I walked together in the garden with mighty pleasure, he being a very ingenious man; and, the more I know him, the more I love him. Weary to bed, after having my hair of my head cut shorter, even close to my skull, for coolness, it being mighty hot weather.

30th. I after dinner to even all my accounts of this month; and, bless God! I find myself, notwithstanding great expences of late; viz., £80 now to pay for a necklace; near £40 for a set of chairs and couch; near £40 for my three pictures: yet I do gather, and am worth £5200. My wife comes home by and by, and hath pitched upon a necklace with three rows, which is a very good one, and £80 is the price. So ends this month with great layings-out. Good health and gettings, and advanced well in the whole of my estate, for which God make me thankful!

May 1st. At noon, my cozen Thomas Pepys did come to me, to consult about the business of his being a Justice of the Peace, which he is much against; and, among other reasons, tells me, as a confidant, that he is not free to exercise punishment according to the Act against Quakers and other people, for religion. Nor do he understand Latin, and so is not capable of the place as formerly, now all warrants do run in Latin. Nor he in Kent, though he be of Deptford parish, his house standing in Surry.[3] However, I did bring him to incline towards it, if he be pressed to take it. I do think it may be some repute to me to have my kinsman in Commission there, specially if he behave himself to content in the country. To Redriffe, reading a new French book my Lord Brouncker did give me to-day, "L'Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules,"[1] being a pretty libel against the amours of the Court of France. My wife tells me the ill news, that our Susan is sick, and gone to bed, with great pain in her head and back, which troubles us all.

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[1] Apparently preparing paper for accounts.

[2] Sir Thomas Ridley, a Master in Chancery; ob. 1629. His work was first printed in 1607.

[3] Hatcham, near New Cross, on the Deptford Road. A house there still preserves the name.

2d. With Captain Cocke to my office, to consult about serving him in getting him some money, he being already tired of his slavery to my Lord Brouncker, and the charge it costs him, and gets no manner of courtesy from him for it.

3d. Up, and to send up and down for a nurse to take the girle home, and would have given anything. I offered, to the only one that we could get, 20*s.* per week, and we to find clothes, and bedding, and physick, and would have given 30*s.*, as demanded, but desired an hour or two's time. Sent for the girl's mother; she come, and undertakes to get her daughter a lodging and nurse at next door to her, though she dare not for the parish' sake, whose sexton her husband is, to have her into her own house.

4th. To Mr. Hales, to see what he had done to Mrs. Pierce's picture, and whatever he pretends, I do not think it will ever be so good a picture as my wife's. Thence home to dinner, and had a great fray with my wife about Browne's coming to teach her to paint, and sitting with me at table, which I will not yield to. I do thoroughly believe she means no hurt in it; but very angry we were, and I resolved all into my having my will done, without disputing, be the reason what it will; and so I will have it. This evening, being weary of my late idle courses, I bound myself to very strict rules till Whitsunday next.

5th. It being a very fine moonshine, my wife and Mercer come into the garden, and, my business being done, we sang till about twelve at night, with mighty pleasure to ourselves and neighbours, by their casements opening.

8th. Comes Mr. Downing, the anchor-smith, who had given me 50 pieces in gold the last month, to speak for him to Sir W. Coventry, for his being smith at Deptford; but, after I had got it granted to him, he finds himself not fit to go on with it, so lets it fall. I, therefore, in honour and conscience, took him home, and forced him to take the money again, and glad to have given him so much cause to speak well of me.

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[1] This was the scandalous work by the Comte de Bussy Rabutin, which gave such just offence to his cousin, Madame de Sévingé, and procured him a long imprisonment in the Bastille.

9th. To White Hall, and heard the Duke commend Deane's ship, "The Rupert," before "The Defyance," built by Castle, in hearing of Sir W. Batten, which pleased me mightily. To Pierce's, where I find Knipp. Thence with them to Cornhill, to call and choose a chimneypiece for Pierce's closet. My wife mightily vexed at my being abroad with these women; and, when they were gone, called them I know not what, which vexed me, having been so innocent with them.

10th. Going out towards Hackney by coach for the ayre, the silly coachman carries us to Shoreditch, which was so pleasant a piece of simplicity in him and us, that made us mighty merry.

11th. To the 'Change, to speak with Captain Cocke, among other things, about the getting of the silver plates[1] of him, which he promises to do; but in discourse he tells me that I should beware of my fellow-officers; and by name told me that my Lord Brouncker should say in his hearing, before Sir W. Batten, of me, that he could undo the man, if he would; wherein I think he is a foole; but, however, it is requisite I be prepared against the man's friendship. Thence home to dinner alone, my wife being abroad. After dinner to the setting some things in order, in my dining-room; and by and by comes my wife home, and Mrs. Pierce with her, so I lost most of this afternoon with them, and in the evening abroad with them—our long tour, by coach, to Hackney, so to Kingsland, and then to Islington, there entertaining them by candle-light very well, and so home with her, set her down, and so home, and to bed.

12th. I find my wife troubled at my checking her last night in the coach, in her long stories out of Grand Cyrus, which she would tell, though nothing to the purpose, nor in any good manner.[2] This she took unkindly, and I think I was to blame indeed; but she do find with reason, that, in the company of Pierce, Knipp, or other women that I love, I do not value her, or mind her as I ought. However, very good friends by and by. Met Sir G. Downing on White Hall bridge, and there walked half an hour, talking of the success of the late new Act; and, indeed, it is very much, that hath stood really in the room of £800,000[1] now since Christmas, being itself but £1,250,000. And so I do really take it to be a very considerable thing done by him; for the beginning, end, and every part of it, is to be imputed to him. This day come home again my little girle Susan, her sickness proving an ague, and she had a fit soon almost as she come home. The fleete is not yet gone from the Nore. The plague encreases in many places, and is 53 this week with us.

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[1] See 5th April, *ante*.

[2] Sir Walter Scott observes, in his *Life of Dryden*, that the romances of Calprenede and Scuderi, those ponderous and unmerciful folios, now consigned to oblivion, were, in their day, not only universally read and admired, but supposed to furnish the most perfect models of gallantry and heroism. Dr. Johnson read them all. "I have," says Mrs. Chapone, "and yet I am still alive, dragged through 'Le Grand Cyrus,' in twelve huge volumes; 'Cleopatra,' in eight or ten; 'Ibrahim,' 'Clelie,' and some others, whose names, as well as all the rest of them, I have forgotten." (*Letters to Mrs. Carter.*) No wonder that Pepys sat on thorns, when his wife began to recite "Le Grand Cyrus" in the coach, "and trembled at the impending tale."

13th. (Lord's day.) To Westminster, and into St. Margett's[2] Church, where I heard a young man play the fool upon the doctrine of Purgatory.

14th. To the Exchequer, and there met Sir G. Downing, and my Lord of Oxford coming by, also took him, and showed him his whole method of keeping his books, and everything of it, which indeed is very pretty. In the evening, out with my wife and my aunt Wight, to take the ayre, and happened to have a pleasant race between our hackney-coach and a gentleman's.

15th. I to my Lord Crewe's, who is very lately come to town, and he talked for half an hour of the business of the war, wherein he is very doubtful, from our want of money, that we shall fail; and I do concur with him therein. After some little discourse of ordinary matters, I away to Sir Philip Warwick's again, and he was come in, and gone out to my Lord Treasurer's; whither I followed him, and there my business was, to be told that my Lord Treasurer hath got £10,000 for us in the Navy, to answer our great necessities, which I did thank him for; but the sum is not considerable. The five brothers Houblons came, and Mr. Hill, to my house; and here they were till about eleven at night.

16th. To the Exchequer, where the lazy rogues have not yet done my tallys, which vexes me. To Mr. Hales, and paid him for my picture, and Mr. Hill's, for the first £14 for the picture, and 25*s*. for the frame, and for the other £7 for the picture, it being a copy of his only, and 5*s*. for the frame: in all, £22 10*s*. I am very well satisfied in my pictures, and so took them in another coach home: with great pleasure my wife and I hung them.

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[1] There appears to be some error in these figures. Pepys's financial details are, in fact, seldom to be relied on.

[2] St. Margaret's.

19th. Mr. Deane and I did discourse about his ship Rupert, built by him, which succeeds so well as he hath got great honour by it, and I some, by recommending him; the King, Duke, and every body, saying it is the best ship that was ever built. And then he fell to explain to me his manner of casting the draught of water which a ship will draw beforehand: which is a secret the King and all admire in him; and he is the first that hath come to any certainty beforehand, of foretelling the draught of water of a ship before she be launched.

20th. (Lord's day.) With my wife to church. At noon dined mighty nobly, ourselves alone. After dinner, my wife and Mercer by coach to Greenwich, to be gossip to Mrs. Daniel's child. I discoursed awhile with Mr. Yeabsly, whom I met and took up in my coach with me, and who hath this day presented my Lord Ashly with £100 to bespeak his friendship to him in his accounts now before us: and my Lord hath received it, and so I believe is as bad, as to bribes, as what the world says of him. My wife much pleased with the reception she had, and she was god-mother, and did hold the child at the Font, and it is called John.

21st. I away, in some haste, to my Lord Ashly, where it is stupendous to see how favourably, and yet closely, my Lord Ashly carries himself to Mr. Yeabsly in his business, so as I think we shall do his business for him in very good manner. But it is a most extraordinary thing to observe, and that which I would not but have had the observation of, for a great deal of money.

23d. Towards White Hall, calling in my way on my Lord Bellasses, where I come to his bed-side, and he did give me a full and long account of his matters, how he kept them at Tangier. Declares himself fully satisfied with my care: seems cunningly to argue for encreasing the number of men there. Told me the whole story of his gains by the Turky prizes, which he owns he hath got about £5000 by. Promised me the same profits Povy was to have had; and, in fine, I find him a pretty subtle man; and so I left him. Staid at Sir G. Carteret's chamber till the Council rose, and then he and I, by agreement this morning, went forth in his coach by Tiburne to the park; discoursing of the state of the Navy as to money, and the state of the kingdom too, how ill able to raise more: and of our office, as to the condition of the officers; he giving me caution as to myself, that there are those that are my enemies as well as his, and by name my Lord Brouncker, who hath said some odd speeches against me. So that he advises me to stand on my guard; which I shall do, and, unless my too-much addiction to pleasure undo me, will be acute enough for any of them. My right eye sore, and full of humour of late, I think, by my late change of my brewer, and having of 8*s*. beer.

24th. Mr. Shepley is newly come out of the country, and come to see us. He left all well there; but I perceive under some discontent in my Lord's behalfe, thinking that he is under disgrace with the King; but he is not so, as Sir G. Carteret assures me.

25th. Captain Cocke tells me my silver plates are ready for me, and shall be sent me speedily; and proposes another proposition of serving us with a thousand tons of hemp, and tells me it shall bring me £500 if the bargain go forward, which is a good word. A gentleman arrived here this day, Mr. Brown, of St. Maloes, among other things, tells me the meaning of the setting out of dogs every night out of the town walls, which are said to secure the city; but it is not so, but only to secure the anchors, cables, and ships that lie dry, which might otherwise in the night be liable to be robbed. And these dogs are set out every night, and called together in, every morning, by a man with a horne, and they go in very orderly.

27th. (Lord's day.) To church, my wife with me. Home to dinner, whither come my uncle Wight, and aunt and uncle Norbury.

28th. Mr. Lovett and his wife come to see us. They are a pretty couple, and she a fine bred woman. They dined with us, and Browne, the painter, and she plays finely on the lute. My wife and I were well pleased with her company. To bed, my wife telling me where she hath been to-day with my aunt Wight, and seen Mrs. Margaret Wight, and says that she is one of the beautifullest women that ever she saw in her life—the most excellent nose and mouth. They have been also to see pretty Mrs. Batelier, and conclude her to be a prettier woman than Mrs. Pierce, whom my wife led my aunt to see also this day.

29th. King's birthday, and Restoration day. Waked with the ringing of bells all over the town: so up before five o'clock, and to the office. At noon I did, upon a small invitation of Sir W. Pen's, go and dine with Sir W. Coventry at his office, where great good cheer, and many pleasant stories of Sir W. Coventry. After dinner, to the Victualling Office; and there, beyond belief, did acquit myself very well to full content; so that, beyond expectation, I got over that second rub in this business; and if ever I fall on it again, I deserve to be undone. My wife comes to me, to tell me, that if I would see the handsomest woman in England, I shall come home presently; and who should it be but the pretty lady of our parish, that did heretofore sit on the other side of our church, over against our gallery, that is since married—she with Mrs. Anne Jones, one of this parish, that dances finely. And so I home; and indeed she is a pretty black woman—her name Mrs. Horsely. But, Lord! to see how my nature could not refrain from the temptation; but I must invite them to go to Foxhall, to Spring Gardens, though I had freshly received minutes of a great deal of extraordinary business. However, I sent them before with Creed, and I did some of my business; and so after them, and find them there, in an arbour, and had met with Mrs. Pierce, and some company with her. So here I spent 20*s.* upon them, and were pretty merry. Among other things, had a fellow that imitated all manner of birds, and dogs, and hogs, with his voice, which was mighty pleasant. Staid here till night: then set Mrs. Pierce in at the New Exchange; and ourselves took coach, and so set Mrs. Horsly home, and then home ourselves, but with great trouble in the streets, by bonfires, it being the King's birth-day and day of Restoration; but, Lord! to see the difference how many there were on the other side, and so few on ours, the City side of the Temple, would make one wonder the difference between the temper of one sort of people and the other: and the difference among all between what they do now, and what it was the night when Monk come into the City. Such a night as that I never think to see again, nor think it can be.

30th. I find the Duke gone out with the King to-day on hunting. Word is brought me that my father and my sister are come: he, poor man, looks very well, and hath rode up this journey on horseback very well, only his eyesight and hearing is very bad. I staid and dined with them, my wife being gone by coach to Barnett, with W. Hewer and Mercer, to meet them, and they did come Ware way. To Lord Ashly, who, it is strange to see, how prettily he dissembles his favour to Yeabsly's business, which none in the world could mistrust, only I, that am privy to his being bribed. My wife tells me, that Balty's wife is brought to bed, by some fall, or fit, before her time, of a great child, but dead. If the woman do well, we have no reason to be sorry, because his staying a little longer without a child will be better for him and her.

31st. Saw all my family up, and my father and sister, who is a pretty good-bodied woman, and not over thicke, as I thought she would have been, but full of freckles, and not handsome in face. To dinner with my father and sister and family, mighty pleasant all of us; and among other things, with a sparrow that our Mercer hath brought up now for three weeks, which is so tame, that it flies up and down, and upon the table, and eats and pecks, and do everything so pleasantly, that we are mightily pleased with it. A public Fast-day, appointed to pray for the good success of the fleete. But it is a pretty thing to consider how little a matter they make of this keeping of a fast, that it was not so much as declared time enough to be read in the churches, the last Sunday; but ordered by proclamation since: I suppose upon some sudden news of the Dutch being come out. Thus ends this month, with my mind oppressed by my defect in my duty of the Victualling, which lies upon me as a burden, till I get myself into a better posture therein. As to public business; by late tidings of the French fleete being come to Rochelle, how true, though, I know not, our fleete is divided; Prince Rupert being gone with about thirty ships to the Westward, as is conceived, to meet the French, to hinder their coming to join with the Dutch. My Lord Duke of Albemarle lies in the Downes with the rest, and intends presently to sail to the Gunfleete.

June 1st. Dined at aunt Wight's. Here dined the fair Mrs. Margaret Wight, who is a very fine lady, but the cast of her eye, got only by an ill habit, do her much wrong, and her hands are bad; but she hath the face of a noble Roman lady. My uncle and Woolly and I out into their yard, to talk about what may be done hereafter to all our profits, by prize-goods, which did give us reason to lament the loss of the opportunity of the last year, which, if we were as wise as we are now, and at the peaceable end of all those troubles that we met with, all might have been such a hit as will never come again in this age.

2d. Up, and to the office, where certain news is brought us of a letter come to the King this morning from the Duke of Albemarle, dated yesterday at eleven o'clock, as they were sailing to the Gunfleete, that they were in sight of the Dutch fleete, and were fitting themselves to fight them; so that they are, ere this, certainly engaged: besides, several do averr that they heard the guns yesterday in the afternoon. This put us at the Board into a tosse. Presently come orders for our sending away to the fleete a recruit of 200 soldiers. So I rose from the table, and to the Victualling-office, and thence upon the river among several vessels, to consider of the sending them away; and, lastly, down to Greenwich, and there appointed two yachts to be ready for them; and did order the soldiers to march to Blackewall. Having set all things in order against the next flood, I went on shore with Captain Erwin at Greenwich, and into the Parke, and there we could hear the guns from the fleete most plainly. We walked to the water-side, and there, seeing the King and Duke come down in their barge to Greenwich-house, I to them, and did give them an account what I was doing. They went up to the park to hear the guns of the fleete go off. All our hopes now are, that Prince Rupert with his fleete is coming back, and will be with the fleete this even: a message being sent to him for that purpose, on Wednesday last; and a return is come from him this morning, that he did intend to sail from St. Ellen's point about four in the afternoon yesterday; which gives us great hopes, the wind being very fair, that he is with them this even, and the fresh going off of the guns makes us believe the same. Down to Blackewall, and there saw the soldiers, who were by this time gotten most of them drunk, shipped off. But, Lord! to see how the poor fellows kissed their wives and sweethearts in that simple manner at their going off, and shouted, and let off their guns, was strange sport. In the evening come up the river the Catharine yacht, Captain Fazeby, who hath brought over my Lord of Aylesbury,[1] and Sir Thomas Liddall,[2] with a very pretty daughter, and in a pretty travelling-dress, from Flanders, who saw the Dutch fleete on Thursday, and ran from them; but from that hour to this hath not heard one gun, nor any news of any fight. Having put the soldiers on board, I home.

3d. (Lord's day; Whit-sunday.) Up, and by water to White Hall, and there met with Mr. Coventry, who tells me the only news from the fleete is brought by Captain Elliott, of the Portland, which, by being run on board by the Guernsey, was disabled from staying abroad; so is come in to Aldbrough. That he saw one of the Dutch great ships blown up, and three on fire. That they begun to fight on Friday; and, at his coming into port, he could make another ship of the King's coming in, which he judged to be the Rupert: that he knows of no other hurt to our ships. With this good news, I home by water again, and to church in the sermon-time, and with great joy told it my fellows in the pew. After church time, to the Exchange, as full of people, and hath been all this noon, as of any other day, only for news. To White Hall, and there met with this bad news farther, that the Prince come to Dover but at ten o'clock last night, and there heard nothing of a fight; so that we are defeated of all our hopes of his help to the fleete. It is also reported by some Victuallers, that the Duke of Albemarle and Holmes their flags were shot down, and both fain to come to anchor to renew their rigging and sails. A letter is also come this afternoon, from Harman in the Henery; which states, that she was taken by Elliott for the Rupert; that being fallen into the body of the Dutch fleete he made his way through them, was set on by three fire-ships, one after another, got two of them off, and disabled the third; was set on fire himself; upon which many of his men leapt into the sea and perished; among others, the parson first. Have lost above 100 men, and a good many women (God knows what is become of Balty), and at last quenched his own fire, and got to Aldbrough; being, as all say, the greatest hazard that ever any ship escaped, and so bravely managed by him. The mast of the third fire-ship fell into their ship on fire, and hurt Harman's leg, which makes him lame now, but not dangerous. I to Sir G. Carteret, who told me there hath been great bad management in all this; that the King's orders that went on Friday for calling back the Prince were sent but by the ordinary post on Wednesday; and come to the Prince his hands but on Friday; and then, instead of sailing presently, he stays till four in the evening. And that which is worst of all, the Hampshire, laden with merchants' money, come from the Streights, set out with or but just before the fleete, and was in the Downes by five in the clock yesterday morning; and the Prince with his fleete come to Dover but at ten of the clock at night. This is hard to answer, if it be true. This puts great astonishment into the King, and Duke, and Court, every body being out of countenance. Home by the 'Change, which is full of people still, and all talk highly of the failure of the Prince, in not making more haste after his instructions did come, and of our managements here in not giving it sooner, and with more care, and oftener.

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[1] Robert Bruce, second Earl of Elgin and first Earl of Ailesbury, who died in 1685.

[2] Of Ravensworth Castle, Durham, succeeded his grandfather, the first Baronet, 1650. He had three daughters. Ob. 1697.

4th. To White Hall, where, when we come, we find the Duke at St. James's, whither he is lately gone to lodge. So, walking through the Park, we saw hundreds of people listening at the Gravel-pits, and to and again in the Park, to hear the guns. I saw a letter, dated last night, from Strowd, Governor of Dover Castle, which says that the Prince come thither the night before with his fleete; but that for the guns which we writ that we heard, it is only a mistake for thunder; and, so far as to yesterday, it is a miraculous thing that we all Friday, and Saturday, and yesterday, did hear every where most plainly the guns go off, and yet at Deale and Dover, to last night, they did not hear one word of a fight, nor think they heard one gun. This, added to what I have set down before, the other day, about the Catharine, makes room for a great dispute in philosophy, how we should hear it and they not, the same wind that brought it to us being the same that should bring it to them: but so it is. Major Halsey, however, who was sent down on purpose to hear the news, did bring news this morning that he did see the Prince and his fleete at nine of the clock yesterday morning, four or five leagues to sea behind the Goodwin, so that, by the hearing of the guns this morning, we conclude he is come to the fleete. After waiting upon the Duke with Sir W. Pen, who was commanded to go to-night, by water, down to Harwich, to dispatch away all the ships he can, I home; where no sooner come, but news is brought me of a couple of men come to speak with me from the fleete; so I down, and who should it be but Mr. Daniel, all muffled up, and his face as black as the chimney, and covered with dirt, pitch, and tar, and powder, and muffled with dirty clouts, and his right eye stopped with oakum. He is come last night, at five o'clock, from the fleete, with a comrade of his that hath endangered another eye. They were set on shore at Harwich this morning, and at two o'clock, in a catch, with about twenty more wounded men from the Royall Charles. They being able to ride, took post about three this morning, and were here between eleven and twelve. I went presently into the coach with them, and carried them to Somerset-House-stairs, and there took water, all the world gazing upon us, and concluding it to be news from the fleete, and every body's face appeared expecting of news, to the Privy-stairs, and left them at Mr. Coventry's lodging, he, though, not being there; and so I into the Park to the King, and told him my Lord Generall was well the last night at five o'clock, and the Prince come with his fleete and joyned with his about seven. The King was mightily pleased with this news, and so took me by the hand and talked a little of it, I giving him the best account I could; and then he bid me to fetch the two seamen to him, he walking into the house. So I went and fetched the seamen into the Vane Room to him, and there he heard the whole account.

### THE FIGHT.

How we found the Dutch fleete at anchor on Friday, half seas over, between Dunkirke and Ostend, and made them slip their anchors. They about ninety, and we less than sixty. We fought them, and put them to the run, till they met with about sixteen sail of fresh ships, and so bore up again. The fight continued till night, and then again the next morning, from five till seven at night. And so, too, yesterday morning they begun again, and continued till about four o'clock, they chasing us for the most part of Saturday, and yesterday we flying from them. The Duke himself, and then those people who were put into the catch, by and by spied the Prince's fleete coming, upon which De Ruyter called a little council, being in chase at this time of us, and thereupon their fleete divided into two squadrons; forty in one, and about thirty in the other, the fleete being at first about ninety, but, by one accident or other, supposed to be lessened to about seventy; the bigger to follow the Duke, the less to meet the Prince. But the Prince come up with the Generall's fleete, and the Dutch come together again, and bore towards their own coast, and we with them; and now what the consequence of this day will be, we know not. The Duke was forced to come to anchor on Friday, having lost his sails and rigging. No particular person spoken of to be hurt but Sir W. Clerke, who hath lost his leg, and bore it bravely. The Duke himself had a little hurt in his thigh, but signified little. The King did pull out of his pocket about twenty pieces in gold, and did give it Daniel for himself and his companion; and so parted, mightily pleased with the account he did give him of the fight, and the success it ended with, of the Prince's coming, though it seems the Duke did give way again and again. The King did give order for care to be had of Mr. Daniel and his companion; and so we parted from him, and then met the Duke of York, and gave him the same account: and so broke up, and I left them going to the surgeon's. So home, about four o'clock, to dinner, and was followed by several people to be told the news, and good news it is. God send we may hear a good issue of this day's business! To the Crown, behind the 'Change, and there supped at the club with my Lord Brouncker, Sir G. Ent, and others of Gresham College; and all our discourse is of this fight at sea, and all are doubtful of the success, and conclude all had been lost if the Prince had not come in, they having chased us the greatest part of Saturday and Sunday. Thence with my Lord Brouncker and Creed by coach to White Hall, where fresh letters are come from Harwich, where the Gloucester, Captain Clerke, is come in, and says that, on Sunday night, upon the coming in of the Prince, the Duke did fly; but all this day they have been fighting; therefore they did face again, to be sure. Captain Bacon of the Bristoll is killed. They cry up Jenings of the Ruby, and Saunders of the Sweepstakes. They condemn mightily Sir Thomas Teddiman for a coward, but with what reason time must show.

5th. At noon, though I should have dined with my Lord Mayor[1] and Aldermen at an entertainment of Commissioner Taylor's, yet, it being a time of expectation of the success of the fleete, I did not go. No manner of news this day, but of the Rainbow's being put in from the fleete, maimed as the other ships are.

6th. By water to St. James's, it being a monthly fast-day for the plague. There we all met, and did our business as usual with the Duke. By and by walking a little further, Sir Philip Frowde[2] did meet the Duke with an express to Sir W. Coventry, who was by, from Captain Taylor, the Storekeeper at Harwich, being the narration of Captain Hayward of the Dunkirke; who gives a very serious account, how upon Monday the two fleetes fought all day, till seven at night, and then the whole fleete of Dutch did betake themselves to a very plain flight, and never looked back again. That Sir Christopher Mings is wounded in the leg; that the Generall is well. That it is conceived reasonably, that of all the Dutch fleete, which, with what recruits they had, come to one hundred sail, there is not above fifty got home; and of them, few, if any, of their flags. And that little Captain Bell, in one of the fire-ships, did at the end of the day fire a ship of 70 guns. We were also so overtaken with this good news, that the Duke ran with it to the King, who was gone to chapel, and there all the Court was in a hubbub, being rejoiced over head and ears in this good news. Away I go by coach to the New Exchange, and there did spread this good news a little, though I find it had broke out before. And so home to our own church, it being the common

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[1] Sir Thomas Bludworth.

[2] A loyal officer in the army of Charles I., afterwards Secretary to Anne Hyde, Duchess of York. His grandson, of the same name, was author of some plays and poems, and died in 1738.

Fast-day, and it was just before sermon; but, Lord! how all the people in the church stared upon me to see me whisper to Sir John Minnes and my Lady Pen. Anon I saw people stirring and whispering below, and by and by comes up the sexton from my Lady Ford to tell me the news, which I had brought, being now sent into the church by Sir W. Batten in writing, and passed from pew to pew. But that which pleased me as much as the news, was, to have the fair Mrs. Middleton at our church, who indeed is a very beautiful lady. My father to Hales's, where my father is to begin to sit to-day for his picture, which I have a desire to have. At home, drawing up my vows for the rest of the year, to Christmas; but, Lord! to see in what a condition of happiness I am, if I would but keep myself so; but my love of pleasure is such, that my very soul is angry with itself for its vanity in so doing. Home, and my father and wife not coming in, I proceeded with my coach to take a little ayre as far as Bow all alone, and there turned back; but, before I got home, the bonfires were lighted all the town over, and I going through Crouched Friars, seeing Mercer at her mother's gate, stopped, and light, and into her mother's, the first time I ever was there, and find all my people, father and all, at a very fine supper at W. Hewer's lodging, very neatly, and to my great pleasure. After supper, into his chamber, which is mighty fine, with pictures and everything else, very curious. Thence to the gate, with all the women about me, and Mrs. Mercer's son had provided a great many serpents, and so I made the women all fire some serpents. By and by comes in our fair neighbour, Mrs. Turner, and two neighbour's daughters, Mrs. Tite—the eldest of which, a long red-nosed silly jade; the other, a pretty black girl, and the merriest sprightly jade that ever I saw. Idled away the whole night, till twelve at night, at the bonfire in the streets. Some of the people thereabouts going about with musquets, and did give me two or three vollies of their musquets, I giving them a crown to drink; and so home. Mightily pleased with this happy day's news, and the more, because confirmed by Sir Daniel Harvy,[1] who was in the whole fight with the Generall, and tells me that there appear but thirty-six in all of the Dutch fleete left at the end of the voyage when they run home. The joy of the City was this night exceeding great.

7th. Up betimes, and to my office about business, Sir W. Coventry having sent me word that he is gone down to the fleete to see how matters stand, and to be back again speedily; and with the same expectation of congratulating ourselves with the victory that I had yesterday. But my Lord Brouncker and Sir T. H.[1] that come from Court, tell me the contrary news, which astonishes me: that is to say, that we are beaten, lost many ships and good commanders; have not taken one ship of the enemy's; and so can only report ourselves a victory; nor is it certain that we were left masters of the field. But, above all, that the Prince run on shore upon the Galloper, and there stuck; was endeavoured to be fetched off by the Dutch, but could not; and so they burned her; and Sir G. Ascue is taken prisoner, and carried into Holland. This news do much trouble me, and the thoughts of the ill consequences of it, and the pride and presumption that brought us to it. At noon to the 'Change, and there find the discourse of town, and their countenances much changed; but yet not very plain. By and by comes Mr. Wayth to me; and discoursing of our ill success, he tells me plainly, from Captain Page's own mouth, who hath lost his arm in the fight, that the Dutch did pursue us two hours before they left us, and then they suffered us to go on homewards, and they retreated towards their coast: which is very sad news. The Duke much damped in his discourse, touching the late fight, and all the Court talk sadly of it. The Duke did give me several letters he had received from the fleete, and Sir W. Coventry and Sir W. Pen, who are gone down thither, for me to pick out some works to be done for the setting out the fleete again; and so I took them home with me, and was drawing out an abstract of them till midnight. And, as to news, I do find great reason to think that we are beaten in every respect, and that we are the losers. The Prince upon the Galloper, where both the Royall Charles and Royall Katharine had come twice aground, but got off. The Essex carried into Holland; the Swiftsure missing, Sir W. Barkeley,[2] ever since the beginning of the fight. Captains Bacon, Tearne, Wood, Mootham, Whitty, and Coppin, slayne. The Duke of Albemarle writes, that he never fought with worse officers in his life, not above twenty of them behaving themselves like men. Sir William Clerke lost his leg; and in two days died. The Loyall George, Seven Oakes, and Swiftsure, are still missing, and have never, as the Generall writes himself, engaged with them. It was as great an alteration to find myself required to write a sad letter instead of a triumphant one, to my Lady Sandwich this night, as ever on any occasion I had in my life.

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[1] Ranger of Richmond Park. He was brother-in-law to the Edward Montagu, killed at Bergen.

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[1] Sir Thomas Harvey.

[2] Governor of Portsmouth: one of the younger brothers of the Earl of Falmouth.

8th. To my very great joy, I find Balty come home without any hurt, after the utmost imaginable danger he hath gone through in the Henery, being upon the quarter-deck with Harman all the time; and for which service, Harman I heard this day commended most seriously and most eminently by the Duke of York. As also the Duke did do most utmost right to Sir Thomas Teddiman, of whom a scandal was raised, but without cause, he having behaved himself most eminently brave all the whole fight, and to extraordinary great service and purpose, having given Trump himself such a broadside as was hardly ever given to any ship. Mings is shot through the face, and into the shoulder, where the bullet is lodged. Young Holmes[1] is also ill wounded, and Atber in the Rupert. Balty tells me the case of the Henery; and it was, indeed, most extraordinary sad and desperate. After dinner, Balty and I to my office, and there talked a great deal of this fight; and I am mightily pleased in him, and have great content in, and hopes of, his doing well. Thence out to White Hall to a Committee for Tangier, but it met not. But, Lord! to see how melancholy the Court is, under the thoughts of this last overthrow, for so it is, instead of a victory, so much and so unreasonably expected. We hear the Swiftsure, Sir W. Barkeley, is come in safe to the Nore, after her being absent ever since the beginning of the fight, wherein she did not appear at all from beginning to end.

9th. The Court is divided about the Swiftsure and the Essex's being safe; and wagers and odds laid on both sides. Sir W. Coventry is come to town; so I to his chamber. But I do not hear that he is at all pleased or satisfied with the late fight; but he tells me more news of our suffering, by the death of one or two captains, more than I knew before. But he do give over the thoughts of the safety of the Swiftsure or Essex.

10th. (Lord's day.) I met with Pierce, the surgeon, who is lately come from the fleete, and tells me that all the commanders, officers, and even the common seamen, do condemn every part of the late conduct of the Duke of Albemarle: both in his fighting at all, running among them in his retreat, and running the ships on ground; so as nothing can be worse spoken of. That Holmes, Spragg, and Smith do all the business, and the old and wiser commanders nothing: so as Sir Thomas Teddiman, whom the King and all the world speak well of, is mightily discontented, as being wholly slighted. He says we lost more after the Prince came than before, too. The Prince was so maimed, as to be forced to be towed home. He says all the fleete confess their being chased home by the Dutch; and yet the body of the Dutch that did it was not above forty sail at most; and yet this put us into the fright, as to bring all our ships on ground. He says, however, that the Duke of Albemarle is as high almost as ever, and pleases himself to think that he hath given the Dutch their bellies full, without sense of what he hath lost us; and talks how he knows now the way to beat them. But he says, that even Smith himself, one of his creatures, did himself condemn the late conduct from the beginning to the end. He tells me further, how the Duke of York is wholly given up to his new mistress, my Lady Denham,[1] going at noonday with all his gentlemen with him to visit her in Scotland Yard; she declaring she will not be his mistress, as Mrs. Price,[2] to go up and down the Privy-stairs, but will be owned publickly; and so she is. Mr. Brouncker, it seems, was the pimp to bring it about; and my Lady Castlemaine, who designs thereby to fortify herself by the Duke; there being a falling-out the other day between the King and her: on this occasion, the Queen, in ordinary talk before the ladies in her drawing-room, did say to my Lady Castlemaine that she feared the King did take cold by staying so late abroad at her house. She answered, before them all, that he did not stay so late abroad with her, for he went betimes thence, though he do not before one, two, or three in the morning, but must stay somewhere else. The King then coming in, and overhearing, did whisper in the eare aside, and told her she was a bold, impertinent woman, and bid her to be gone out of the Court, and not come again till he sent for her; which she did presently, and went to a lodging in the Pell Mell, and kept there two or three days, and then sent to the King to know whether she might send for her things away out of her house. The King sent to her, she must first come and view them: and so she come, and the King went to her, and all friends again. He tells me she did, in her anger, say she would be even with the King, and print his letters to her; so, putting all together, we are, and are like to be, in a sad condition; we are endeavouring to raise money by borrowing it of the City; but I do not think the City will lend a farthing. Sir G. Carteret and I walked an hour in the churchyard, under Henry the Seventh's Chapel, he being lately come from the fleete; and tells me, as I hear from everybody else, that the management in the late fight was bad, from top to bottom. That several said that this would not have been, if my Lord Sandwich had had the ordering of it. Nay, he tells me that certainly, had my Lord Sandwich had the misfortune to have done as they have done, the King could not have saved him. There is, too, nothing but discontent among the officers; and all the old, experienced men are slighted. He tells me, to my question, but as a great secret, that the dividing of the fleete did proceed first from a proposition from the fleete, though agreed to hence; but he confesses it arose from want of due intelligence. He do, however, call the fleete's retreat on Sunday a very honourable one, and that the Duke of Albemarle did do well in it, and it would have been well if he had done it sooner, rather than venture the loss of the fleete and crown, as he must have done, if the Prince had not come. He was surprised when I told him I heard that the King did intend to borrow some money of the City, and would know who had spoke of it to me; I told him Sir Ellis Layton this afternoon. He says it is a dangerous discourse, for that the City certainly will not be invited to do it; and then, for the King to ask it and be denied, will be the beginning of our sorrow. He seems to fear we shall all fall to pieces among ourselves. This evening we hear that Sir Christopher Mings is dead of his late wounds; and Sir W. Coventry did commend him to me in a most extraordinary manner. But this day, after three days' trial in vain, and the hazard of the spoiling of the ship in lying till next spring, besides the disgrace of it, news is brought that the Loyall London is launched at Deptford.

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[1] Afterwards Sir John Holmes, who married Margaret Lowther.

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[1] Margaret Brook, married to Sir John Denham, May 25, 1665. George Brook, third son of William Brook, Lord Cobham, was attainted and executed for his share in Ralegh's plot. He left a son, William Brook, who, having been restored in blood, and made a Knight of the Bath, espoused Penelope, third daughter of Sir Moyses Hill, of Hillsborough Castle, in Ireland, the ancestor of the Marquises of Downshire; by whom he had issue three daughters: *First*, Hill, who became the wife of Sir William Boothby; the *second*, Frances, described, on the lettering of her engraved portrait, as "Lady Whitmore." She was the wife of Sir Thomas Whitmore, of Bridgenorth, second son of Sir Thomas Whitmore, of Apley, Bart. Her daughter, Frances, married William, grandson of Sir George Whitmore, of Balmes, mentioned by Pepys. See Dryden's epitaph on her in his *Works* (Scott's edit., vol. xi., p. 150): and the *third*, Lady Denham. Their mother, Lady Brook, surviving her husband, re-married Edward Russell, youngest son of Francis, fifth Earl of Bedford, whose sister was Countess of Bristol. Hence the relationship, or rather the connexion, between the two families; for Hamilton (*Mémoires de Grammont*), mentioning that "*Les Demoiselles Brook*" assisted at all Lord Bristol's fêtes, calls them "*ses parents*."

[2] The Maid of Honour.

11th. I, with my Lady Pen and her daughter, to see Harman, whom we find lame in bed. His bones of his ancle are broke, but he hopes to do well soon; and a fine person, by his discourse, he seems to be: and he did plainly tell me that at the Council of war before the fight, it was against his reason to begin the fight then, and the reasons of most sober men there, the wind being such, and we to windward, that they could not use their lower tier of guns, which was a sad thing for us to have the honour and weal of the nation ventured so foolishly. Late comes Sir J. Bankes to see me, who tells me that, coming up from Rochester, he overtook three or four hundred seamen; and he believes every day they come flocking from the fleete in like numbers; which is a sad neglect there, when it will be impossible to get others; and we have little reason to think these will return presently again. Walking in the galleries at White Hall, I find the Ladies of Honour dressed in their riding garbs, with coats and doublets with deep skirts, just, for all the world, like mine; and buttoned their doublets up the breast, with perriwigs and with hats; so that, only for a long petticoat dragging under their men's coats, nobody could take them for women in any point whatever; which was an odde sight, and a sight did not please me. It was Mrs. Wells and another fine lady that I saw thus.

13th. Sir H. Cholmley tells me there are great jars between the Duke of York and the Duke of Albemarle, about the latter's turning out one or two of the commanders put in by the Duke of York. Among others, Captain du Tell, a Frenchman,[1] put in by the Duke of York, and mightily defended by him; and is therein led by Monsieur Blancford, that it seems hath the same command over the Duke of York as Sir W. Coventry hath; which raises ill blood between them. And I do, in several little things, observe that Sir W. Coventry hath of late, by the by, reflected on the Duke of Albemarle and his captains, particularly in that of old Teddiman, who did deserve to be turned out this fight, and was so; but I heard Sir W. Coventry say that the Duke of Albemarle put in one as bad as he is in his room, and one that did as little. With Balty to Hales's by coach. Here I find my father's picture begun, and so much to my content, that it joys my very heart to think that I should have his picture so well done; who, besides that he is my father, and a man that loves me, and hath ever done so, is also, at this day, one of the most careful and innocent men in the world. Invited to Sir Christopher Mings's funeral, but find them gone to church. However, I into the church, which is a fair, large church, and a great chapel, and there heard the service, and staid till they buried him, and then out; and there met with Sir W. Coventry, who was there out of great generosity, and no person of quality there but he, and went with him into his coach; and, being in it with him, there happened this extraordinary case—one of the most romantique that ever I heard of in my life, and could not have believed, but that I did see it; which was this:—About a dozen able, lusty, proper men come to the coach-side with tears in their eyes, and one of them that spoke for the rest begun, and said to Sir W. Coventry, "We are here a dozen of us, that have long known and loved, and served our dead commander, Sir Christopher Mings, and have now done the last office of laying him in the ground. We would be glad we had any other to offer after him, and in revenge of him. All we have is our lives; if you will please to get His Royal Highness to give us a fire-ship among us all, here are a dozen of us, out of all which, choose you one to be commander; and the rest of us, whoever he is, will serve him; and, if possible, do that which shall show our memory of our dead commander, and our revenge." Sir W. Coventry was herewith much moved, as well as I, who could hardly abstain from weeping, and took their names, and so parted; telling me that he would move his Royal Highness as in a thing very extraordinary, which was done. The truth is, Sir Christopher Mings was a very stout man, and a man of great parts, and most excellent tongue among ordinary men; and, as Sir W. Coventry says, could have been the most useful man at such a pinch of time as this. He was come into great renowne here at home, and more abroad, in the West Indys. He had brought his family into a way of being great; but, dying at this time, his memory and name, his father being always, and at this day, a shoemaker, and his mother a hoyman's daughter; of which he was used frequently to boast, will be quite forgot in a few months as if he had never been, nor any of his name be the better by it; he having not had time to will any estate, but is dead poor, rather than rich. So we left the church and crowd. Walked to Mrs. Bagwell's, and went into her house; but I was not a little fearful of what she told me but now, which is, that her servant was dead of the plague, and that she had new-whitened the house all below stairs, but that above stairs they are not so fit for me to go up to, they being not so. So I parted thence, with a very good will, but very civilly, and away to the water-side, and sent for a pint of sack, and drank what I would, and give the waterman the rest.

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[1] See July 27, 1666, *postea*.

14th. With my wife and father to Hales's, and there looked only on my father's picture, which is mighty like; and so away to White Hall to a Committee for Tangier, where the Duke of York was, and Sir W. Coventry, and a very full committee; and, instead of having a very prejudiced meeting, they did, though inclined against Yeabsly, yield to the greatest part of his account, so as to allow of his demands to the value of £7000 and more, and only give time for him to make good his pretence to the rest; which was mighty joy to me: and so we rose up. But I must observe the force of money, which did make my Lord Ashly to argue and behave himself in the business with the greatest friendship, and yet with all the discretion imaginable; and it will be a business of admonition and instruction to me concerning him, and other men, too, for aught I know, as long as I live.

15th. Mr. Bland presented me yesterday with a very fine African mat, to lay upon the ground under a bed of state, being the first fruits of our peace with Guyland. To the Exchequer, but could not persuade the block-headed fellows to do what I desire, of breaking my great tallies into less, notwithstanding my Lord Treasurer's order, which vexed me so much that I would not bestow more time and trouble among a company of dunces. Creed come and dined with me; but, Lord! to hear how he pleases himself in behalf of my Lord Sandwich, in the miscarriage of the Duke of Albemarle.

16th. The King, Duke of York, and Sir W. Coventry are gone down to the fleete. To Woolwich and Deptford, all the way down and up, reading of "The Mayor of Quinborough,"[1] a simple play. Comes Mr. Williamson, Sir Arthur Ingram, and Jacke Fen, to see the new ships, and a very fine gentleman Mr. Williamson is. It seems, the Dutch do mightily insult of their victory, and they have great reason. Sir W. Barkeley was killed before his ship taken; and there he lies dead in a sugar-chest,[2] for everybody to see, with his flag standing up by him; and Sir George Ascue is carried up and down the Hague for people to see.

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[1] A Comedy, by Thomas Middleton.

[2] "Whitehall, July 15. This day arrived a trumpet from the States of Holland, who come over from Calais in the Dover packet-boat, with a letter to his Majesty that the States have taken order for the embalming the body of Sir William Berkeley, which they have placed in the chapel of the great church at the Hague, a civility they profess to owe to his corpse, in respect to the quality of his person, the greatness of his command, and of the high courage and valour he showed in the late engagement; desiring his Majesty to signify his pleasure about the further disposal of it."—

17th. (Lord's day.) To Christ Church, and there heard a silly sermon. To Joyce's, where William Joyce and his wife were, and had a good dinner; but, Lord! how sick was I of the company, only hope I shall have no more of it a good while; but am invited to Will's this week; and his wife, poor, unhappy woman! cried to hear me say that I could not be there, she thinking that I slight her: so they got me to promise to come. Down to the milke-house, and drank three glasses of whey, and then up into the Strand again.

18th. To the office, and so to Lumbard Streete, to borrow a little money upon a tally, but cannot. To my Lord Bellassis, by invitation, and there dined with him, and his lady and daughter; and at dinner there played to us a young boy, lately come from France, where he had been learning a year or two on the viallin, and plays finely. But it was pretty to see how passionately my Lord's daughter loves musick. Sir W. Coventry is returned this night from the fleete; he being the activest man in the world, and we all, myself particularly, more afraid of him than of the King, or his service, for aught I see; God forgive us! This day the great news is come of the French, their taking the island of St. Christopher's from us; and it is to be feared they have done the like of all those islands thereabouts: this makes me mad.

19th. I to Sir G. Carteret's by appointment; where, I perceive by him, the King is going to borrow some money of the City; but I fear it will do no good, but hurt. He tells me how the General[1] is displeased, and there have been some high words between the General and Sir W. Coventry. And it may be so; for I do not find Sir W. Coventry so highly commending the Duke as he used to be, but letting fall, now and then, some little jerkes: as this day, speaking of news from Holland, he says, "I find their victory begins to shrinke there, as well as ours here." Here I met with Captain Cocke, and he tells

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*The London Gazette*, No. 69. "Frederick Ruysch, the celebrated Dutch anatomist, undertook, by order of the States-General, to inject the body of the English Admiral Berkeley, killed in the sea-fight of 1666; and the body, already somewhat decomposed, was sent over to England as well prepared as if it had been the fresh corpse of a child. This produced to Ruysch on the part of the States-General, a recompence worthy of their liberality, and the merit of the anatomist."—*James's Medical Dictionary*, quoted in the *Gent. Mag.*, vol. lvii., p. 214. Sir William Berkeley was buried the following August in Westminster Abbey.

[1] Duke of Albemarle.

me, that the first thing the Prince said to the King, upon his coming, was complaining of the Commissioners of the Navy; that they could have been abroad in three or four days but for us; that we do not take care of them: which I am troubled at, and do fear may, in violence, break out upon this office some time or other; for we shall not be able to carry on the business.

20th. Up, but in some pain of the collique. I have of late taken too much cold by washing my feet, and going in a thin silk waistcoat, without any other coat over it, and open-breasted. I did this morning give my father some money to buy him a horse, and for other things to himself and my mother and sister, among them £20, which the poor man takes with infinite kindness.

21st. Up, and at the office all the morning; where, by several circumstances, I find Sir W. Coventry and the Duke of Albemarle do not agree as they used to do; Sir W. Coventry commending Aylett, in some reproach to the Duke, whom the Duke hath put out for want of courage; and found fault with Steward, whom the Duke keeps in, though as much in fault as any commander in the fleete. At noon home to dinner—my father, sister, and wife dining at Sarah Giles's, poor woman! where I should have been; but my pride would not suffer me. At Mr. Debasty's I saw, in a gold frame, a picture of a fluter playing on his flute, which, for a good while, I took for painting, but at last observed it was a piece of tapestry, and is the finest that ever I saw in my life for figures, and good natural colours, and a very fine thing it is indeed. Sir George Smith tells me that this day my Lord Chancellor, and some of the Court, have been with the City, and that the City have voted to lend the King £100,000; which, if soon paid, as he says he believes it will, will be a greater service than I did ever expect at this time from the City.

22d. Up, and before I went out Mr. Peter Barr sent me a tierce of claret, which is very welcome. All day upon my Tangier accounts; my father, wife, and sister, late abroad on the water.

23d. My father and sister very betimes took their leave; and my wife, with all possible kindness, went with them to the coach, I being mightily pleased with their company so long, and my father with his being here, and it rejoices my heart that I am in a condition to do anything to comfort him, he is such innocent company. To Tower Wharfe, but could get no watermen; they being now so scarce, by reason of the great press; so to the Custome House, and there, with great threats, got a couple to ferry me down to Deptford—all the way reading Pompey the Great,[1] a play translated from the French by several noble persons; among others, my Lord Buckhurst, that to me is but a mean play, and the words and sense not very extraordinary. From Deptford, I walked to Redriffe, and in my way was overtaken by Bagwell, lately come from sea in the Providence, who did give me an account of several particulars in the late fight, and how his ship was deserted basely by the York, Captain Swanley, commander.

24th. (Lord's day.) To White Hall. There I hear that Sir Francis Prujean is dead, after being married to a widow about a year, or thereabouts. He died very rich, and had, for the last year, lived very handsomely—his lady bringing him to it. He was no great pains-taker in person, yet died very rich; and, as Dr. Clerke says, was of a very great judgment, but hath writ nothing to leave his name to posterity. In the gallery, among others, met with Major Halsey, a great creature of the Duke of Albemarle's; who tells me that the Duke, by name, hath said that he expected to have the work here up in the River done, having left Sir W. Batten and Mr. Phipps there. He says that the Duke of Albemarle do say that this is a victory we have had, having, as he was sure, killed them 8000 men, and sunk about fourteen of their ships; but nothing like this appears true. He lays much of the little success we have had, however, upon the fleete's being divided by order from above, and the want of spirit in the commanders; and that he was commanded, by order, to go out of the Downes to the Gun-fleete, and in the way meeting the Dutch fleete, what should he do? should he not fight them? especially having beat them heretofore at a great disadvantage. He tells me further, that, having been downe with the Duke of Albemarle, he finds that Holmes and Spragge do govern most business of the Navy; and by others I understand that Sir Thomas Allen is offended thereat, that he is not so much advised with as he ought to be. He tells me, also, as he says, of his own knowledge, that several people, before the Duke went out, did offer to supply the King with £100,000, provided he would be treasurer of it, to see it laid out for the Navy; which he refused, and so it died; but I believe none of this. This day

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[1] Corneille's play, one act of which had been translated by Edmund Waller, and the rest by Lord Buckhurst, Sir C. Sedley, and Mr. Godolphin.

I saw my Lady Falmouth,[1] with whom I remember now I have dined at my Lord Barkeley's heretofore, a pretty woman; she was now in her second or third mourning, and pretty pleasant in her looks. By and by the Council rises, and Sir W. Coventry come out; and he and I went aside, and discoursed of much business of the Navy; and afterwards took his coach, and to Hide Parke he and I alone: there we had much talk. First, he started a discourse of a talk he hears about the town, which, says he, is a very bad one, and fit to be suppressed, if we knew how: which is, the comparing of the success of the last year with that of this; saying that, that was good, and that bad. I was as sparing in speaking as I could, being jealous of him and myself also, but wished it could be stopped; but said I doubted it could not otherwise than by the fleete's being abroad again, and so finding other work for men's minds and discourse. Then to discourse of himself, saying, that he heard that he was under the lash of people's discourse about the Prince's not having notice of the Dutch being out, and for him to come back again, nor the Duke of Albemarle notice, that the Prince was sent for back again: to which he told me very particularly how careful he was the very same night that it was resolved to send for the Prince back, to cause orders to be writ, and waked the Duke, who was then in bed, to sign them; and that they went by express that very night, being the Wednesday night before the fight, which begun on the Friday; and that for sending them by the post express, and not by gentlemen on purpose, he made a sport of it, and said, I knew of none to send it with, but would at least have lost more time in fitting themselves out, than any diligence of theirs beyond that of the ordinary post would have recovered. I told him that this was not so much the towne talk, as the reason of dividing the fleete. To this he told me he ought not to say much; but did assure me, in general, that the proposition did first come from the fleete;[2] and the resolution, not being prosecuted with orders so soon as the General thought fit, the General did send Sir Edward Spragge up on purpose for them; and that there was nothing in the whole business which was not done with the full consent and advice of the Duke of Albemarle. But he did adde, as the Catholiques call *le secret de la*

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[1] Elizabeth, daughter of Hervey Bagot, and widow of Charles Barkeley, Earl of Falmouth, for whom she still wore mourning, married secondly, Charles first Duke of Dorset, and died in child-bed, in 1679; leaving an only daughter. She had been Maid of Honour to the Duchess of York.

[2] See *ante*, June 10, 1666.

*Messe*, that Sir Edward Spragge, who had, even in Sir Christopher Mings's time, put in to be the great favourite of the Prince; but much more now had a mind to be the great man with him, and to that end had a mind to have the Prince at a distance from the Duke of Albemarle, that they might be doing something alone—did, as he believed, put on this business of dividing the fleete, and that thence it came. He tells me, as to the business of intelligence, the want whereof the world did complain much of, that for that it was not his business; and, as he was, therefore, to have no share in the blame, so he would not meddle to lay it any where else. That De Ruyter was ordered by the States not to make it his business to come into much danger, but to preserve himself, as much as was fit, out of harm's way, to be able to direct the fleete. He do, I perceive, with some violence, forbear saying any thing to the reproach of the Duke of Albemarle; but, contrarily, speaks much of his courage; but I do as plainly see that he do not like the Duke of Albemarle's proceedings; but, contrarily, is displeased therewith. And he do plainly diminish the commanders put in by the Duke, and do lessen the miscarriages of any that have been removed by him. He concurs with me, that the next bout will be a fatal one to one side or other; because, if we be beaten, we shall not be able to set out our fleete again. He do confess with me, that the hearts of our seamen are much saddened; and for that reason, among others, wishes Sir Christopher Mings was alive, who might inspire courage and spirit into them. Speaking of Holmes, how great a man he is, and that he do for the present, and hath done all the voyage, kept himself in good order and within bounds; but, says he, a cat will be a cat still, and, some time or other, out his humours must break again. He do not disowne but that the dividing of the fleete, upon the presumptions that were then had, which, I suppose, was the French fleete being come this way, was a good resolution. Having had all this discourse, he and I back to Whitehall; and there I left him, being in a little doubt whether I had behaved myself in my discourse with the policy and circumspection which ought to be used to so great a courtier as he is, and so wise and factious a man, and by water home, and so, after supper, to bed.

25th. News from Sir W. Coventry, that the Dutch are certainly come out. All this day on the water entertained myself with the play of Commenius.[1] Mrs. Pen carried us to two gardens at Hackny, which I every day grow more and more in love with, Mr. Drake's, one, where the garden is good, and house and the prospect admirable; the other my Lord Brooke's,[1] where the gardens are much better, but the house not so good, nor the prospect good at all. But the gardens are excellent; and here I first saw oranges grow: some green, some half, some a quarter, and some full ripe, on the same tree; and one fruit of the same tree do come a year or two after the other. I pulled off a little one by stealth, the man being mightily curious of them, and eat it, and it was just as other little green small oranges are; as big as half the end of my little finger. Here were also great variety of other exotique plants, and several labyrinths, and a pretty aviary. This being the first day of my putting on my black stuff bombazin suit.

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[1] John Amos Comenius, a learned grammarian, born in Moravia in 1592:

26th. In the morning come Mr. Chichly[2] to Sir W. Coventry, to tell him the ill success of the guns made for the Loyall London; which is, that in the trial every one of the great guns, the whole cannon of seven, as I take it, broke in pieces.

27th. To Sir W. Coventry's chamber, where I saw his father my Lord Coventry's picture hung up, done by Stone,[3] who then brought it home. It is a good picture, drawn in his judge's robes, and the great seal by him. And, while it was hanging up, "This," says Sir W. Coventry, merrily, "is the use we make of our fathers." But what I observed most from the discourse, was this of Sir W. Coventry, that he do look upon ourselves in a desperate condition. The issue of all standing upon this one point, that, by the next fight, if we beat, the Dutch will certainly be content to take eggs for their money, that was his expression; or, if we be beaten, we must be contented to make peace, and glad if we can have it, without paying too dear for it. And withall we do rely wholly upon the Parliament's giving

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amongst other works, he published the play here mentioned, entitled Schola Ludus seu Encyclopædia Viva (hoc est) Januæ Linguarum Praxis Scenica. This curious book contains the details of eight dramatic pieces represented at the author's school at Patak, in 1654. Comenius died at Amsterdam, in 1671.

[1] Robert Greville, Lord Brooke, ob. 1676. Evelyn (*Diary*, May 8, 1654) mentions this garden as Lady Brooke's. Brooke House, at Clapton, was lately a private madhouse.

[2] Thomas Chicheley, afterwards knighted and made a Privy Councillor and Commissioner of the Ordnance.

[3] This portrait, if an original, must have been finished long before, for the Lord Keeper died in 1639, and Henry Stone, the painter, better known as Old Stone, in 1657: or possibly it was a copy made for Sir W. Coventry by Henry's brother, John Stone, who, according to Walpole, survived the Restoration, and was the last of his race.

us more money the next sitting, or else we are undone. To Mr. Hales's, to pay for my father's picture, which cost me £10 the picture, and 25*s.* the frame. I did this afternoon visit my Lord Bellassis, who professes all imaginable satisfaction in me. My Lord is going down to his garrison to Hull, by the King's command, to put it in order for fear of an invasion: which course, I perceive, is taken upon the sea-coasts round; for we have a real apprehension of the King of France's invading us.

28th. The Dutch are now known to be out, and we may expect them every hour upon our coast. But our fleete is in pretty good readiness for them.

29th. To the office; where I met with a letter from Dover, which tells me, and it come by express, that news is brought over by a gentleman from Callice, that the Dutch fleete, 130 sail, are come upon the French coast; and that the country is bringing in picke-axes, and shovells, and wheel-barrows into Callice; that there are 6000 men armed on head, back, and breast, Frenchmen, ready to go on board the Dutch fleete, and will be followed by 1200 more. That they pretend they are to come to Dover; and that thereupon the Governor of Dover Castle is getting the victualler's provision out of the town into the Castle to secure it. But I do think this is a ridiculous conceit; but a little time will show.

30th. Mightily troubled all this morning with going to my Lord Mayor, Sir Thomas Bludworth, a silly[1] man, I think, and other places, about getting shipped some men that they have these two last nights pressed in the City out of the houses: the persons wholly unfit for sea, and many of them people of very good fashion, which is a shame to think of, and carried to Bridewell they are, yet without being impressed with money legally as they ought to be. But to see how the King's business is done; my Lord Mayor himself did scruple, at this time of extremity, to do this thing; because he had not money to pay the pressed-money to the men. He told me so himself. Nor to take up boats to carry them down through bridge to the ships I had prepared to carry them down in: insomuch that I was forced to promise to be his paymaster, and he did send his City Remembrancer afterwards to the office, and at the table, in the face of the officers, I did out of my own purse disburse £15 to pay for their pressing, and diet last night and this morning; which is a thing worth record of my Lord Mayor. Busy about this all the morning, and about the getting off men pressed by our officers of the fleete into the service; even our own men that are at the office, and the boats that carry us. So that it is now become impossible to have so much as a letter carried from place to place, or any message done for us; nay, out of Victualling ships full loaden to go down to the fleete, and out of the vessels of the officers of the Ordnance, they press men, so that for want of discipline in this respect I do fear all will be undone. Late to bed; and, while I was undressing myself, our new ugly maid Luce had like to have broke her neck in the dark, going down our upper stairs; but, which I was glad of, the poor girle did only bruise her head, but at first did lie on the ground groaning, and drawing her breath, like one a-dying.

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[1] As his conduct during the Great Fire fully proved, when he is said to have boasted, that he would extinguish the flames by the same means to which Swift tells us Gulliver had recourse at Lilliput.

July 1st. (Lord's day.) Comes Sir W. Pen to town, which I little expected, having invited my Lady and her daughter Pegg to dine with me to-day; which at noon they did, and Sir W. Pen with them; and pretty merry we were. And, though I do not love him, yet I find it necessary to keep in with him; his good service at Shearnesse in getting out the fleete being much taken notice of, and reported to the King and Duke, even from the Prince and Duke of Albemarle themselves, and made the most of to me and them by Sir W. Coventry; therefore, I think it discretion, great and necessary discretion, to keep in with him. To the Tower several times, about the business of the pressed men, and late at it till twelve at night, shipping of them. But, Lord! how some poor women did cry; and in my life I never did see such natural expression of passion as I did here, in some women's bewailing themselves, and running to every parcel of men that were brought, one after another, to look for their husbands, and wept over every vessel that went off, thinking they might be there, and looking after the ship as far as ever they could by moone-light, that it grieved me to the heart to hear them. Besides, to see poor, patient, labouring men and housekeepers, leaving poor wives and families, taken up on a sudden by strangers, was very hard, and that without press-money, but forced against all law to be gone. It is a great tyranny.

2d. Up betimes, and forced to go to my Lord Mayor's, about the business of the pressed men; and indeed I find him a mean man of understanding and despatch of any public business. Thence out of curiosity to Bridewell, to see the pressed men, where there are about 300; but so unruly that I durst not go among them: and they have reason to be so, having been kept these three days prisoners, with little or no victuals, and pressed out, and, contrary to all course of law, without press-money, and men that are not liable to it. Here I met with prating Colonel Cox, one of the City colonels, heretofore a great presbyter: but to hear how the fellow did commend himself, and the service he do the King; and, like an asse, at Paul's did take me out of my way on purpose to show me the gate, the little north gate, where he had two men shot close by him on each side, and his own hair burnt by a bullet-shot, in the insurrection of Venner, and himself escaped. Called by Pegg Pen to her house, where her father and mother, and Mrs. Norton, the second Roxalana,[1] a fine woman, indifferent handsome, good body, and hand, and good mind, and pretends to sing, but do it not excellently. I found one of the vessels loaden with the Bridewell birds in a great mutiny, and they would not sail, not they; but with good words, and cajoling the ringleader into the Tower, where, when he was come, he was clapped up in the Hole, they were got very quietly; but I think it is much if they do not run the vessel on ground.

3d. Mr. Finch, one of the Commissioners of Excise, and I walked two hours together in the garden, talking of many things; sometimes of Mr. Povey, whose vanity, prodigality, neglect of his business, and committing it to unfit hands, hath undone him, and outed him of all his public employments, and the thing set on foot by a revivall of a business, wherein he had three or four years ago, by surprize, got the Duke of York to sign to having a sum of money paid out of the Excise, before some that was due to him, and now the money is fallen short, and the Duke never likely to be paid. This being revived hath undone Povy. Then we fell to discourse of the Parliament, and the great men there; and, among others, Mr. Vaughan,[2] whom he reports as a man of excellent judgement and learning, but most passionate and opiniastre. He had done himself the most wrong, though he values it not, that is, the displeasure of the King, in his standing so long against the breaking of the Act for a trienniall parliament; but yet do believe him to be a most loyall gentleman. He told me Mr. Prin's character; that he is a man of mighty labour and reading, and memory, but the worst judge of matters, or layer together of what he hath read, in the world; which I do not, however, believe him in; that he believes him very true to the King in his heart, but can never be reconciled to episcopacy; that the House do not lay much weight upon him, or any thing he says. Settling my last month's accounts, and, to my great joy, find myself worth about £5600. News come yesterday from Harwich, that the Dutch had appeared upon our coast with their fleete, and, we believe, did go to the Gun-fleete, and they are supposed to be there now; but I have heard nothing of them to-day. Yesterday, Dr. Whistler, at Sir W. Pen's, told me that Alexander Broome, the great song-maker, is lately dead.[1]

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[1] The first having been Mrs. Davenport.

[2] See 8th March, 1664.

4th. Thanks be to God! the plague is, as I hear, increased but two this week; but in the country, in several places, it rages mightily, and particularly in Colchester, where it hath long been, and is believed will quite depopulate the place. With the Duke, all of us, discoursing about the places where to build ten great ships: the King and Council have resolved on none to be under third-rates; but it is impossible to do it, unless we have more money towards the doing it than yet we have in any view. But, however, the show must be made to the world. In the evening, Sir W. Pen came to me, and we walked together, and talked of the late fight. I find him very plain, that the whole conduct of the late fight was ill; that two-thirds of the commanders of the whole fleete have told him so: they all saying, that they durst not oppose it at the Council of War, for fear of being called cowards, though it was wholly against their judgement to fight that day, with the disproportion of force; and then, we not being able to use one gun of our lower tier, which was a greater disproportion than the other. Besides, we might very well have staid in the Downs without fighting, or any where else, till the Prince could have come up to them; or at least, till the weather was fair, that we might have the benefit of our whole force in the ships that we had. He says, three things must be remedied, or else we shall be undone by this fleete. 1. That we must fight in a line, whereas we fight promiscuously, to our utter and demonstrable ruine: the Dutch fighting otherwise; and we, whenever we beat them. —2. We must not desert ships of our own in distress, as we did, for that makes a captain desperate, and he will fling away his ship, when there are no hopes left him of succour.—3. That ships, when they are a little shattered, must not take the liberty to come in of themselves, but refit themselves the best they can, and stay out—many of our ships coming in with very small disableness. He told me that our very commanders, nay, our very flag-officers, do stand in need of exercising among themselves, and discoursing the business of commanding a fleete; he telling me, that even one of our flag-men in the fleete did not know which tacke lost the wind, or kept it, in the last engagement. He says, it was pure dismaying and fear that made them all run upon the Galloper, not having their wits about them; and that it was a miracle they were not all lost. He much inveighs upon my discoursing of Sir John Lawson's saying heretofore, that sixty sail would do as much as one hundred: and says that he was a man of no counsel at all, but had got the confidence to say as the gallants did, and did propose to himself to make himself great by them, and saying as they did; but was no man of judgement in his business, but hath been out in the greatest points that have come before them. And then, in the business of fore-castles, which he did oppose, all the world sees now the use of them for shelter of men. He did talk very rationally to me, insomuch that I took more pleasure this night in hearing him discourse, than I ever did in my life in any thing that he had said.

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[1] He died 30th June, 1666, and was buried, by his own desire, under Lincoln's Inn Chapel, by the side of Prynne.

5th. At noon dined, and Mr. Shepley with me, who come to town the other day. I lent him £30 in silver upon 30 pieces in gold. But to see how apt everybody is to neglect old kindnesses! I must charge myself with the ingratitude of being unwilling to lend him so much money without pawn, if he should have asked it, but he did not.

6th. To the Tower, about shipping of some more pressed men, and that done, away to Broad Street, to Sir G. Carteret, who is at a pay of tickets all alone; and I believe not less than one thousand people in the streets. But it is a pretty thing to observe that, both there and every where else, a man shall see many women now-a-days of mean sort in the streets, but no men; men being so afraid of the press. I dined with Sir G. Carteret, and, after dinner, had much discourse about our public business; and he do seem to fear every day more and more what I do; which is, a general confusion in the State; plainly answering me to the question, who is it that the weight of the war depends upon? that it is only Sir W. Coventry. He tells me, too, the Duke of Albemarle is dissatisfied, and that the Duchess do curse Coventry as the man that betrayed her husband to the sea: though I believe that it is not so. Thence to Lombard Streete, and received £2000, and carried it home: whereof £1000 in gold. This I do for security sake, and convenience of carriage; though it costs me above £70 the change of it, at 18½*d.* per piece. Being at home, I there met with a letter from Bab. Allen,[1] to invite me to be god-father to her boy, with Mrs. Williams, which I consented to, but know not the time when it is to be.

7th. Creed tells me, he finds all things mighty dull at Court; and that they now begin to lie long in bed; it being, as we suppose, not seemly for them to be found playing and gaming as they used to be; nor that their minds are at ease enough to follow those sports, and yet not knowing how to employ themselves, though there be work enough for their thoughts and councils and pains, they keep long in bed. But he thinks with me, that there is nothing in the world can help us but the King's personal looking after his business and his officers, and that, with that, we may yet do well; but otherwise must be undone; nobody at this day taking care of any thing, nor hath any body to call him to account for it. To bed; and it proved the hottest night that ever I was in in my life, and thundered and lightened all night long, and rained hard. But, Lord! to see in what fear I lay a good while, hearing of a little noise of somebody walking in the house: so rung the bell, and it was my maids going to bed about one o'clock in the morning. But the fear of being robbed, having so much money in the house, was very great, and is still so, and do much disquiet me.

8th. (Lord's day.) To church—wife and Mercer and I, in expectation of hearing some mighty preacher to-day, Mrs. Mary Batelier sending us word to; but it proved an ordinary silly lecturer, which made me merry, and she laughed upon us to see her mistake. I expected to have had news sent me of Knipp's christening to-day; but, hearing nothing of it, I did not go, though I fear it is but their forgetfulness, and so I may disappoint them. To church, after dinner, again—a thing I have not done a good while before, go twice in one day.

9th. To my office, where busy till come to by Lovett and his wife. Home with them, and there find my aunt Wight with my wife, come to take her leave of her, being going for the summer into the country; and there was also Mrs. Mary Batelier and her sister, newly come out of France—a black, very black woman, but mighty good-natured people both, as ever I saw. Here I made the black one sing a French song, which she did mighty innocently; and then Mrs. Lovett play on the lute, which she do very well; and then Mercer and I sang; and so, with great pleasure, I left them, having showed them my chamber and £1000 in gold, which they wondered at, and given them sweetmeats, and shewn my Aunt Wight my father's picture, which she admires.

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[1] Mrs. Knipp: see Jan. 5, 1665–6, *ante*.

10th. To the office; the yard being very full of women, I believe above three hundred, coming to get money for their husbands and friends that are prisoners in Holland; and they lay clamouring, and swearing, and cursing us, that my wife and I were afraid to send a venison-pasty that we have for supper to-night to the cook's to be baked, for fear of their offering violence to it: but it went, and no hurt done. To the Tower, to speak with Sir John Robinson about the bad condition of the pressed men for want of clothes. Home, and there find my wife and the two Mrs. Bateliers walking in the garden; and then they and we and Mrs. Mercer, the mother, and her daughter Anne, and our Mercer, to supper to a good venison pasty and other good things, and had a good supper, and very merry—Mistresses Bateliers being both very good-humoured. We sang and talked, and then led them home, and there they made us drink; and, among other things, did show us, in cages, some birds brought from Bordeaux, that are all fat, and, examining one of them, they are so, almost all fat. Their name is Ortolans, which are brought over to the King for him to eat, and indeed are excellent things.

11th. I away by coach to St. James's, and there hear that the Duchess is lately[1] brought to bed of a boy. By and by called to wait on the Duke, the King being present; and there agreed, among other things, on the places to build the ten new great ships ordered to be built; and as to the relief of prisoners in Holland. And then about several stories of the basenesse of the King of Spain's being served with officers: they in Flanders having as good common men as any Prince in the world, but the veriest cowards for the officers, nay, for the general officers, as the General and Lieutenant-general, in the whole world. But, above all things, the King did speak most in contempt of the ceremoniousnesse of the King of Spain, that he do nothing but under some ridiculous form or other. I shall get in near £2000 into my own hands, which is in the King's, upon tallies; which will be a pleasure to me, and satisfaction to have a good sum in my own hands, whatever evil disturbances should be in the State; though it troubles me to lose so great a profit as the King's interest of ten per cent. for that money. To the office. I there met with a command from my Lord Arlington, to go down to a galliott at Greenwich, by the King's particular command, that is going to carry the

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[1] On the 4th. Charles Duke of Kendal, died 22d May, 1667.

Savoy Envoye over, and we fear there may be many Frenchmen then on board; and so I have a power and command to search for, and seize, all that have not passes from one of the Secretaries of State, and to bring them and their papers in custody. So I to the Tower, and got a couple of musquetiers with me, and Griffen and my boy Tom, and so down; and, being come, found none on board but two or three servants, looking to horses and doggs, there on board. On shore at Greenwich, the night being late, and the tide against us: so, having sent before, to Mrs. Clerke's, and there had a good bed, and well received, the whole people rising to see me.

12th. Up again by five o'clock, and away to the Tower, and thence, having shifted myself, to St. James's, to Goring House, there to wait on my Lord Arlington, to give him an account of my night's work, but he was not up, being not long since married[1]: so, after walking up and down the house below, being the house I was once at Hartlib's[2] sister's wedding, and is a very fine house, and finely furnished; and then I away to St. James's, and with Sir W. Coventry into London, to the office. And all the way I observed him mightily to make mirth of the Duke of Albemarle and his people about him, saying, that he was the happiest man in the world for doing of great things by sorry instruments; and so particularized in Sir W. Clerke, and Riggs, and Halsey, and others; and then, again, said that the only quality eminent in him was, that he did persevere; and indeed he is a very drudge, and stands by the King's business. And this he said, that one thing he was good at, that he never would receive an excuse if the thing was not done; listening to no reason for it, be it good or bad. And then he begun to say what a great man Warcupp was, and something else, and what was that but a great lyer; and told me a story, how at table he did, they speaking about antipathys, say, that a rose touching his skin anywhere would make it rise and pimple; and, by and by the dessert coming, with roses upon it, the Duchess[3] bid him try, and they did; but they rubbed and rubbed, but nothing would do in the world, by which his lie was found. He spoke contemptibly of Holmes and his mermidons, that come to take down the ships from hence, and have carried them without any necessaries, or anything almost, that they will certainly be longer getting ready than if they had staid here. In fine, I do observe he hath no esteem nor kindness for the Duke's matters, but, contrarily, do slight him and them; and I pray God the kingdom do not pay too dear by this jarring; though this blockheaded Duke I did never expect better from.

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[1] To Isabella, daughter of Louis de Nassau, Lord of Beverweert, and Count of Nassau, natural son of Prince Maurice. She was sister of the Countess of Ossory; her daughter by Lord Arlington was afterwards first Duchess of Grafton. See 15th Nov., 1666.

[2] See July 10, 1660.

[3] Of Albemarle.

14th. Up betimes to the office, to write fair a laborious letter I wrote as from the Board, to the Duke of York, laying out our want of money again; and particularly the business of Captain Cocke's tender of hemp,[1] which my Lord Brouncker brought in, under an unknown hand, without name, wherein his Lordship will have no great success, I doubt. That being done, I down to Thames Streete, and there agreed for four or five tons of corke, to send this day to the fleete, being a new device to make barricados with, instead of junke. After a song in the garden, which is now the greatest pleasure I take, and indeed do please me mightily, to bed. This evening I had Davila[2] brought home to me, and find it a most excellent history as ever I read.

15th. (Lord's day.) To church, where our lecturer made a sorry silly sermon, upon the great point of proving the truth of the Christian religion. Walked to the Park, and there, it being mighty hot and I weary, lay down by the canalle, upon the grass, and slept a while, and was thinking of a lampoon which hath run in my head this week, to make up the late fight at sea, and the miscarriages there; but other businesses put it out of my head, and so home, and there drank a great deal of small beer; and so took up my wife and Betty Michell and her husband, and away into the fields, to take the ayre, as far as beyond Hackney, and so back again, in our way drinking a great deal of milke, which I drank to take away my heartburne. Home, and to bed in some pain, and fear of more. In mighty pain all night long, which I impute to the milk that I drank upon so much beer, and the cold, to my washing my feet the night before.

16th. A wonderful dark sky, and shower of rain this morning. At Harwich a shower of hail as big as walnuts. Passed the day with Balty, who is come from sea for a day or two before the fight, and I perceive could be willing fairly to be out of the next fight, and I cannot much blame him, he having no reason by his place to be there; however, would not have him to be absent manifestly to avoid being there.

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[1] For which Pepys was to receive £500.

[2] The work referred to is *Storia delle guerre civili di Francia*, by Arrigo Caterino Davila. It is still a very popular book.

17th. I went and bought a common riding-cloak for myself, to save my best. It cost me but 30*s.*, and will do my turn mighty well. This day I did bid Balty to agree with——, the Dutch painter, which he once led me to, to see landscapes, for a winter-piece of snow, which indeed is a good piece, and costs me but 40*s.*, which I would not take the money again for, it being, I think, mighty good.

18th. To St. James's after my fellows; and here, among other things, before us all, the Duke of York did say, that now at length he is come to a sure knowledge that the Dutch did lose in the late engagements twenty-nine captains and thirteen ships. Upon which Sir W. Coventry did publicly move that, if his Royal Highness had this of a certainty, it would be of use to send this down to the fleete, and to cause it to be spread about the fleete, for the recovering of the spirits of the officers and seamen; who are under great dejectedness, for want of knowing that they did do any thing against the enemy, notwithstanding all that they did to us, which, though it be true, yet methought was one of the most dishonourable motions to our countrymen that ever was made; and is worth remembering. Thence with Sir W. Pen home, calling at Lilly's, to have a time appointed when to be drawn among the other Commanders of Flags in the last year's fight; and so full of work Lilly is, that he was fain to take his table-book out to see how his time is appointed, and appointed six days hence for him [Sir W. Pen] to come between seven and eight in the morning. Thence with him home; and there by appointment I find Dr. Fuller, now Bishop of Limericke, in Ireland; whom I knew in his low condition at Twittenham,[1] and find the Bishop the same good man as ever; and, in a word, kind to us, and, methinks, one of the comeliest and most becoming prelates in all respects that ever I saw in my life. During dinner, comes an acquaintance of his, Sir Thomas Littleton;[2] whom I knew not while he was in my house, but liked his discourse: and afterwards, by Sir W. Pen, do come to know that he is one of the greatest speakers in the House of Commons, and the usual second to the great

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[1] Twickenham, where he kept a school.

[2] Afterwards made Treasurer of the Navy in conjunction with Sir Thomas Osborn. He was the eldest son of Sir Adam Littleton, of Stoke Millburgh, Salop, who had been created a Baronet in 1642. He married Anne, daughter and heir of Edward Lord Littleton, the Lord Keeper, and died in 1681, aged 57. Sir Thomas Littleton, the only son of this match, became Speaker of the House of Commons, and deceased, *s. p*, in 1709.

Vaughan: so was sorry I did observe him no more, and gain no more of his acquaintance. Walked to Woolwich, reading "The Rivall Ladys" all the way, and find it a most pleasant and fine writ play.

19th. Full of wants of money, and much stores to buy, for to replenish the stores, and no money to do it with. Balty takes his leave of us, he going towards the fleete, where he will pass through one great engagement more before he be two days older, I believe. The fleete is sailed this morning; God send us good news of them!

20th. To Lovett's, there to see how my picture goes on to be varnished, a fine Crucifix,[1] which will be very fine; and here I saw some fine prints, brought from France by Sir Thomas Crewe. Lovett did present me with a varnished staff, very fine and light to walk with. Come Mrs. Daniel and her sister Sarah, and dined with us; and old Mr. Hawly, whose condition pities me, he being forced to turn under parish-clerk at St. Giles's—I think at the other end of the town.

21st. At noon walked in the garden with Commissioner Pett, newly come to town, who tells me how infinite the disorders are among the commanders and all officers of the fleete. No discipline: nothing but swearing and cursing, and everybody doing what they please; and the Generals, understanding no better, suffer it, to the reproaching of this Board, or whoever it will be. He himself hath been challenged twice to the field, or something as good, by Sir Edward Spragge and Captain Seamons.[2] He tells me that Captains carry, for all the late orders, what men they please. So that he fears, and I do no less, that God Almighty cannot bless us while we keep in this disorder that we are in: he observing to me, too, that there is no man of council or advice in the fleete; and, the truth is, that the gentlemen-captains will undo us, for they are not to be kept in order, their friends about the King and Duke, and their own houses, are so free, that it is not for any person but the Duke himself to have any command over them.

22d. (Lord's day.) Walked to White Hall, where saw nobody almost, but walked up and down with Hugh May, who is a very ingenious man. Among other things, discoursing of the present fashion of gardens to make them plain, that we have the best walks of gravell in the world, France having none, nor Italy; and our green of our bowling allies is better than any they have. So our business here being ayre, this is the best way, only with a little mixture of statues, or pots, which may be handsome, and so filled with another pot of such or such a flower or greene, as the season of the year will bear. And then for flowers, they are best seen in a little plat by themselves: besides, their borders spoil the walks of another garden: and then for fruit, the best way is to have walls built circularly one within another, to the South, on purpose for fruit, and leave the walking garden only for that use. Thence walked through the House, where most people mighty hush, and, methinks, melancholy. I see not a smiling face through the whole Court: and, in my conscience, they are doubtfull of the conduct again of the Generals, and I pray God they may not make their fears reasonable. Sir Richard Fanshaw is lately dead at Madrid. The fleete cannot get clear of the River, but expect the first wind to be out, and then to be sure to fight. The Queen and Maids of Honour are at Tunbridge.

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[1] This crucifix occasioned Pepys trouble long afterwards, having been brought as evidence that he was a Papist. See *Life*, vol. i.

[2] *Query*, Seymour.

23d. Comes Simpson, the Joyner; and he and I, with great pains, contriving presses to put my books up in: they now growing numerous, and lying one upon another on my chairs, I lose the use to avoid the trouble of removing them, when I would open a book. All full of expectation of the fleete's engagement, but it is not yet. Sir W. Coventry says they are eighty-nine men-of-war, but one fifth-rate; and that, the Sweepstakes, which carries forty guns. They are most infinitely manned. He tells me the Loyall London, Sir J. Smith, which, by the by, he commends to be the best ship in the world, large and small, hath above eight hundred men; and, moreover, takes notice, which is worth notice, that the fleete hath lain now near fourteen days without any demand for a farthing-worth of any thing of any kind, but only to get men. He also observes, that, with this excess of men, nevertheless, they have thought fit to leave behind them sixteen ships, which they have robbed of their men, which certainly might have been manned, and they have been serviceable in the fight, and yet the fleete well manned, according to the excess of supernumeraries, which we hear they have. At least, two or three of them might have been left manned, and sent away with the Gottenburgh ships. They conclude this to be much the best fleete, for force of guns, greatness and number of ships and men, that ever England did see; being, as Sir W. Coventry reckons, besides those left behind, eighty-nine men-of-war, and twenty fire-ships, though we cannot hear that they have with them above eighteen. The French are not yet joined with the Dutch, which do dissatisfy the Hollanders; and, if they should have a defeat, will undo De Witt;[1] the people generally of Holland do hate this league with France.

24th. Busy very late, till midnight, drawing up a representation of the state of my victualling business to the Duke in writing, I now having had the advantage of having had two fleetes despatched in better condition than ever any fleetes were yet, I believe—at least, with less complaint; and by this means I shall with the better confidence get my bills out for my salary.

25th. At White Hall; we find the Court gone to Chapel, it being St. James's-day. And, by the by, while they are at chapel, and we waiting chapel being done, come people out of the Park, telling us that the guns are heard plainly. And so every body to the Park, and by and by the chapel done; and the King and Duke into the bowling-green, and upon the leads, whither I went, and there the guns were plain to be heard; though it was pretty to hear how confident some would be in the loudnesse of the guns, which it was as much as ever I could do to hear them. By and by the King to dinner, and I waited there his dining; but, Lord! how little I should be pleased, I think, to have so many people crowding about me; and, among other things, it astonished me to see my Lord Barkeshire[2] waiting at table, and serving the King drink, in that dirty pickle as I never saw man in my life. Here I met Mr. Williams, who would have me to dine where he was invited to dine, at the Backestayres. So, after the King's meat was taken away, we thither; but he could not stay, but left me there among two or three of the King's servants, where we dined with the meat that come from his table; which was most excellent, with most brave drink cooled in ice, which, at this hot time, was welcome; and I, drinking no wine, had metheglin for the King's own drinking, which did please me mightily.

26th. Dined at home: Mr. Hunt and his wife, who is very gallant, and newly come from Cambridge, because of the sickness, with us. With my wife and Mercer to my Lord Chancellor's new house, and there carried them up to the leads, where I find my Lord Chamberlain, Lauderdale, Sir Robert Murray and others, and do find it the most delightful place for prospect that ever was in the world, it even abashing me; and that is all, in short, I can say of it. To the office, but no news at all from the fleete.

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[1] Pepys seems to have foreseen the fate of De Witt.

[2] Thomas Howard, second son of Thomas, first Earl of Suffolk, created Earl of Berkshire 1625–6, K.G. Ob. 1669, aged nearly 90.

27th. To White Hall. The waterman tells me that news is come that our ship Resolution is burnt, and that we had sunk four or five of the enemy's ships. To Sir W. Coventry's lodging, and there he showed me Captain Talbot's letter, wherein he says that the fight begun on the 25th: that our White Squadron begun with one of the Dutch squadrons, and then the Red with another—so hot, that we put them both to giving way; and so they continued in pursuit all the day, and as long as he stayed with them: that the blow fell to the Zealand squadron; and, after a long dispute, he against two or three great ships, received eight or nine dangerous shots, and so come away; and says, he saw the Resolution burned by one of their fire-ships, and four or five of the enemy's; but says that two or three of our great ships were in danger of being fired by our fire-ships, which Sir W. Coventry and I cannot understand. But, upon the whole, he and I walked two or three turns in the Park under the great trees; and do doubt that this Gallant is come away a little too soon, having lost never a mast nor sail. And then we did begin to discourse of the young genteel captains, which he was very free with me in speaking his mind of the unruliness of them; and what a loss the King hath of his old men; and now of this Hannam, of the Resolution, if he be dead. He told me how he is disturbed to hear the commanders at sea called cowards here on shore, and that he was yesterday concerned publickly at a dinner to defend them, against somebody that said that not above twenty of them fought as they should do, and indeed it is derived from the Duke of Albemarle himself, who wrote so to the King and Duke, and that he told them how they fought four days—two of them with great disadvantage. The Count de Guiche,[1] who was on board De Ruyter, writing his narrative home in French of the fight, do lay all the honour that may be upon the English courage above the Dutch, and that he himself[2] was sent down from the King and Duke of York after the fight, to pray them to spare none that they thought had not done their parts, and that they had removed but four, whereof Du Tell is one, of whom he would say nothing; but, it seems, the Duke of York hath been much displeased at his removal, and hath now taken him into his service,[1] which is a plain affront to the Duke of Albemarle; and two of the others, Sir W. Coventry did speak very slenderly of their faults. Only the last, which was old Teddiman, he says, is in fault, and hath little to excuse himself with; and that, therefore, we should not be forward in condemning men of want of courage, when the Generals, who are both men of metal, and hate cowards, and had the sense of our ill success upon them, thought fit to remove no more of them, when desired by the King and Duke of York to do it, without respect to any favour any of them can pretend to in either of them.

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[1] Eldest son of the Duke de Grammont.

[2] Sir W. Coventry.

28th. To the Pope's Head, where my Lord Brouncker and his mistress dined, and Commissioner Pett, Dr. Charleton,[2] and myself, were entertained with a venison pasty by Sir W. Warren. Here very pretty discourse of Dr. Charleton's, concerning Nature's fashioning every creature's teeth according to the food she intends them; and that men's, it is plain, was not for flesh, but fruit, and that he can at any time tell the food of a beast unknown by the teeth; and that all children love fruit, and none brought to flesh, but against their wills, at first. Thence with my Lord to his coach-house, and there put in six horses into his coach, and he and I alone to Highgate. Being come thither, we went to my Lord Lauderdale's house [3] to speak with him, and find him and his lady, and some Scotch people, at supper: pretty odd company, though, my Lord Brouncker tells me, my Lord Lauderdale is a man of mighty good reason and judgement. But at supper there played one of their servants upon the viallin some Scotch tunes only; several, and the best of their country, as they seemed to esteem them, by their praising and admiring them: but, Lord! the strangest ayre that ever I heard in my life, and all of one cast. But strange to hear my Lord Lauderdale say himself that he had rather hear a cat mew, than the best musique in the world; and the better the musique, the more sick it makes him; and that of all instruments, he hates the lute most, and, next to that, the baggpipe.

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[1] As Yeoman of the Cellar and Cup-bearer. This most improper step of the Duke of York is alluded to in the *Poems on State Affairs*, vol. i., p. 36, ed. 1703:

> "Cashier the memory of Dutell, raised up
> To taste, instead of death, his Highness' cup."

[2] Walter Charleton, a native of Somersetshire, Physician in Ordinary to Charles II. during his exile and after the Restoration. He was a learned and voluminous author, and died in 1707.

[3] Lord Lauderdale's house was on the eastern part of Highgate Hill, and is still known by that name. It was lately inhabited by Sir Richard Bethel, Solicitor-General; it is now the residence of James Yates, Esq., of Liverpool.

29th. (Lord's day.) Before sermon was done at Church, comes news by a letter to Sir W. Batten, to my hand, of the late fight, which I sent to his house, he at Church. But, Lord! with what impatience I staid till sermon was done, to know the issue of the fight, with a thousand hopes and fears and thoughts about the consequences of either. At last sermon is done, and he come home, and the bells immediately rung soon as the church was done. But coming to Sir W. Batten to know the news, his letter said nothing of it; but all the town is full of a victory. By and by, a letter from Sir W. Coventry tells me that we have the victory. Beat them into the Weelings; had taken two of their great ships; but, by the orders of the Generals, they are burned. This being, methought, but a poor result after the fighting of two so great fleetes, and four days having no tidings of them, I was still impatient; but could know no more. I to Sir W. Batten, where the Lieutenant of the Tower[1] was, and Sir John Minnes, and the news I find is what I had heard before; only that our Blue squadron, it seems, was pursued the most of the time, having more ships, a great many, than its number allotted to its share. Young Seymour is killed, the only captain slain. The Resolution burned; but, as they say, most of her crew and commander saved. This is all, only we keep the sea, which denotes a victory, or, at least, that we are not beaten; but no great matters to brag of, God knows.

30th. To Sir W. Coventry, at St. James's, where I find him in his new closet, which is very fine, and well supplied with handsome books. I find him speak very slightly of the late victory: dislikes their staying with the fleete up their coast, believing that the Dutch will come out in fourteen days, and then we, with our unready fleete, by reason of some of the ships being maymed, shall be in bad condition to fight them upon their coast: is much dissatisfied with the great number of men, and their fresh demands of twenty-four victualling ships, they going out the other day as full as they could stow. He spoke slightly of the Duke of Albemarle, saying, when De Ruyter come to give him a broadside—"Now," says he, chewing of tobacco the while, "will this fellow come and give me two broadsides, and then he shall run;" but it seems he held him to it two hours, till the Duke himself was forced to retreat, to refit, and was towed off, and De Ruyter staid for him till he come back again to fight. One in the ship saying to the Duke, "Sir, methinks De Ruyter hath given us more than two broadsides;"—"Well," says the Duke, "but you shall find him run by and by;" and so he did, says Sir W. Coventry; but after the Duke himself had been first made to fall off. The Resolution had all brass guns, being the same that Sir J. Lawson had in her in the Straights. It is observed, that the two fleetes were even in number to one ship.

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[1] Sir John Robinson.

Thence home; and to sing with my wife and Mercer in the garden; and coming in, I find my wife plainly dissatisfied with me, that I can spend so much time with Mercer, teaching her to sing, and could never take the pains with her, which I acknowledge; but it is because that the girl do take musick mighty readily, and she do not, and musick is the thing of the world that I love most, and all the pleasure almost that I can now take. So to bed, in some little discontent, but no words from me.

31st. The Court empty, the King being gone to Tunbridge, and the Duke of York a-hunting. I had some discourse with Povy, who is mightily discontented, I find, about his disappointments at Court; and says, of all places, if there be hell, it is here; no faith, no truth, no love, nor any agreement between man and wife, nor friends. He would have spoke broader, but I put it off to another time; and so parted. Povy discoursed with me about my Lord Peterborough's £50, which his man did give me from him, the last year's salary I paid him, which he would have Povy pay him again; but I have not taken it to myself yet, and therefore will most heartily return him, and mark him out for a coxcomb. Povy went down to Mr. Williamson's, and brought me up this extract out of the Flanders letters, to-day come:—That Admiral Everson, and the Admiral and Vice-Admiral of Freezeland, with many captains and men, are slain; that De Ruyter is safe, but lost 250 men out of his own ship; but that he is in great disgrace, and Trump in better favour; that Bankert's ship is burned, himself hardly escaping with a few men on board De Haes; that fifteen captains are to be tried the seventh of August; and that the hangman was sent from Flushing to assist the Council of War. How much of this is true, time will show. Mighty well, and end this month in content of mind and body. The public matters looking more safe for the present than they did, and we having a victory of the Dutch just such as I could have wished, and as the kingdom was fit to bear—enough to give us the name of conquerors, and leave us masters of the sea, but without any such great matters done as should give the Duke of Albemarle any honour at all, or give him cause to rise to his former insolence.

August 1st. Walked over the Park with Sir W. Coventry, who I clearly see is not thoroughly pleased with the late management of the fight, nor with any thing that the Generals do; only is glad to hear that De Ruyter is out of favour, and that this fight hath cost them 5000 men, as they themselves do report. And it is a strange thing, as he observes, how now and then the slaughter runs on one hand; there being 5000 killed on theirs, and not above 400 or 500 killed and wounded on ours, and as many flag officers on theirs as ordinary captains in ours: there being Everson, and the Admiral and Vice-Admiral of Freezeland on theirs, and Seymour, Martin, and ——, on ours.

2d. To the office, where we sat, and in discourse at the table with Sir W. Batten, I was obliged to tell him it was an untruth, which did displease him mightily, and parted at noon very angry with me. Balty's wife is in great pain for her husband, not hearing of him since the fight; but I understand he was not in it, going hence too late.

3d. The death of Everson, and the report of our success, beyond expectation, in the killing of so great a number of men, hath raised the estimation of the late victory considerably; but it is only among fools: for all that was but accidental. But this morning, getting Sir W. Pen to read over the Narrative with me, he did sparingly, yet plainly, say that we might have intercepted their Zealand squadron coming home, if we had done our parts; and more, that we might have spooned[1] before the wind as well as they, and have overtaken their ships in the pursuit, in all the while.

4th. Mr. Cooke dined with us, who is lately come from Hinchingbroke. The family all well. This evening Sir W. Pen come into the garden, and walked with me, and told me that he had certain notice that at Flushing they are in great distraction. De Ruyter dares not come on shore for fear of the people; nor any body open their houses or shops for fear of the tumult: which is a very good hearing.

5th. (Lord's day.) To the Church, where, I believe, Mrs. Horsly goes, by Merchant-tailors' hall, and there I find in the pulpit Elborough, my old schoolfellow and a simple rogue,[2] and yet I find preaching a very good sermon, and in as right a parson-like manner, and in as good a manner as I have heard anybody; and the church very full, which is a surprising consideration. After dinner, with my wife and Mercer and Jane by water up as high as Mortlake with great pleasure, and a fine day, reading over the second part of the Siege of Rhodes with great delight. We landed, and walked at Barne-elmes, and then at the net-houses I landed, and bought a millon, and we did also land and eat and drink at Wandsworth, and so to the Old Swan, and thence walked home. It being a mighty fine cool evening, my wife and I spent an hour in the garden talking of our living in the country, when I shall be turned out of the office, as I fear the Parliament may find faults enough to remove us all. Nan, at Sir W. Pen's, lately married to one Markeham, a kinsman of Sir W. Pen's—a pretty wench she is.

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[1] To spoom, or spoon, is to go right before the wind, without any sail. —*Sea Dictionary*, 1708.

[2] See Sept. 2, 1666, *post.*

6th. To my Lady Montagu's, at Westminster, and there visited my Lord Hinchingbroke, newly come from Hinchingbroke, and find him a mighty sober gentleman, to my great content. In Fenchurch Street met with Mr. Battersby; says he, "Do you see Dan Rawlinson's[1] door shut up?" which I did, and wondered. "Why," says he, "after all this sickness, and himself spending all the last year in the country, one of his men is now dead of the plague, and his wife and one of his maids sick, and himself shut up;" which troubles me mightily. So home; and there do hear also from Mrs. Sarah Daniel, that Greenwich is at this time much worse than ever it was, and Deptford too: and she told us that they believed all the town would leave the town, and come to London; which is now the receptacle of all the people from all infected places. God preserve us! After dinner, in comes Mrs. Knipp, and I sat and talked with her, it being the first time of her being here since her being brought to bed. I very pleasant to her, but perceive my wife hath no great pleasure in her being here. However, we talked and sang, and were very pleasant. By and by comes Mr. Pierce and his wife, the first time she also hath been here since her lying-in, both having been brought to bed of boys, and both of them dead. Knipp and I sang, and then I offered to carry them home, and to take my wife with me, but she would not go: so I with them, leaving my wife in a very ill humour. However, I would not be removed from my civility to them, but sent for a coach, and went with them; and in our way, Knipp saying that she come out of doors without a dinner to us, I took them to Old Fish-street, to the very house and woman where I kept my wedding dinner,[1] where I never was since, and there I did give them a jole of salmon, and what else was to be had. And here we talked of the ill-humour of my wife, which I did excuse as much as I could, and they seemed to admit of it, but did both confess they wondered at it: but from thence to other discourse, of my Lord Brouncker. They told me how poorly my Lord carried himself the other day to his kinswoman, Mrs. Howard, and was displeased because she called him uncle to a little gentlewoman that is there with him, which he will not admit of; for no relation is to be challenged from others to a lord, and did treat her thereupon very rudely and ungenteely. Knipp tells me, also, that my Lord keeps another woman besides Mrs. Williams; and that, when I was there the other day, there was a great hubbub in the house, Mrs. Williams being fallen sick, because my Lord was gone to his other mistress, making her wait for him till his return from the other mistress; and a great deal of do there was about it; and Mrs. Williams swounded at it, at the very time when I wondered at the reason of my being received so negligently. I set them both at home—Knipp at her house, her husband being at the doore; and glad she was to be found to have staid out so long with me and Mrs. Pierce, and none else. Home, and there find my wife mightily out of order, and reproaching of Mrs. Pierce and Knipp as wenches, and I know not what. But I did give her no words to offend her, and quietly let all pass.

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[1] In the church of St. Dionis, Barkchurch, among other memorials of different members of his family, is a monument on a pillar for Daniel Rawlinson, the person mentioned in the text. He was a London wine-merchant, descended from the Graisdales of Lancashire, born in this parish, and died in 1679, aged 65. He was the father of Sir Thomas Rawlinson, President of Bridewell Hospital, and Lord Mayor in 1706; two of whose sons, Thomas and Richard, LL.D., were well known in the literary world as eminent antiquaries and book collectors, though their extensive libraries were ultimately consigned to the hammer. Richard, who had been educated at St. John's College, Oxford, will long be remembered as a munificent benefactor to that University.—See Malcolm's *London*, vol. iii., p. 438, edit. 1803.

7th. Comes Mr. Reeve, with a twelve-foote glasse. Up to the top of the house, and there we endeavoured to see the moon, and Saturn and Jupiter, but the heavens proved cloudy, and so we lost our labour, having taken pains to get things together, in order to the managing of our new glass. I receive fresh intelligence that Deptford and Greenwich are now afresh exceedingly afflicted with the sickness more than ever.

8th. Discoursed with Mr. Hooke about the nature of sounds, and he did make me understand the nature of musicall sounds made by strings, mighty prettily; and told me that having come to a certain number of vibrations proper to make any tone, he is able to tell how many strokes a fly makes with her wings, those flies that hum in their flying, by the note that it answers to in musique, during their flying. That, I suppose, is a little too much refined; but his discourse in general of sound was mighty fine. To St. James's, where we attended with the rest of my fellows on the Duke, whom I found with two or three patches upon his nose and about his right eye, which came from his being struck with the bough of a tree the other day in his hunting; and it is a wonder it did not strike out his eye. After we had done our business with him, which is now but little, the want of money being such as leaves us but little to do but to answer complaints of the want thereof; the representing of our want of money being now become uselesse. To Bow, to my Lady Pooly's,[1] where my wife was with Mr. Batelier and his sisters; and there I found a noble supper. About ten o'clock we rose from table, and sang a song; and so home in two coaches, Mr. Batelier and his sister Mary, and my wife and I in one, and Mercer alone in the other; and, after being examined at Allgate whether we were husbands and wives, home. I find Reeves there, it being a mighty fine bright night, and so upon my leads, though very sleepy, till one in the morning, looking on the moon and Jupiter, with this twelve-foot glass, and another of six foot, that he hath brought with him to-night, and the sights mighty pleasant, and one of the glasses I will buy. So to bed mighty sleepy, but with much pleasure, Reeves lying at my house; and mighty proud I am, and ought to be thankful to God Almighty that I am able to have a spare bed for my friends.

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[1] The tavern was evidently selected to mark Pepys's disgust at his wife's ill-humour; but he probably did not venture to mention the circumstance, on his return home.

9th. Mightily pleased with a Virgin's head that my wife is now drawing of. In the evening to Lumbard Street, about money, to enable me to pay Sir G. Carteret's £3000 which he hath lodged in my hands, in behalf of his son and my Lady Jemimah, towards their portion. Mrs. Rawlinson is dead of the sickness, and her maid continues mighty ill. He[2] himself is got out of the house. I met with Mr. Evelyn in the street, who tells me the sad condition at this very day at Deptford, for the plague, and more at Deale, within his precinct, as one of the Commissioners for sick and wounded seamen, that the towne is almost quite depopulated.

10th. Homeward, and hear in Fenchurch Streete, that now the maid is also dead at Mr. Rawlinson's; so that there are three dead in all, the wife, a man-servant, and maid-servant. Pleased to hear of Mrs. Barbara Sheldon's good fortune, who is like to have Mr. Wood's son, the mast-maker, a very rich man, and to be married speedily, she being already mighty fine upon it.

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[1] Wife of Sir Edmund Pooly, mentioned before.

[2] Her husband, Daniel Rawlinson.

12th. (Lord's day.) I and my wife up to her closet, to examine her kitchen accounts, and there I took occasion to fall out with her, for her buying a laced handkercher and pinner without my leave. From this we began both to be angry, and so continued till bed.

13th. Up, without being friends with my wife, nor great enemies, being both quiet and silent. To Paul's church-yard, to treat with a bookbinder to come and gild the backs of all my books, to make them handsome, to stand in my new presses.

14th. (Thanksgiving day.[1]) Comes Mr. Foley and his man with a box of great variety of carpenter's and joyner's tooles, which I had bespoke, which please me mightily, but I will have more. Povy tells me how mad my letter makes my Lord Peterborough, and what a furious letter he hath writ to me in answer, though it is not come yet. This did trouble me; for, though there be no reason, yet to have a nobleman's mouth open against a man, may do a man hurt; so I endeavoured to have found him out and spoke with him, but could not. So to the chapel, and heard a piece of the Dean of Westminster's[2] sermon, and a speciall good anthemne before the King, after sermon. After dinner, with my wife and Mercer to the Beare Garden;[3] where I have not been, I think, of many years, and saw some good sport of the bull's tossing the dogs—one into the very boxes. But it is a very rude and nasty pleasure. We had a great many hectors in the same box with us, and one very fine went into the pit, and played his dog for a wager; which was a strange sport for a gentleman; where they drank wine, and drank Mercer's health first; which I pledged with my hat off. We supped at home, and very merry. And then about nine to Mrs. Mercer's gate, where the fire and boys expected us, and her son had provided abundance of serpents and rockets; and there mighty merry, my Lady Pen and Pegg going thither with us, and Nan Wright, till about twelve at night, flinging our fireworks, and burning one another, and the people over the way. And, at last, our business being most spent, we went into Mrs. Mercer's, and there mighty merry, smutting one another with candle grease and soot, till most of us were like devils. And that being done, then we broke up, and to my house; and there I made them drink, and upstairs we went, and then fell into dancing, W. Batelier dancing well; and dressing, him and I, and one Mr. Banister, who, with my wife, come over also with us, like women; and Mercer put on a suit of Tom's, like a boy, and mighty mirth we had, and Mercer danced a jigg; and Nan Wright and my wife and Pegg Pen put on perriwigs. Thus we spent till three or four in the morning, mighty merry; and then parted, and to bed.

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[1] In honour of the naval success.

[2] John Dolben, afterwards Archbishop of York. The sermon was printed.

[3] The Bear-Garden was situated on Bankside, close to the precinct of the Clinke Liberty, and very near to the old Palace of the bishops of Winchester. The name still exists in a street or lane at the foot of Southwark Bridge. This old English but barbarous sport, which had been suppressed by the Puritans, was revived at the Restoration. There are many particulars about the Bear-Garden in the *Gentleman's Mag.* for 1838, part i., p. 483; part ii., p. 507.

15th. Mighty sleepy; slept till past eight of the clock, and was called up by a letter from Sir W. Coventry; which, among other things, tells me how we have burned one hundred and sixty ships of the enemy within the Fly. I up, and with all possible haste, and in pain for fear of coming late, it being our day of attending the Duke of York, to St. James's, where they are full of the particulars; how they are generally good merchant-ships, some of them laden and supposed rich ships. We spent five fire-ships upon them. We landed on the Schelling, Sir Philip Howard with some men, and Holmes, I think, with others, about 1000 in all, and burned a town; and so come away. By and by the Duke of York, with his books, showed us the very place and manner: and that it was not our design and expectation to have done this, but only to have landed on the Fly, and burned some of their stores; but, being come in, we spied those ships, and with our long boats, one by one, fired them, our ships running all a-ground, it being so shoal water. We were led to this by, it seems, a renegado captain of the Hollanders, who found himself ill used by De Ruyter for his good service, and so come over to us, and hath done us good service; so that now we trust him, and he himself did go on this expedition. The service is very great, and our joys as great for it. All this will make the Duke of Albemarle in repute again, I doubt. Down the river, reading "The Adventures of five houres," which, the more I read, the more I admire. The guns of the Tower going off, and there being bonfires also in the street for this late good successe.

16th. This day Sir W. Batten did show us at the Table a letter from Sir T. Allen, which says, that we have taken ten or twelve ships, since the late great expedition of burning their ships and town, laden with hemp, flax, tar, deals, &c. This was good news; but by and by comes in Sir G. Carteret, and he asked us with full mouth what we would give for good news. Says Sir W. Batten, "I have better than you, for a wager." They laid sixpence, and we that were by were to give sixpence to him that told the best news. So Sir W. Batten told his of the ten or twelve ships. Sir G. Carteret did then tell us that, upon the news of the burning of the ships and town, the common people of Amsterdam did besiege De Witt's house, and he was forced to flee to the Prince of Orange, who is gone to Cleve, to the marriage of his sister. This we concluded all the best news, and my Lord Brouncker and myself did give Sir G. Carteret our sixpence a-piece, which he did give Mr. Smith to give to the poor. Thus we made ourselves mighty merry.

17th. Down by water to Woolwich, and had a piece of bride-cake sent me by Mrs. Barbary[1] into the boate after me, she being here at her uncle's, with her husband, Mr. Wood's son, and mighty nobly married. They say she was very fine, and he very rich—a strange fortune for so odd a looked maid, though her hands and body be good, and nature very good, I think. With Captain Erwin, discoursing about the East Indys, where he hath often been. And, among other things, he tells me how the King of Syam seldom goes out without thirty or forty thousand people with him, and not a word spoke, nor a hum or cough in the whole company to be heard. He tells me, the punishment frequently there for malefactors, is cutting off the crowne of their head, which they do very dexterously, leaving their brains bare, which kills them presently. He told me what I remember he hath once done heretofore; that every body is to lie flat down at the coming by of the King, and nobody to look upon him upon pain of death. And that he and his fellows, being strangers, were invited to see the sport of taking a wild elephant; and they did only kneel, and look towards the King. Their druggerman[2] did desire them to fall down, for otherwise he should suffer for their contempt of the King. The sport being ended, a messenger comes from the

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[1] Sheldon.

[2] Dragoman.

King, which the druggerman thought had been to have taken away his life; but it was to enquire how the strangers liked the sport. The druggerman answered, that they did cry it up to be the best that ever they saw, and that they never heard of any Prince so great in every thing as this King. The messenger being gone back, Erwin and his company asked their druggerman what he had said, which he told them. "But why," they say, "would you say that without our leave, it being not true?"—"It makes no matter for that," says he; "I must have said it, or have been hanged; for our King do not live by meat, nor drink, but by having great lyes told him." In our way back, we come by a little vessel that come into the river this morning, and says she left the fleete in Sole Bay, and that she hath not heard, she belonging to Sir W. Jenings in the fleete, of any such prizes taken as the ten or twelve I enquired about, and said by Sir W. Batten yesterday to be taken, so I fear it is not true. I had the good fortune to see Mrs. Stewart, who is grown a little too tall, but is a woman of most excellent features. The narrative of the late expedition in burning the ships is in print,[1] and makes it a great thing; and I hope it is so. Sir Richard Ford did, very understandingly, methought, give us an account of the originall of the Hollands Bank, and the nature of it, and how they do never give any interest at all to any person that brings in their money, though what is brought in upon the public faith, interest is given by the State for. The unsafe condition of a Bank under a Monarch, and the little safety to a Monarch to have any; or Corporation alone, as London in answer to Amsterdam, to have so great a wealth or credit, it is, that makes it hard to have a Bank here. And, as to the former, he did tell us how it sticks in the memory of most merchants how the late King, when, by the war between Holland and France and Spain, all the bullion of Spain was brought hither, one third of it to be coyned; and indeed it was found advantageous to the merchant to coyne most of it, was persuaded in a strait, by my Lord Cottington,[2] to seize upon the money in the Tower: which, though in a few days the merchants concerned did prevail to get it released, yet the thing will never be forgot. Sir John Minnes come home to-night, not well, from Chatham, where he hath been at a pay, holding it at Upnor Castle, because of the plague so much in the towne of Chatham. He hath, they say, got an ague, being so much on the water.

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[1] See 15th August, *ante.*

[2] Sir Francis Cottington, a younger son of Philip Cottington, of Godmanston, Somerset, was created, by Charles I., Lord Cottington, of Hanworth. He became successively one of the Clerks of the Council, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Ambassador into Spain, and Lord Treasurer of England, under the two elder Stuarts. He died at Valladolid in 1653, *s. p.*, and his body was brought to England, and interred under a stately monument in Westminster Abbey, erected by Charles Cottington, his nephew and heir. See 6th Dec., 1667, for an account of his disinheriting a nephew for a foolish speech.

18th. At my little mercer's, in Lumbard Street, who hath the pretty wench, like the old Queen, and there cheapened some stuffs to hang my room.

19th. (Lord's day.) Comes by agreement Mr. Reeves, bringing me a lanthorn, with pictures in glass, to make strange things appear on a wall, very pretty. We did also at night see Jupiter and his girdle and satellites, very fine, with my twelve-foot glass, but could not Saturne, he being very dark. Spong and I had also several fine discourses upon the globes, this afternoon, particularly why the fixed stars do not rise and set at the same hour all the year long, which he could not demonstrate, nor I neither.

20th. Waked this morning, about six o'clock, with a violent knocking at Sir J. Minnes's door, to call up Mrs. Hammon, crying out that Sir J. Minnes is a-dying. I saw him on Saturday, after his fit of the ague, and then he was pretty lusty, which troubles me mightily; for he is a very good, harmless, honest gentleman, though not fit for business. To Deptford by water, reading "Othello, Moor of Venice," which I ever heretofore esteemed a mighty good play; but, having so lately read "The Adventures of Five Houres," it seems a mean thing. All the afternoon upon my Tangier accounts, getting Tom Wilson to help me in writing as I read; and I find myself right to a farthing, in an account of £127,000. I visited Sir J. Minnes, who is much impatient by this few days' sickness, and I fear indeed it will kill him.

21st. Mr. Batelier told me how, being with some others at Bourdeaux, making a bargain with another man at a taverne for some clarets, they did hire a fellow to thunder, which he had the art of doing, upon a deale board, and to rain and hail, that is, make the noise of, so as did give them a pretence of undervaluing their merchants' wines, by saying this thunder would spoil and turn them, which was so reasonable to the merchant, that he did abate two pistolls per ton for the wine, in belief of that.

22d. I to St. James's, and there with the Duke of York. I had opportunity of much talk with Sir W. Pen to-day, he being newly come from the fleete; and he do much undervalue the honour that is given to the conduct of Holmes in burning the ships and town,[1] saying it was a great thing indeed, and of great profit to us in being of great loss to the enemy, but that it was wholly a business of chance. Mrs. Knipp tells me, my song of "Beauty, Retire" is mightily cried up, which I am not a little proud of; and do think I have done "It is Decreed" better, but I have not finished it. My closet is doing by an upholsterer, which I am pleased with, but fear my purple will be too sad for that melancholy room. My wife, Knipp, and Mercer, by coach to Moorfields, and there saw Polichinello, which pleases me mightily.

23d. Sir W. Coventry sent me word that the Dutch fleete is certainly abroad; and so we are to hasten all we have to send to our fleete with all speed. But, Lord! to see how my Lord Brouncker undertakes the despatch of the fire-ships, when he is no more fit for it than a porter; and all the while Sir W. Pen, who is the most fit, is unwilling to displease him, and do not look after it; and so the King's work is like to be well done.

24th. Comes Sympson, to set up my other new presses for my books, to my most extraordinary satisfaction; so that I think it will be as noble a closet as any man hath; though, indeed, it would have been better to have had a little more light. This afternoon comes Mrs. Barbary Sheldon, now Mrs. Wood, to see my wife: I was so busy, I would not see her. But she come, it seems, mighty rich in rings and fine clothes, and like a lady, and says she is matched mighty well, at which I am very glad, but wonder at her good fortune, and the folly of her husband.

26th. (Lord's day.) I was a little disturbed with news my Lord Brouncker brought me, that we are to attend the King at White Hall this afternoon, and that it is about a complaint from the Generals against us. Sir W. Pen and I by coach to White Hall, and there staid till the King and Cabinet met in the Green Chamber, and then we were called in; and there the King begun with me, to hear how the victualls of the fleete stood. I did, in a long discourse, tell him and the rest, the Duke of York, Lord Chancellor, Lord Treasurer, both the

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[1] The town burned (see 15th Aug., *ante*) was Brandaris, a place of 1000 houses, on the isle of Schelling: the ships lay between that island and the Fly (*i.e.* Vlieland), the adjoining island. This attack probably provoked that by the Dutch on Chatham: see Pepys's remarks, 30th June, 1667, *post.*

Secretarys, Sir G. Carteret, and Sir W. Coventry, how it stood, wherein they seemed satisfied, but press mightily for more supplies; and the letter of the Generals, which was read, did lay their not going, or too soon returning from the Dutch coast, this next bout, to the want of victuals. They then proceeded to the enquiry after the fire-ships; and did all very superficially, and without any severity at all. But, however, I was in pain, after we come out, to know how I had done, and hear, well enough; but, however, it shall be a caution to me to prepare myself against a day of inquisition. Being come out, I met with Mr. Moore; and he and I an hour together in the Gallery, telling me how far they are gone in getting my Lord Sandwich's pardon, so as the Chancellor is prepared in it; and Sir H. Bennet do promote it, and the warrant for the King's signing is drawn. The business between my Lord Hinchingbroke and Mrs. Mallet is quite broke off; he attended her at Tunbridge, and she declaring her affections to be settled; and he not being fully pleased with the vanity and liberty of her carriage. Thence to discourse of the times; and he tells me he believes both my Lord Arlington and Sir W. Coventry, as well as my Lord Sandwich and Sir G. Carteret, have reason to fear, and are afraid, of this Parliament now coming on. He tells me that Bristoll's faction is getting ground apace against my Lord Chancellor. He told me that my Lord Coventry[1] was a cunning, crafty man, and did make as many bad decrees in Chancery as any man; and that, in one case, that occasioned many years' dispute, at last when the King come in, it was hoped, by the party grieved, to get my Lord Chancellor to reverse a decree of his. Sir W. Coventry took the opportunity of the business between the Duke of York and the Duchess, and said to my Lord Chancellor that he had rather be drawn up Holborne to be hanged, than live to see any decree of his father's reversed; and so the Chancellor did not think fit to do it. But it still stands, to the undoing of one Norton, a printer, about his right to the printing of the Bible,[2] and Grammar, &c. Sir J. Minnes had a very bad fit this day, and a hickup do take him, which is a very bad sign.

27th. Up, and to my new closet. Then to break open a window to the leads' side in my old closet, which will enlighten the room mightily, and make it mighty pleasant. Sir G. Carteret tells me what is done about my Lord's pardon, and is not for letting the Duke of York know any thing of it beforehand, but to carry it as speedily and quietly as we can. He seems to be very apprehensive that the Parliament will be troublesome and inquisitive into faults; but seems not to value them as to himself.

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[1] The Lord Keeper. Ob. 1639–40.

[2] Roger Norton, of Little Britain, Printer of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, to His Majesty, and one of the Patentees in the Office of King's Printer, in whom as well as in the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, is still vested the exclusive right of printing the authorised English Versions of the Scriptures. He was Master of the Stationers' Company in 1684 Ob. 26th October, 1723.

28th. At noon I, with my wife and Mercer, to Philpott Lane, a great cook's shop, to the wedding of Mr. Longracke, our purveyor, a civil man, and hath married a sober, serious mayde. Here I met much ordinary company, I going thither at his great request; but there was Mr. Madden and his lady, a fine, noble, pretty lady, and he a fine gentleman seems to be. We four were most together, but the whole company was very simple and innocent. After dinner, the young women went to dance; among others, Mr. Christopher Pett, his daughter, who is a very pretty, modest girl: I am mightily taken with her. That being done, we broke up mighty civilly, the bride and bridegroom going to Greenwich. They keeping their dinner here only for my sake. To the office, and anon, on a sudden, called to meet Sir W. Pen and Sir W. Coventry, who did read me a letter from the Generals to the King, a most scurvy letter, reflecting most upon him, and then upon me for my accounts, not that they are not true, but that we do not consider the expense of the fleete; and then upon the whole office, in neglecting them and the King's service, and this in very plain, and sharp, and menacing terms. But a great supply must be made, and shall be, in grace of God!

29th. Found Sir W. Pen talking to Orange Moll, of the King's house, who, to our great comfort, told us that they begun to act on the 18th of this month. So on to St. James's, in the way Sir W. Pen telling me that Mr. Norton that married Sir J. Lawson's daughter[1] is dead—she left £800 a year joynture, a son to inherit the whole estates. She freed from her father-in-law's tyranny, and is in condition to help her mother, who needs it; of which I am glad—the young lady being very pretty. To St. James's, and there Sir W. Coventry took Sir W. Pen and me apart, and read to us his answer to the General's letter to the King, that he read last night; wherein he is very plain, and states the matter in full defence of himself, and of me with him, which he could not avoid; which is a good comfort to me, that I happened to be involved

[1] See 6th July, 1665, *ante.*

with him in the same cause. And then, speaking of the supplies which have been made to this fleete, more than ever in all kinds to any, even that wherein the Duke of York himself was, "Well," said he, "if this will not do, I will say, as Sir J. Falstaffe did to the Prince, 'Tell your father, that if he do not like this, let him kill the next Piercy himself.'"

31st. Much pleased to-day with thoughts of gilding the backs of all my books alike, in all my new presses.

September 1st. My wife and I to Polichinello, but were there horribly frighted to see Young Killigrew come in, with a great many more young sparks: but we hid ourselves, so as we think they did not see us.

2d. (Lord's day.) Some of our maids sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast to-day, Jane called us up about three in the morning, to tell us of a great fire they saw in the City. So I rose, and slipped on my night-gown, and went to her window; and thought it to be on the back-side of Marke-lane at the farthest; but, being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off; and so went to bed again, and to sleep. About seven rose again to dress myself, and there looked out at the window, and saw the fire not so much as it was, and further off. So to my closet to set things to rights, after yesterday's cleaning. By and by Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above 300 houses have been burned down to-night by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish Street, by London Bridge. So I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower; and there got up upon one of the high places, Sir J. Robinson's little son going up with me; and there I did see the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side the end of the bridge; which, among other people, did trouble me for poor little Michell and our Sarah on the bridge. So down, with my heart full of trouble, to the Lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it begun this morning in the King's baker's[1] house in Pudding-lane, and that it hath burned down St. Magnus's Church and most part of Fish Street already. So I down to the water-side, and there got a boat, and through bridge, and there saw a lamentable fire. Poor Michell's house, as far as the Old Swan, already burned that way, and the fire running further, that, in a very little time, it got as far as the Steele-yard, while I was there. Every body endeavouring to remove their goods, and flinging into the river, or bringing them into lighters that lay

[1] His name was Faryner.

off; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats, or clambering from one pair of stairs, by the waterside, to another. And, among other things, the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loth to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconys, till they burned their wings, and fell down. Having staid, and in an hour's time seen the fire rage every way; and nobody, to my sight, endeavouring to quench it, but to remove their goods, and leave all to the fire; and, having seen it get as far as the Steele-yard, and the wind mighty high, and driving it into the City; and everything, after so long a drought, proving combustible, even the very stones of churches; and, among other things, the poor steeple[1] by which pretty Mrs. —— lives, and whereof my old schoolfellow Elborough is parson, taken fire in the very top, and there burned till it fell down; I to White Hall, with a gentleman with me, who desired to go off from the Tower, to see the fire, in my boat; and there up to the King's closet in the Chapel, where people come about me, and I did give them an account dismayed them all, and word was carried in to the King. So I was called for, and did tell the King and Duke of York what I saw; and that, unless his Majesty did command houses to be pulled down, nothing could stop the fire. They seemed much troubled, and the King commanded me to go to my Lord Mayor[2] from him, and command him to spare no houses, but to pull down before the fire every way. The Duke of York bid me tell him, that if he would have any more soldiers, he shall; and so did my Lord Arlington afterwards, as a great secret. Here meeting with Captain Cocke, I in his coach, which he lent me, and Creed with me to Paul's; and there walked along Watling Street, as well as I could, every creature coming away loaden with goods to save, and, here and there, sick people carried away in beds. Extraordinary good goods carried in carts and on backs. At last met my Lord Mayor in Canning Street, like a man spent, with a handkercher about his neck. To the King's message, he cried, like a fainting woman, "Lord! what can I do? I am spent: people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses; but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it." That he needed no more soldiers; and that, for himself, he must go and refresh himself, having been up all night. So he left me, and I him, and walked home; seeing people all almost distracted, and no manner of means used to quench the fire. The houses, too, so very thick thereabouts, and full of matter for burning, as pitch and tar, in Thames Street; and warehouses of oyle, and wines, and brandy, and other things. Here I saw Mr. Isaac Houblon, the handsome man, prettily dressed and dirty at his door at Dowgate, receiving some of his brother's things, whose houses were on fire; and, as he says, have been removed twice already; and he doubts, as it soon proved, that they must be, in a little time, removed from his house also, which was a sad consideration. And to see the churches all filling with goods by people who themselves should have been quietly there at this time. By this time, it was about twelve o'clock; and so home, and there find my guests, who were Mr. Wood and his wife Barbary Shelden, and also Mr. Moone: she mighty fine, and her husband, for aught I see, a likely man. But Mr. Moone's design and mine, which was to look over my closet, and please him with the sight thereof, which he hath long desired, was wholly disappointed; for we were in great trouble and disturbance at this fire, not knowing what to think of it. However, we had an extraordinary good dinner, and as merry as at this time we could be. While at dinner, Mrs. Batelier come to enquire after Mr. Woolfe and Stanes, who, it seems, are related to them, whose houses in Fish Street are all burned, and they in a sad condition. She would not stay in the fright. Soon as dined, I and Moone away, and walked through the City, the streets full of nothing but people; and horses and carts loaden with goods, ready to run over one another, and removing goods from one burned house to another. They now removing out of Canning Street, which received goods in the morning, into Lumbard Street, and further: and, among others, I now saw my little goldsmith Stokes,[1] receiving some friend's goods, whose house itself was burned the day after. We parted at Paul's; he home, and I to Paul's Wharf, where I had appointed a boat to attend me, and took in Mr. Carcasse[2] and his brother, whom I met

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[1] St. Lawrence Poultney, of which Thomas Elborough was curate.

[2] Sir Thomas Bludworth. See 30th June, 1666, *ante*.

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[1] Humphrey Stocks, at the Black Horse in Lombard Street.

[2] James Carcasse, who is again frequently mentioned, was a clerk in the office for issuing tickets to the seamen. He published a 4to volume of poems in 1679, called "*Lucida Intervalla*," the following extract from which, strongly reflecting upon Pepys, has been printed into *Notes and Queries*, vol. ii., p. 87:—

> "Get thee behind me, then, dumb devil, begone,
> The Lord hath Ephthatha said to my tongue.
> Him I must praise who open'd hath my lips.
> Sent me from Navy to the Ark by Pepys;

in the street, and carried them below and above bridge too. And again to see the fire, which was now got further, both below and above, and no likelihood of stopping it. Met with the King and Duke of York in their barge, and with them to Queenhithe, and there called Sir Richard Browne to them. Their order was only to pull down houses apace, and so below bridge at the water-side; but this little was or could be done, the fire coming upon them so fast. Good hopes there was of stopping it at the Three Cranes above, and at Buttulph's Wharf below bridge, if care be used; but the wind carries it into the City, so as we know not, by the water-side, what it do there. River full of lighters and boats taking in goods, and good goods swimming in the water; and only I observed that hardly one lighter or boat in three that had the goods of a house in, but there was a pair of Virginalls[1] in it. Having seen as much as I could now, I away to White Hall by appointment, and there walked to St. James's Park; and there met my wife, and Creed, and Wood, and his wife, and walked to my boat; and there upon the water again, and to the fire up and down, it still encreasing, and the wind great. So near the fire as we could for smoke; and all over the Thames, with one's faces in the wind, you were almost burned with a shower of fire-drops. This is very true: so as houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire, three or four, nay, five or six houses, one from another. When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little alehouse on the Bankside, over against the Three Cranes, and there staid till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow; and, as it grew darker, appeared more and more; and in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the City, in a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. Barbary and her husband away before us. We staid till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long: it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses, and all on

By Mr. Pepys, who hath my rival been
For the Duke's favour, more than years thirteen;
But I excluded, he high and fortunate,
This Secretary I could never mate.
But Clerk of th' Acts if I'm a parson, then
I shall prevail, the voice outdoes the pen;
Though in a gown, the challenge I may make,
And wager win, save, if you can, your stake.
To th' Admiral I all submit, and rail——"

The concluding line cut off and imperfect.

[1] A sort of spinet, so called from young women playing upon it.

fire, and flaming at once; and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruine. So home with a sad heart, and there find every body discoursing and lamenting the fire; and poor Tom Hater come with some few of his goods saved out of his house, which was burned upon Fish Street Hill. I invited him to lie at my house, and did receive his goods; but was deceived in his lying there, the news coming every moment of the growth of the fire; so as we were forced to begin to pack up our own goods, and prepare for their removal; and did by moonshine, it being brave, dry, and moonshine and warm weather, carry much of my goods into the garden; and Mr. Hater and I did remove my money and iron chests into my cellar, as thinking that the safest place. And got my bags of gold into my office, ready to carry away, and my chief papers of accounts also there, and my tallies into a box by themselves. So great was our fear, as Sir W. Batten hath carts come out of the country to fetch away his goods this night. We did put Mr. Hater, poor man! to bed a little; but he got but very little rest, so much noise being in my house, taking down of goods.

3d. About four o'clock in the morning, my Lady Batten sent me a cart to carry away all my money, and plate, and best things, to Sir W. Rider's, at Bednall Greene, which I did, riding myself in my night-gown, in the cart; and, Lord! to see how the streets and the highways are crowded with people running and riding, and getting of carts at any rate to fetch away things. I find Sir W. Rider tired with being called up all night, and receiving things from several friends. His house full of goods, and much of Sir W. Batten's and Sir W. Pen's. I am eased at my heart to have my treasure so well secured. Then home, and with much ado to find a way, nor any sleep all this night to me nor my poor wife. But then all this day she and I and all my people labouring to get away the rest of our things, and did get Mr. Tooker to get me a lighter to take them in, and we did carry them, myself some, over Tower Hill, which was by this time full of people's goods, bringing their goods thither; and down to the lighter, which lay at the next quay, above the Tower Dock. And here was my neighbour's wife, Mrs. ——, with her pretty child, and some few of her things, which I did willingly give way to be saved with mine; but there was no passing with any thing through the postern, the crowd was so great. The Duke of York come this day by the office, and spoke to us, and did ride with his guard up and down the City to keep all quiet, he being now General, and having the care of all. This day, Mercer being not at home, but against her mistress's order gone to her mother's, and my wife going thither to speak with W. Hewer, beat her there, and was angry; and her mother saying that she was not a 'prentice girl, to ask leave every time she goes abroad, my wife with good reason was angry; and, when she come home, did bid her be gone again. And so she went away, which troubled me, but yet less than it would, because of the condition we are in, in fear of coming in a little time to being less able to keep one in her quality. At night, lay down a little upon a quilt of W. Hewer's in the office, all my own things being packed up or gone; and, after me, my poor wife did the like, we having fed upon the remains of yesterday's dinner, having no fire nor dishes, nor any opportunity of dressing any thing.

4th. Up by break of day, to get away the remainder of my things; which I did by a lighter at the Iron gate:[1] and my hands so full, that it was the afternoon before we could get them all away. Sir W. Pen and I to the Tower Street, and there met the fire burning, three or four doors beyond Mr. Howell's, whose goods, poor man, his trayes, and dishes, shovells, &c., were flung all along Tower Street in the kennels, and people working therewith from one end to the other; the fire coming on in that narrow street, on both sides, with infinite fury. Sir W. Batten not knowing how to remove his wine, did dig a pit in the garden, and laid it in there; and I took the opportunity of laying all the papers of my office that I could not otherwise dispose of. And in the evening Sir W. Pen and I did dig another, and put our wine in it; and I my parmazan cheese, as well as my wine and some other things. The Duke of York was at the office this day, at Sir W. Pen's; but I happened not to be within. This afternoon, sitting melancholy with Sir W. Pen in our garden, and thinking of the certain burning of this office, without extraordinary means, I did propose for the sending up of all our workmen from the Woolwich and Deptford yards, none whereof yet appeared, and to write to Sir W. Coventry to have the Duke of York's permission to pull down houses, rather than lose this office, which would much hinder the King's business. So Sir W. Pen went down this night, in order to the sending them up to-morrow morning; and I wrote to Sir W. Coventry about the business,[1] but received no answer. This night, Mrs. Turner, who, poor woman, was removing her goods all this day, good goods, into the garden, and knows not how to dispose of them, and her husband supped with my wife and me at night, in the office, upon a shoulder of mutton from the cook's without any napkin, or any thing, in a sad manner, but were merry. Only now and then, walking into the garden, saw how horribly the sky looks, all on a fire in the night, was enough to put us out of our wits; and, indeed, it was extremely dreadful, for it looks just as if it was at us, and the whole heaven on fire. I after supper walked in the dark down to Tower Street, and there saw it all on fire, at the Trinity House on that side, and the Dolphin Tavern on this side, which was very near us; and the fire with extraordinary vehemence. Now begins the practice of blowing up of houses in Tower Street, those next the Tower, which at first did frighten people more than any thing; but it stopped the fire where it was done, it bringing down the houses to the ground in the same places they stood, and then it was easy to quench what little fire was in it, though it kindled nothing almost. W. Hewer this day went to see how his mother did, and comes late home, telling us how he hath been forced to remove her to Islington, her house in Pye Corner being burned; so that the fire is got so far that way, and to the Old Bayly, and was running down to Fleet Street; and Paul's is burned, and all Cheapside. I wrote to my father this night, but the post-house being burned, the letter could not go.

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[1] Irongate Stairs, Lower Thames Street.

5th. I lay down in the office again upon W. Hewer's quilt, being mighty weary, and sore in my feet with going till I was hardly able to stand. About two in the morning my wife calls me up, and tells me of new cryes of fire, it being come to Barking Church, which is the bottom of our lane.[1] I up; and finding it so, resolved presently to take her away, and did, and took my gold, which was about £2350, W. Hewer and Jane down by Proundy's boat to Woolwich; but, Lord! what a sad sight it was by moone-light, to see the whole City almost on fire, that you might see it as plain at Woolwich, as if you were by it. There, when I come, I find the gates shut, but no guard kept at all; which troubled me, because of discourses now begun, that there is a plot in it, and that the French had done it. I got the gates open, and to Mr. Shelden's, where I locked up my gold, and charged my wife and W. Hewer never to leave the room without one of them in it, night or day. So back again, by the way seeing my goods well in the lighters at Deptford, and watched well by people. Home, and whereas I expected to have seen our house on fire, it being now about seven o'clock, it was not. But to the fire, and there find greater hopes than I expected; for my confidence of finding our office on fire was such, that I durst not ask any body how it was with us, till I come and saw it was not burned. But, going to the fire, I find, by the blowing up of houses, and the great help given by the workmen out of the King's yards, sent up by Sir W. Pen, there is a good stop given to it, as well at Marke Lane End as ours; it having only burned the dyall of Barking Church, and part of the porch, and was there quenched. I up to the top of Barking steeple, and there saw the saddest sight of desolation that I ever saw; every where great fires, oyle-cellars, and brimstone, and other things burning. I became afraid to stay there long, and therefore down again as fast as I could, the fire being spread as far as I could see it; and to Sir W. Pen's, and there eat a piece of cold meat, having eaten[2] nothing since Sunday, but the remains of Sunday's dinner. Here I met with Mr. Young and Whistler; and, having removed all my things, and received good hopes that the fire at our end is stopped, they and I walked into the town, and find Fenchurch Street, Gracious Street, and Lumbard Street all in dust. The Exchange a sad sight, nothing standing there, of all the statues or pillars, but Sir Thomas Gresham's picture in the corner. Into Moore-fields, our feet ready to burn, walking through the town among the hot coles, and find that full of people, and poor wretches carrying their goods there, and every body keeping his goods together by themselves; and a great blessing it is to them that it is fair weather for them to keep abroad night and day; drunk there, and paid twopence for a plain penny loaf. Thence homeward, having passed through Cheapside, and Newgate market, all burned; and seen Anthony Joyce's[1] house in fire; and took up, which I keep by me, a piece of glass of the Mercers' chapel in the street, where much more was, so melted and buckled[2] with the heat of the fire like parchment. I also did see a poor cat taken out of a hole in a chimney, joyning to the wall of the Exchange, with the hair all burnt off the body, and yet alive. So home at night, and find there good hopes of saving our office; but great endeavours of watching all night, and having men ready; and so we lodged them in the office, and had drink and bread and cheese for them. And I lay down and slept a good night about midnight: though, when I rose, I heard that there had been a great alarme of French and Dutch being risen, which proved nothing. But it is a strange thing to see how long this time did look since Sunday, having been always full of variety of actions, and little sleep, that it looked like a week or more, and I had forgot almost the day of the week.

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[1] The letter, among the *Pepys MSS.*, was as follows:—

Sir,—The fire is now very neere us, as well on Tower Streete as Fanchurch Street side, and we little hope of our escape but by that remedy, to y$^e$ want whereof we doe certainly owe y$^e$ loss of y$^e$ City, namely, y$^e$ pulling down of houses in y$^e$ way of y$^e$ fire. This way Sir W. Pen and myself have so far concluded upon y$^e$ practising, that he is gone to Woolwich and Deptford to supply himself with men and necessarys in order to the doeing thereof; in case, at his returne, our condition be not bettered, and that he meets with his R. H$^s$ approbation, which I have thus undertaken to learn of you. Pray please to let me have this night, at whatever hour it is, what his R. H$^s$ directions are in this particular. Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Batten having left us, we cannot add, though we are well assured of their, as well as all y$^e$ neighbourhood's concurrence.

Y$^r$ obedient Serv$^{nt}$,
S P.

Sir W. Coventry,
Sept$^r$. 4, 1666.

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[1] Seething Lane.

[2] He forgot the shoulder of mutton from the cook's the day before.

6th. Up about five o'clock, and met Mr. Gauden at the gate of the office, I intending to go out, as I used, every now and then, to-day, to see how the fire is, to call our men to Bishop's-gate, where no fire had yet been near, and there is now one broke out: which did give great grounds to people, and to me too, to think that there is some kind of plot in this, on which many by this time have been taken, and it hath been dangerous for any stranger to walk in the streets, but I went with the men, and we did put it out in a little time; so that that was well again. It was pretty to see how hard the women did work in the cannells, sweeping of water; but then they would scold for drink, and be as drunk as devils. I saw good butts of sugar broke open in the street, and people give and take handfuls out, and put into beer, and drink it. And now all being pretty well, I took boat, and over to Southwarke, and took boat on the other side the bridge, and so to Westminster, thinking to shift myself, being all in dirt from top to bottom; but could not there find any place to buy a shirt or a pair of gloves,

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[1] Anthony Joyce kept the Three Stags at Holborn Conduit, which appears from a token issued by him, and described by Akerman, p. 105.

[2] "Buckled," *i.e.*, bent; in which sense it is used by Shakespeare. —*Henry IV.*, Part II., Act i., sc. 3.

Westminster Hall being full of people's goods, those in Westminster having removed all their goods, and the Exchequer money put into vessels to carry to Nonsuch;[1] but to the Swan, and there was trimmed: and then to White Hall, but saw nobody; and so home. A sad sight to see how the river looks: no houses nor church near it, to the Temple, where it stopped. At home, did go with Sir W. Batten, and our neighbour, Knightly, who, with one more, was the only man of any fashion left in all the neighbourhood thereabouts, they all removing their goods, and leaving their houses to the mercy of the fire; to Sir R. Ford's, and there dined in an earthen platter—a fried breast of mutton; a great many of us, but very merry, and indeed as good a meal, though as ugly a one, as ever I had in my life. Thence down to Deptford, and there with great satisfaction landed all my goods at Sir G. Carteret's safe, and nothing missed I could see or hear. This being done to my great content, I home, and to Sir W. Batten's, and there, with Sir R. Ford, Mr. Knightly, and one Withers, a professed lying rogue, supped well, and mighty merry, and our fears over. From them to the office, and there slept with the office full of labourers, who talked, and slept, and walked all night long there. But strange it is to see Clothworkers' Hall on fire these three days and nights in one body of flame, it being the cellar full of oyle.

7th. Up by five o'clock; and, blessed be God! find all well; and by water to Pane's[2] Wharfe. Walked thence, and saw all the towne burned, and a miserable sight of Paul's church, with all the roofs fallen, and the body of the quire fallen into St. Fayth's; Paul's school also, Ludgate, and Fleet Street. My father's house, and the church, and a good part of the Temple the like. So to Creed's lodging, near the New Exchange, and there find him laid down upon a bed; the house all unfurnished, there being fears of the fire's coming to them. There borrowed a shirt of him, and washed. To Sir W. Coventry at St. James's, who lay without curtains, having removed all his goods; as the King at White Hall, and every body had done, and was doing. He hopes we shall have no public distractions upon this fire, which is what every body fears, because of the talk of the French having a hand in it. And it is a proper time for discontents; but all men's minds are full of care to protect themselves and save their goods: the Militia is in arms every where. Our fleetes, he tells me, have been in sight one of another, and most unhappily by fowle weather were parted, to our great loss, as in reason they do conclude; the Dutch being come out only to make a shew, and please their people; but in very bad condition as to stores, victuals, and men. They are at Boulogne, and our fleete come to St. Ellen's. We have got nothing, but have lost one ship, but he knows not what. Thence to the Swan, and there drank; and so home, and find all well. My Lord Brouncker, at Sir W. Batten's, tells us the Generall[1] is sent for up, to come to advise with the King about business at this juncture, and to keep all quiet; which is great honour to him, but I am sure is but a piece of dissimulation. So home, and did give orders for my house to be made clean; and then down to Woolwich, and there find all well. Dined, and Mrs. Markham come to see my wife. This day our Merchants first met at Gresham College, which, by proclamation, is to be their Exchange. Strange to hear what is bid for houses all up and down here; a friend of Sir W. Rider's having £150 for what he used to let for £40 per annum. Much dispute where the Custome House shall be; thereby the growth of the City again to be foreseen. My Lord Treasurer, they say, and others, would have it at the other end of the town. I home late to Sir W. Pen's, who did give me a bed, but without curtains or hangings, all being down. So here I went the first time into a naked bed, only my drawers on; and did sleep pretty well: but still both sleeping and waking had a fear of fire in my heart, that I took little rest. People do all the world over cry out of the simplicity of my Lord Mayor in generall; and more particularly in this business of the fire, laying it all upon him. A proclamation is come out for markets to be kept at Leadenhall and Mile-end Greene, and several other places about the town; and Tower Hill, and all churches to be set open to receive poor people.

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[1] At which house the Exchequer had been kept, during the plague.

[2] Paul's Wharf (?):

8th. I stopped with Sir G. Carteret to desire him to go with us, and to enquire after money. But the first he cannot do, and the other as little, or says, "when we can get any, or what shall we do for it?" He, it seems, is employed in the correspondence between the City and the King every day, in settling of things. I find him full of trouble, to think how things will go. I left him, and to St. James's, where we met first at Sir W. Coventry's chamber, and there did what business we could, without any books. Our discourse, as every thing else, was confused. The fleete is at Portsmouth, there staying a wind to carry them to the Downes, or towards Boulogne, where they say the Dutch fleete is gone, and stays. We concluded upon private meetings for a while, not having any money to satisfy any people that may come to us. I bought two eeles upon the Thames, cost me six shillings. Thence with Sir W. Batten to the Cock-pit, whither the Duke of Albemarle is come. It seems the King holds him so necessary at this time, that he hath sent for him, and will keep him here. Indeed, his interest in the City, being acquainted, and his care in keeping things quiet, is reckoned that, wherein he will be very serviceable. We to him: he is courted in appearance by every body. He is very kind to us; and I perceive he lays by all business of the fleete at present, and minds the City, and is now hastening to Gresham College, to discourse with the Aldermen. Sir W. Batten and I home, where met my brother John, come to town to see how things are done with us, and then presently he with me to Gresham College; where infinity of people, partly through novelty to see the new place, and partly to find out and hear what is become one man of another. I met with many people undone, and more that have extraordinary great losses. People speaking their thoughts variously about the beginning of the fire, and the rebuilding of the City. Then to Sir W. Batten's, and took my brother with me, and there dined with a great company of neighbours, and much good discourse; among others, of the low spirits of some rich men in the City, in sparing any encouragement to the poor people that wrought for the saving their houses. Among others, Alderman Starling, a very rich man, without children, the fire at next door to him in our lane, after our men had saved his house, did give 2*s*. 6*d*. among thirty of them, and did quarrel with some that would remove the rubbish out of the way of the fire, saying that they come to steal. Sir W. Coventry told me of another this morning in Holborne, which he showed the King: that when it was offered to stop the fire near his house for such a reward that come but to 2*s*. 6*d*. a man, among the neighbours, he would give but 18*d*. Thence to Bednall Green by coach, my brother with me, and saw all well there, and fetched away my journall-book, to enter for five days past. I was much frighted and kept awake in my bed, by some noise I heard a great while below stairs; and the boys not coming up to me when I knocked. It was by their discovery of some people stealing of some neighbours' wine that lay in vessels in the streets. So to sleep; and all well all night.

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[1] The Duke of Albemarle.

9th. (Sunday.) Up; and was trimmed, and sent my brother to Woolwich to my wife, to dine with her. I to church, where our parson made a melancholy but good sermon; and many and most in the church cried, specially the women. The church mighty full; but few of fashion, and most strangers. I walked to Bednall Green, and there dined well, but a bad venison pasty, at Sir W. Rider's. Good people they are, and good discourse, and his daughter Middleton a fine woman, discreet. Thence home, and to church again, and there preached Dean Harding;[1] but, methinks, a bad, poor sermon, though proper for the time; nor eloquent, in saying at this time that the City is reduced from a large folio to a decimo-tertio. So to my office, there to write down my journall, and take leave of my brother, whom I send back this afternoon, though raining, which it hath not done a good while before. But I had no room or convenience for him here till my house was fitted; but I was very kind to him, and do take very well of him his journey. I did give him 40*s.* for his pocket, and so, he being gone, and it presently raining, I was troubled for him, though it is good for the fyre. Anon to Sir W. Pen's to bed, and made my boy Tom to read me asleep.

10th. All the morning clearing our cellars, and breaking in pieces all my old lumber, to make room, and to prevent fire. And then to Sir W. Batten's, and dined; and there hear that Sir W. Rider says that the town is full of the report of the wealth that is in his house, and he would be glad that his friends would provide for the safety of their goods there. This made me get a cart; and thither, and there brought my money all away. Took a hackney-coach myself, the hackney-coaches now standing at Allgate. Much wealth indeed there is at his house. Blessed be God! I got all mine well thence, and lodged it in my office; but vexed to have all the world see it, and with Sir W. Batten, who would have taken away my hands before they were stowed. But by and by comes brother Balty from sea, which I was glad of; and so got him and Mr. Tooker, and the boy, to watch with them all in the office all night, while I went down to my wife to Woolwich.

11th. By water, with my gold, and laid it with the rest in my office. In the evening at Sir W. Pen's, at supper: he in a mad, ridiculous, drunken humour; and it seems there have been some late distances between his lady and him, as my wife tells me. After supper, I home, and with Mr. Hater, Gibson,[2] and Tom alone, got all my chests and money into the further cellar with much pains, but great content to me when done. So very late and weary to bed.

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[1] Nathaniel Hardy, Dean of Rochester.

[2] Richard Gibson was the King's agent at Port Mahon. His Correspondence with Pepys is in Rawlinson, A 174.

12th. Up, and with Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen to St. James's by water, and there did our usual business with the Duke of York.

13th. Up, and down to Tower Wharfe; and there, with Balty and labourers from Deptford, did get my goods housed well at home. So down to Deptford again, to fetch the rest, and there eat a bit of dinner at the Globe, with the master of the Bezan with me, while the labourers went to dinner. Here I hear that this poor town do bury still of the plague seven or eight in a day. So to Sir G. Carteret's to work, and there did, to my content, ship off in the Bezan all the rest of my goods, saving my pictures and fine things, that I will bring home in wherrys, when the house is fit to receive them: and so home, and unload them by carts and hands before night, to my exceeding satisfaction: and so, after supper, to bed in my house, the first time I have lain there; and lay with my wife in my old closet upon the ground, and Balty and his wife in the best chamber, upon the ground also.

14th. Up, and to work, having carpenters come to help in setting up bedsteads and hangings; and at that trade my people and I all the morning, till pressed by publick business to leave them against my will in the afternoon: and yet I was troubled in being at home, to see all my goods lie up and down the house in a bad condition; and strange workmen, going to and fro, might take what they would almost. All the afternoon busy; and Sir W. Coventry come to me, and found me, as God would have it, in my office, and people about me setting my papers to rights; and there discoursed about getting an account ready against the Parliament, and thereby did create me infinity of business, and to be done on a sudden; which troubled me: but, however, he being gone, I about it late, and to good purpose. And so home, having this day, also, got my wine out of the ground again, and set it in my cellar; but with great pain to keep the porters that carried it in from observing the money-chests there. This day poor Tom Pepys, the turner, was with me, and Kate Joyce, to bespeak places—one for himself, the other for her husband: she tells me he hath lost £140 per annum, but have seven houses left.

15th. Captain Cocke says he hath computed that the rents of the houses lost this fire in the City comes to £600,000 per annum; that this will make the Parliament more quiet than otherwise they would have been, and give the King a more ready supply; that the supply must be by excise, as it is in Holland; that the Parliament will see it necessary to carry on the war; that the late storm hindered our beating the Dutch fleete, who were gone out only to satisfy the people, having no business to do but to avoid us; that the French, as late in the year as it is, are coming; that the Dutch are really in bad condition, but that this unhappiness of ours do give them heart: that there was a late difference between my Lord Arlington and Sir W. Coventry about neglect in the latter to send away an express of the other's in time; that it come before the King, and the Duke of York concerned himself in it; but this fire hath stopped it. The Dutch fleete is not gone home, but rather to the North, and so dangerous to our Gottenburgh fleete. That the Parliament is likely to fall foul upon some persons; and, among others, on the Vice-chamberlaine;[1] though, we both believe, with little ground. That certainly never so great a loss as this was borne so well by citizens in the world; he believing that not one merchant upon the 'Change will break upon it. That he do not apprehend there will be any disturbances in State upon it; for that all men are busy in looking after their own business to save themselves. He gone, I to finish my letters, and home to bed: and find, to my infinite joy, many rooms clean: and myself and wife lie in our own chamber again. But much terrified in the nights, now-a-days, with dreams of fire, and falling down of houses.

16th. (Lord's day.) At noon with my wife, against her will, all undressed and dirty, dined at Sir W. Pen's, where was all the company of our families in town: but, Lord! so sorry a dinner—venison baked in pans, that the dinner I have had for his lady alone hath been worth four of it.

17th. Up betimes, and shaved myself after a week's growth: but, Lord! how ugly I was yesterday, and how fine to-day! By water, seeing the City all the way—a sad sight indeed, much fire being still in. Sir W. Coventry was in great pain lest the French fleete should be passed by our fleete, who had notice of them on Saturday, and were preparing to go meet them; but their minds altered, and judged them merchant-men; when, the same day, the Success, Captain Ball, made their whole fleete, and come to Brighthelmstone, and thence at five o'clock afternoon, Saturday, wrote Sir W. Coventry news thereof; so that we do much fear our missing them. Here come in and talked with him Sir Thomas Clifford,[1] who appears a very fine gentleman, and much set by at Court for his activity in going to sea, and stoutness every where, and stirring up and down.

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[1] Sir G. Carteret.

18th. It was a sad rainy and tempestuous night. I did my business in the afternoon, in forwarding the settling of my house, very well. Troubled at my wife's hair coming off so much. This day the Parliament met, and adjourned till Friday, when the King will be with them.

19th. To St. James's, and did our usual business before the Duke of York; which signified little, our business being only complaints of lack of money. Here I saw a bastard of the late King of Sweden's come to kiss his hands; a mighty modish, French-like gentleman. Thence to White Hall, with Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen, to Wilkes's: and there did hear many stories of Sir Henry Wood,[2] about Lord Norwich drawing a tooth at a health. Another time, he, and Pinchbacke, and Dr. Goffe,[3] now a religious man, Pinchbacke did begin a frolick to drink out of a glass with a toad in it:[4] he did it without harm. Goffe, who knew sacke would kill the toad, called for sack; and, when he saw it dead, says he, "I will have a quick toad, and will not drink from a dead toad." By that means, no other being to be found, he escaped the health. To Deptford, and got all my pictures put into wherries, and my other fine things, and landed them all very well, and brought them home, and got Symson to set them all up to-night. I and the boy to finish and set up my books and everything else in my house till two in the morning, and then to bed; but mightily troubled, even in my sleep, by missing four or five of my biggest books, Speed's Chronicle and Maps, and the two parts of Waggoner,[5] and a book of cards. Two little pictures of sea and ships, and a little gilt frame belonging to my plate of the River, I want; but my books do heartily trouble me. Most of my gilt frames are hurt. This day I put on two shirts, the first time this year, and do grow well upon it; so that my disease is nothing but wind.

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[1] Eldest son of Hugh Clifford, of Ugbrooke, M.P. for Totness, 1661, and knighted for his conduct in the sea-fight of 1665. After filling several high offices, he was, in 1672, created Baron Clifford, of Chudleigh, and constituted High Treasurer; which place he resigned the following year, a few months before his death.

[2] Clerk of the Spicery to Charles I.; and, after the Restoration, Clerk to the Board of Green Cloth.

[3] Dr. Stephen Goffe, Clerk of the Queen's Closet, and her Assistant Confessor. He had been Chaplain to Colonel Goring; but became, in 1641, a Roman Catholic.—Evelyn's *Diary*, vol. i., p. 19, edit. 1850.

[4] They swallow their own contradictions as easily as a hector can drink a frog in a glass of wine.—*Bentivoglio and Urania*, book v., p. 92, 3rd edit.

[5] Apparently Waghenaer's *Speculum Nauticum*, published at Leyden in 1585; and translated into English by Anthony Ashley, about the year 1588.

20th. The fleete is come into the Downes. Nothing done, nor French fleete seen: we drove all from our anchors. But Sir G. Carteret says news is come that De Ruyter is dead, or very near it, of a hurt in his mouth, upon the discharge of one of his own guns; which put him into a fever, and he likely to die, if not already dead. In the afternoon, out by coach, my wife with me through all the ruins, to show her them, which frets her much, and it is a sad sight, indeed. To the office, to even my journal, and then home.

21st. W. Hewer tells me that Sir W. Pen hath a hamper more than his own, which he took for a hamper of bottles of wine, but they were carried into a wine cellar. I sent for Harry, and he brought me, by and by, my hamper, to my great joy, with the same books I missed, and three more great ones, and I did give him 5*s.* for his pains. The Parliament meet to-day, and the King to be with them. At the office, about our accounts, which now draw near the time they should be ready, the House having ordered Sir G. Carteret, upon his ordering them, to bring them in on Saturday next. Home, and there, with great pleasure, very late new setting all my books; and now I am in as good condition as I desire to be in all worldly respects. The Lord of Heaven make me thankful, and continue me therein!

22d. My house is so clean as I never saw it, or any other house, in my life, and every thing in as good condition as ever before the fire; but with about £20 cost, one way or other, besides about £20 charge, in removing my goods, and do not find that I have lost anything but two little pictures of ships and sea, and a little gold frame for one of my sea-cards. My glazier, indeed, is so full of work, that I cannot get him to come to perfect my house. In the afternoon I paid for the two lighters that carried my goods to Deptford, and they cost me £8.

23d. (Lord's day.) Mr. Wayth and I by water to White Hall, and there at Sir G. Carteret's lodgings Sir W. Coventry met, and we did debate the whole business of our accounts to the Parliament; where it appears to us that the charge of the war from September 1st, 1664, to this Michaelmas, will have been but £3,200,000; and we have paid, in that time, somewhat about £2,200,000; so that we owe above £900,000: but our method of accounting, though it cannot, I believe, be far wide from the mark, yet will not abide a strict examination if the Parliament should be troublesome. Here happened a pretty question of Sir W. Coventry, whether this account of ours will not put my Lord Treasurer to a difficulty to tell what is become of all the money the Parliament have given in this time for the war, which hath amounted to about £4,000,000, which nobody there could answer; but I perceive they did doubt what his answer could be. My wife and I for pleasure to Fox-hall, and there eat and drank, and so back home.

24th. Up, and down to look for Sir W. Coventry; and at last found him and Sir G. Carteret with the Lord Treasurer at White Hall, consulting how to make up my Lord Treasurer's general account, as well as that of the Navy particularly. Found that Sir G. Carteret had altered his account since he did give me the abstract of it: so all my letter must be writ over again. So to Sir G. Carteret, to speak a little about the alteration; and there, looking over the book Sir G. Carteret intends to deliver to the Parliament of his payments since September 1st, 1664, I find my name the very second for flags, which I had bought for the Navy, of calico, once, about 500 and odd pounds, which vexed me mightily. At last, I concluded of scraping out my name, and putting in Mr. Tooker's, which eased me; though the price was such as I should have had glory by. Here I saw my Lady Carteret lately come to town, who, good lady! is mighty kind, and I must make much of her.

25th. With all my people to get the letter writ over about the Navy's accounts; and by coach to my Lord Brouncker's, and got his hand to it; and then to the Parliament House, and got it signed by the rest, and then delivered it at the House-door, to Sir Philip Warwick; Sir G. Carteret being gone into the House with his book of accounts under his arme, to present to the House. With Ned Pickering, who continues still a lying, bragging coxcomb, telling me that my Lord Sandwich may thank himself for all his misfortune; for not suffering him and two or three good honest fellows more to take them by the throats that spoke ill of him, and told me how basely Lionell Walden[1] hath carried himself towards my Lord, by speaking slightly of him, which I shall remember. All night still mightily troubled in my sleep, with fire and houses pulling down.

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[1] M.P. for Huntingdon.

26th. By coach home, calling at Bennet's, our late mercer, who is come into Covent Garden, to a fine house, looking down upon the Exchange; and I perceive many Londoners every day come; and Mr. Pierce hath let his wife's closet, and the ittle blind bed-chamber, and a garret, to a silk-man for £50 fine, and £30 per annum, and £40 per annum more for dieting the master and two prentices. By Mr. Dugdale[1] I hear the great loss of books in St. Paul's Churchyard, and at their Hall also, which they value at about £150,000; some booksellers being wholly undone, and among others, they say, my poor Kirton. And Mr. Crumlum, all his books and household stuff burned: they trusting to St. Fayth's, and, the roof of the church falling, broke the arch down into the lower church, and so all the goods burned. A very great loss. His father[2] hath ost above £1000 in books; one book newly printed, a Discourse, it seems, of Courts. Here I had the hap to see my Lady Denham: and at night went into the dining-room, and saw several fine ladies; among others, Castlemaine, but chiefly Denham again: and the Duke of York, taking her aside and alking to her in the sight of all the world, all alone; which was strange, and what I also did not like. Here I met with good Mr. Evelyn, who cries out against it, and calls it bickering: or the Duke of York talks a little to her, and then she goes away, and then he follows her again like a dog. He observes hat none of the nobility come out of the country at all, to help he King, or comfort him, or prevent commotions at this fire, but do as if the King were nobody: nor ne'er a priest comes to give the King and Court good council, or to comfort the poor people that suffer; but all is dead, nothing of good in any of heir minds: he bemoans it, and says he fears more ruin hangs over our heads. My wife tells me she hath bought a gown of 5*s.* per yard; the same, before her face, my Lady Castlemaine his day bought also, which I seemed vexed for, though I do not grudge it her, but to incline her to have Mercer again. Our business was tendered to the House to-day, and a Committee of the whole House chosen to examine our accounts, and great many Hotspurs enquiring into it. Sir W. Pen proposes his and my looking out into Scotland about timber, and o use Pett there; for timber will be a good commodity this ime of building the City. Our fleete abroad, and the Dutch too, for all we know—the weather very bad, and under the command of an unlucky man, I fear. God bless him, and the fleete under him!

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[1] John Dugdale, Chief Gentleman of the Chamber to Lord Chancellor Clarendon, and afterwards Windsor Herald. He died in 1700.

[2] William Dugdale, then Norroy Herald, knighted in 1676–7, and made Garter King-at-Arms. The work alluded to was the *Origines Juridiciales.*

27th. A very furious blowing night all the night; and my mind still mightily perplexed with dreams, and burning the rest of the town; and waking in much pain for the fleete. I to look out Penny, my tailor, to speak for a cloak and cassock for my brother, who is coming to town: and I will have him in a canonical dress, that he may be the fitter to go abroad with me. To Sir W. Coventry's, and there dined with him and Sir W. Batten, the Lieutenant of the Tower, and Mr. Thin,[1] a pretty gentleman, going to Gottenburgh. No news of the fleete yet, but that they went by Dover on the 25th towards the Gunfleete: but whether the Dutch be yet abroad or no, we hear not. De Ruyter is not dead, but like to do well. Most think that the gross of the French fleete are gone home again.

28th. Comes the bookbinder to gild the backs of my books. Sir W. Pen broke to me a proposition of his and my joining in a design of fetching timber and deals from Scotland, by the help of Mr. Pett upon the place: which, while London is building, will yield good money. I approve it.

29th. Sir W. Coventry and I find, to our great joy, that the wages, victuals, wear and tear, cast by the medium of the men, will come to above £3,000,000; and that the extraordinaries, which all the world will allow us, will arise to more than will justify the expence we have declared to have been at since the war; viz. £320,000.

30th. (Lord's day.) Up, and to church, where I have not been a good while: and there the church infinitely thronged with strangers, since the fire come into our parish; but not one handsome face in all of them, as if, indeed, there was a curse, as Bishop Fuller heretofore said, upon our parish. Here I saw Mercer come into the church, but she avoided looking up. Home, and a good dinner; and then to have my hair cut against winter close to my head, and then to church again. A sorry sermon, and away home. This month ends with my mind full of business and concernment how this office will speed with the Parliament, which begins to be mighty severe in the examining our accounts, and the expence of the Navy this war.

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[1] Thomas Thynne, Envoy Extraordinary to Sweden. He was the eldest son of Sir Thomas Thynne, Bart., of Kempsford, by Mary, daughter of Thomas, first Lord Coventry; and on the murder of his cousin, Thomas Thynne, of Longleate, succeeded to all his possessions. In 1602 he was created Viscount Weymouth, and died in 1714, æt. 74.

October 1st. All the morning at the office, getting the list of all the ships and vessels employed since the war, for the Committee of Parliament.

2d. Sir G. Carteret tells me how our lists are referred to a Sub-committee to consider and examine, and that I am ordered to be there. With Mr. Slingsby, of the Tower, who did inform me mightily in several things—among others, that the heightening or lowering of money is only a cheat, and do good to some particular men, which, if I can but remember how, I am now by him fully convinced of. Into the Committee-chamber before the Committee sat, and there heard Birch discourse highly and understandingly about the Navy business, and a proposal made heretofore to form the Navy; but Sir W. Coventry did abundantly answer him, and is a most excellent person. By and by, the Committee met, and appointed me to attend them to-morrow, to examine our lists. This put me into a mighty fear and trouble—they doing it in a very ill-humour, methought. When come home, I to Sir W. Pen's, to his boy, for my book and there find he hath it not; but delivered it to the doorkeeper of the Committee for me. This, added to my former disquiet, made me stark mad, considering all the nakedness of the office lay open, in papers within those covers. But, coming to our rendezvous at the Swan tavern, in King Street, I found they have found the housekeeper, and the book simply locked up in the Court.

3d. Waked betimes, mightily troubled in mind, and in the most true trouble that I ever was in my life, saving in the business last year of the East India prizes. So up; and, by and by, by eight o'clock comes Birch the first, with the list and books of accounts delivered in. He calls me to work, and there he and I begun; when, by and by, comes Garraway,[1] the first time I ever saw him, and Sir W. Thompson, and Mr. Boscawen. They to it, and I did make shift to answer them better than I expected. Sir W. Batten, Lord Brouncker, and W Pen, come in, but presently went out: and J. Minnes come in, and said two or three words from the purpose but to do hurt; and so away he went also, and left me all the morning with them alone to stand or fall. After dinner to work again, only the Committee and I, till dark night; and it ended with good peace and much seeming satisfaction; but I find them wise and reserved, and instructed to hit all our blots. To

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[1] He was an M.P., and appointed by the House to confer with Lord Shaftesbury respecting the charge against Pepys being popishly affected. See note to the Life, vol. i.; and for his character, 6th August, 1666.

White Hall, and there, among the ladies, and saw my Lady Castlemaine never looked so ill, nor Mrs. Stewart neither, as in this plain natural dress. I was not pleased with either of them. Find my father and my brother come to town—my father, without my expectation, but glad I am to see him. Home, to set up all my folio books, which are come home gilt on the backs, very handsome to the eye. This night, W. Pen told me W. Batten swears he will have nothing to do with the Privateer, if his son do not go Lieutenant, which angers me and him; but we will be even with him, one way or other.

4th. Up, and mighty betimes to Sir W. Coventry, to give him an account of yesterday's work, which do give him good content. He did then tell me his speed lately to the House in his own vindication about the report of his selling of places, he having a small occasion offered him by chance; which he did desire, and took, and did it to his content, and, he says, to the House's seeming to approve of it, by their hum. He confessed how long he had done it, and how he desired to have something else: and, since then, he had taken nothing, and challenged all the world. To Sir G. Carteret, and there discoursed much of the want of money, and our being designed for destruction. How the King hath lost his power, by submitting himself to this way of examining his accounts, and is become but as a private man. He says the King is troubled at it, but they talk an entry[1] shall be made; that it is not to be brought into example; that the King must, if they do not agree presently, make them a courageous speech, which, he says, he may do, the City of London being now burned, and himself master of an army, better than any prince before him. After dinner, the bookbinder come, and I sent by him some more books to gild.

5th. The Sub-committee have made their report to the Grand Committee, and in pretty kind terms. Captain Cocke told me of a wild motion made in the House of Lords by the Duke of Buckingham, for all men that have cheated the King to be declared traitors and felons; and that my Lord Sandwich was named. This had put me into great pain: so the Vice-Chamberlain, who had heard nothing of it, having been all day in the city, away with me to White Hall; and there told me that, upon my Lord Ashly's asking their direction whether, being a peer, he should bring in his accounts to the Commons, which they did give way to, the Duke of Buckingham did move that, for the time to come, what I have written above might be declared by some fuller law than heretofore. Lord Ashly answered, that it was not the fault of present laws, but want of proper ones; and the Lord Chancellor said, that a better law he thought might be made: so, the House laughing, did refer it to him to bring in a bill for that purpose. Mr. Kirton's kinsman, my bookseller, come in my way; and so I am told by him that Mr. Kirton is utterly undone, and made 2 or £3,000 worse than nothing, from being worth 7 or £8,000. That the goods laid in the Church-yard fired through the windows those in St. Fayth's church; and those coming to the warehouses' doors fired them, and burned all the books and pillars of the church, so as the roof, falling down, broke quite down; which it did not do in the other places of the church, which is alike pillared, which I knew not before; but, being not burned, they stood still. He do believe there is above £150,000 of books burned; all the great booksellers almost undone: not only these, but their warehouses at their Hall and under Christ-church, and elsewhere, being all burned. A great want therefore will be of books, specially Latin books and foreign books; and, among others, the Polyglottes[1] and new Bible, which he believes will be presently worth £40 a-piece.

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[1] In the Journals of the House of Commons.

6th. Up, and, having seen my brother in his cassocke, which I am not the most satisfied in, being doubtfull at this time what courses to have him profess too soon; Sir W. Coventry and I discoursed of our sad condition by want of a Comptroller:[2] and it was his words, that he believes, besides all the shame and trouble he hath brought on the office, the King had better have given £100,000 than ever have had him there. He did discourse about some of these discontented Parliament-men, and says that Birch is a false rogue: but that Garraway is a man that hath not been well used by the Court, though very stout to death, and hath suffered all that is possible for the King from the beginning. But, discontented as he is, yet he never knew a Session of Parliament but that he hath done some good deed for the King before it rose. I told him the passage Cocke told me of—his having begged a brace of bucks of the Lord Arlington for him: and, when it come to him, he sent it back again. Sir W. Coventry told me, it is much to be pitied that the King should lose the service of a man so able and faithful: and that he ought to be brought over, but that it is always observed, that, by bringing over one discontented man, you raise up three in his room: which is a state lesson I never knew before. But, when others discover your fear, and that discontent procures fear, they will be discontented too, and impose on you. This morning my wife told me of a fine gentlewoman my Lady Pen tells her of, for £20 per annum, that sings, dances, plays on four or five instruments, and many other fine things, which pleases me mightily: and she sent to have her see her, which she did this afternoon, but sings basely, and is a tawdry wench that would take £8—but [neither] my wife nor I think her fit to come.

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[1] Bishop Walton's great work, published in 1657, entitled *Biblia Sacra Polyglotta*, in six large folio volumes. Nine languages are used in it, though no one book of the Bible is printed in so many. It was printed by subscription, under the patronage of Oliver Cromwell; but the Protector dying before it was finished, the Bishop cancelled two leaves on the preface, commendatory, of his patron, and others were printed complimentary to Charles II. Hence the distinction of *republican* and *loyal* copies. The former are the most valued.

[2] Sir John Minnes performing the duties inefficiently.

7th. (Lord's day.) To White Hall, where met by Sir W. Batten and Lord Brouncker, to attend the King and Duke of York at the Cabinet; but nobody had determined what to speak of, but only in general to ask for money. So I was forced immediately to prepare in my mind a method of discoursing. And anon we were called in to the Green Room, where the King, Duke of York, Prince Rupert, Lord Chancellor, Lord Treasurer, Duke of Albemarle, Sirs G. Carteret, W. Coventry, Morrice. Nobody beginning, I did, and made a current, and, I thought, a good speech, laying open the ill state of the Navy: by the greatness of the debt; greatness of the work to do against next year; the time and materials it would take; and our incapacity, through a total want of money. I had no sooner done, but Prince Rupert rose up, and told the King, in a heat, that whatever the gentleman had said, he had brought home his fleete in as good a condition as ever any fleete was brought home; that twenty boats would be as many as the fleete would want: and all the anchors and cables left in the storm might be taken up again. This arose from my saying, among other things we had to do, that the fleete was come in,—the greatest fleete that ever his Majesty had yet together, and that in as bad condition as the enemy or weather could put it; and, to use Sir W. Pen's words, who is upon the place taking a survey, he dreads the reports he is to receive from the Surveyors of its defects. I therefore did only answer, that I was sorry for his Highness's offence, but that what I said was but the report we received from those entrusted in the fleete to inform us. He muttered and repeated what he had said; and so, after a long silence on all hands, nobody, not so much as the Duke of Albemarle, seconding the Prince, nor taking notice of what he said, we withdrew. I was not a little troubled at this passage, and the more when speaking with Jacke Fenn about it, he told me that the Prince will be asking who this Pepys is, and find him to be a creature of my Lord Sandwich's, and therefore this was done only to disparage him. Anon they broke up, and Sir W. Coventry come out: so I asked his advice. He told me, he had said something to salve it, which was, that his Highness had, he believed, rightly informed the King, that the fleete is come in good condition to have staid out yet longer, and have fought the enemy, but yet that Mr. Pepys his meaning might be that, though in so good condition, if they should come in and lie all the winter, we shall be very loth to send them to sea for another year's service without great repairs. He said it would be no hurt if I went to him, and showed him the report himself brought up from the fleete, where every ship, by the Commander's report, do need more or less, and not to mention more of Sir W. Pen for doing him a mischief. So I said I would, but do not think that all this will redound to my hurt, because the truth of what I said will soon appear. Thence having been informed that, after all this pains, the King hath found out how to supply us with 5 or £6,000, when £100,000 were at this time but absolutely necessary, and we mentioned £50,000. This is every day a greater and greater omen of ruine. God fit us for it! I made my brother, in his cassocke, to say his grace this day, but I like his voice so ill, that I begin to be sorry he hath taken orders.

8th. Towards noon, by water to Westminster Hall, and there, by several, hear that the Parliament do resolve to do something to retrench Sir G. Carteret's great salary; but cannot hear of any thing bad they can lay to his charge. The House did this day order to be engrossed the Bill against importing Irish cattle: a thing, it seems, carried on by the Western Parliament-men, wholly against the sense of most of the rest of the House; who think, if you do this, you give the Irish again cause to rebel. Mr. Pierce says, the Duke of York and Duke of Albemarle do not agree. The Duke of York is wholly given up to his Lady Denham. The Duke of Albemarle and Prince Rupert do less agree. The King hath yesterday, in Council, declared his resolution of setting a fashion[1] for clothes, which he will never alter. It will be a vest, I know not well how; but it is to teach the nobility thrift, and will do good. By and by comes down from the Committee Sir W. Coventry, and I find him troubled at several things happened this afternoon, which vexes me also; our businesses looking worse and worse, and our work growing

[1] See 13th and 15th of this month, *post*.

on our hands. Time spending, and no money to set any thing in hand with; the end thereof must be speedy ruin. The Dutch insult and have taken off Bruant's head, which they had not dared to do, though found guilty of the fault he did die for, of something of the Prince of Orange's faction, till just now, which speaks more confidence in our being worse than before. Alderman Maynell, I hear, is dead. Thence returned in the dark by coach all alone, full of thoughts of the consequences of this ill complexion of affairs, and how to save the little I have, which, if I can do, I have cause to bless God that I am so well, and shall be well contented to retreat to Brampton, and spend the rest of my days there. So to my office, and finished my Journal, with resolutions, if God bless me, to apply myself soberly to settle all matters myself, and expect the event of all with comfort.

9th. To the office, where we sat the first day since the fire, I think. Home, and my uncle Thomas was there, and dined with my brother and I.

10th. (Fast day for the fire.) With Sir W. Batten, by water, to White Hall, and anon had a meeting before the Duke of York, where pretty to see how Sir W. Batten, that carried the surveys of all the fleete with him, to show their ill condition to the Duke of York, when he found the Prince there, did not speak one word, though the meeting was of his asking, for nothing else; and, when I asked him, he told me he knew the Prince too well to anger him, so that he was afraid to do it. Thence with him to Westminster, to the parish church,[1] where the Parliament-men; and Stillingfleete in the pulpit. So full, no standing there; so he and I to eat herrings at the Dog Tavern; and then to church again, and there was Mr. Frampton[2] in the pulpit, whom they cry up so much, a young man, and of a mighty ready tongue. I heard a little of his sermon, and liked it, but the crowd so great I could not stay. Captain Cocke, who is mighty conversant with Garraway and those people, tells me what they object as to the mal-administration of things as to money. But that they mean well and will do well; but their reckonings are very good, and show great faults, as I will insert here. They say the King hath had towards this war expressly thus much:—

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[1] St. Margaret's. Dr. Sancroft, Dean of St. Paul's, preached before His Majesty at the Cathedral; Seft Ward, Bishop of Exeter, before the House of Lords, in Westminster Abbey; and Dr. Stillingfleet and Dr. Frampton, before the House of Commons, at St. Margaret's, Westminster.—*The London Gazette*, No. 94.

[2] Robert Frampton, a native of Pimpern, in Dorsetshire, educated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and afterwards a student of Christ Church, and Chaplain to a man-of-war. In 1673 he became Dean of Gloucester, and in 1681 Bishop of that See; but refusing to take the oaths of allegiance to William and Mary, he was deprived, and retired into private life. Ob. 25th May, 1708.

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|---|---|
| Royal Ayde | £2,450,000 |
| More | 1,250,000 |
| Three months' tax given the King by a power of raising a month's tax of £70,000 every year for three years | 0,210,000 |
| Customes, out of which the King did promise to pay £240,000, which, for two years, come to | 0,480,000 |
| Prizes, which they moderately reckon at | 0,300,000 |
| A debt declared by the Navy, by us | 0,900,000 |
| | 5,590,000 |
| The whole charge of the Navy, as we state it for two years and a month, hath been but | 3,200,000 |
| So what has become of all this sum?[1] | £2,390,000 |

He and I did bemoan our public condition. He tells me the Duke of Albemarle is under a cloud, and they have a mind at Court to lay him aside. This I know not; but all things are not right with him: and I am glad of it, but sorry for the time. So home to supper, it being my wedding night, but how many years I cannot tell; but my wife says ten.[2]

11th. *Memorandum.* I had taken my Journall during the fire, and the disorders following, in loose papers, until this very day, and could not get time to enter them in my book till January 18, in the morning, having made my eyes sore by frequent attempts this winter to do it. But now it is done: for which I thank God! and pray never the like occasion may happen.

12th. Taking leave of my poor father, who is setting out this day for Brampton, in the Cambridge coach, he having taken a journey to see the city burned, and to bring my brother to town. To St. James's, and there, from Sir W. Coventry, do hear how the House have cut us off £150,000 of our wear and tear, for that which was saved by the King while the fleete lay in harbour in winter. However, he seems pleased, and so am I, that they have abated no more; and do intend to allow of 28,000 men for the next year; and this day have appointed to declare the sum they will give the King,[3] and to propose the way of raising it; so that this is likely to be the great day. My wife come home, and hath brought her new girle I have helped her to, of Mr. Falconbridge's. She is wretched poor, and but ordinary favoured, and we fain to lay out seven or eight pounds worth of clothes upon her back, which, methinks, do go against my heart; and do not think I can ever esteem her as I could have done another, that had come fine and handsome; and, which is more, her voice, for want of use, is so furred, that it do not at present please me; but her manner of singing is such, that I shall, I think, take great pleasure in it. Well, she is come, and I wish us good fortune in her. Notice of a meeting of the Commissioners of Tangier to-morrow, and so I must have my accounts ready for them.

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[1] The remainder of the receipts.

[2] It was eleven years.

[3] The parliament voted this day a supply of £1,800,000 sterling.

13th. My accounts cost me till four o'clock in the morning, and, which was pretty to think, I was above an hour, after I had made all right, in casting up of about twenty sums, being dozed with much work, and had for forty times together forgot to carry the 60 which I had in my mind, in one denomination which exceeded 60: and this did confound me for above an hour together. To my Lord Bellassis, whom I find kind, but he had drawn some new proposal to deliver to the Lord's Commissioners to-day; wherein one was, that the garrison would not be well paid without some goldsmith's undertaking the paying of the bills of exchange for tallies. He professing so much kindness to me, and saying, that he would not be concerned in the garrison without me; and that, if he continued in the employment, no man should have to do with the money but myself, I did ask his Lordship's meaning of the proposition in his paper. He told me, he had not much considered it, but that he meant no harm to me. I told him, I thought it would render me useless; whereupon he did very frankly, after my seeming denials for a good while, cause it to be writ over again, and that clause left out, which did satisfy me abundantly. To White Hall, and there the Duke of York, who is gone over to all his pleasures again, and leaves off care of business, what with his woman, my Lady Denham, and his hunting three times a week, was just come in from hunting. So I stood and saw him dress himself, and try on his vest, which is the King's new fashion, and he will be in it for good and all on Monday next, and the whole Court: it is a fashion, the King says, he will never change. He being ready, he and my Lord Chancellor, and Duke of Albemarle, and Prince Rupert, Lord Bellassis, Sir H. Cholmly, Povy and myself, met at a Committee for Tangier. My Lord Bellassis's propositions were read and discoursed of, about reducing the garrison to less charge; and, indeed, I am mad in love with my Lord

Chancellor, for he do comprehend and speak out well, and with the greatest easiness and authority that ever I saw man in my life. I did never observe how much easier a man do speak, when he knows all the company to be below him, than in him; for, though he spoke, indeed, excellent well, yet his manner and freedom of doing it, as if he played with it, and was informing only all the rest of the company, was mighty pretty. He did call again and again upon Mr. Povy for his accounts. I did think fit to make the solemn tender of my accounts that I intended. I said something that was liked, touching the want of money, and the bad credit of our tallies. My Lord Chancellor moved, that, without any trouble to any of the rest of the Lords, I might alone attend the King, when he was with his private Council, and open the state of the garrison's want of credit: and all that could be done, should. Most things moved were referred to Committees, and so we broke up; and, at the end, Sir W. Coventry come; so I away with him, and he discoursed with me something of the Parliament's business. They have voted giving the King for the next year £1,800,000; which, were it not for his debts, were a great sum. He says he thinks the House may say no more to us for the present, but that we must mend our manners against the next trial, and mend them we will. Sir J. Minnes most certainly must be removed, or made a Commissioner, and somebody else Comptroller.

14th. (Lord's day.) To church, which was mighty full: and my beauties, Mrs. Lethulier[1] and fair Batelier, both there. A very foul morning, and rained. Sent for my cloak to go out of the church with. To Westminster Abbey. Here I met with Sir Stephen Fox, who told me how much right I had done myself, and how well it is represented by the Committee to the House my readiness to give them satisfaction in every thing, when they were at the office. I was glad of this. He did further discourse of Sir W. Coventry's great abilities, and how necessary it were that I were of the House to assist him. I did not own it, but do myself think it were not unnecessary, if either he should die, or be removed to the Lords, or any thing happen to hinder his doing the like service the next trial; which makes me think that it were not a thing very unfit; but I will not move in it.

15th. Colvill tells me of the viciousness of the Court: the contempt the King brings himself into thereby; his minding nothing, but doing all things just as his people about him will have it! the Duke of York becoming a slave to this Lady Denham, and wholly minds her. That there really were amours between the Duchess and Sidney; that there is reason to fear that, as soon as the Parliament have raised this money, the King will see that he hath got all that he can get, and then make up a peace; that Sir W. Coventry is of the caball with the Duke of York, and Brouncker, with this Lady Denham: which is a shame, and I am sorry for it, and that Sir W. Coventry do make her visits; but yet I hope it is not so. Pierce tells me, that as little agreement as there is between the Prince and Duke of Albemarle, yet they are likely to go to sea again; for the first will not be trusted alone, and nobody will go with him but this Duke of Albemarle. He tells me much how all the commanders of the fleete and officers that are sober men do cry out upon their bad discipline, and the ruine that must follow if it continued. But that which I wonder most at—it seems their secretaries have been the most exorbitant in their fees to all sorts of the people, that it is not to be believed that they durst do it, so as it is believed they have got £800 a-piece by the very vacancies in the fleete. He tells me that Lady Castlemaine is concluded to be with child again; and that all the people about the King do make no scruple of saying that the King do intrigue with Mrs. Stewart, who, he says, is a most excellent natured lady. This day the King begins to put on his vest, and I did see several persons of the House of Lords and Commons too, great courtiers, who are in it; being a long cassocke close to the body, of black cloth, and pinked with white silk under it, and a coat over it, and the legs ruffled with black riband like a pigeon's leg: and, upon the whole, I wish the King may keep it, for it is a very fine and handsome garment.[1] I fear that Pen will be

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[1] This lady, whose name has occurred before, was probably Anne, daughter of Sir William Hooker, and wife of John Lethieullier, afterwards Sheriff of London, in 1674, and knighted.

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[1] Rugge, in his *Diurnal*, thus describes the new court costume:—"1666, Oct. 11. In this month His Majestie and the whole Court changed the fashion of their clothes—viz., a close coat of cloth pinkt, with a white taffety under the cutts. This in length reached the calf of the leg, and upon that a sercoat cutt at the breast, which hung loose and shorter than the vest six inches. The breeches the Spanish cut, and buskins some of cloth, some of leather, but of the same colour, as the vest or garment; of never the like fashion since William the Conqueror." Evelyn says, "It was a comely and manly habit, too good to hold, it being impossible for us, in good ernest, to leave the *Monsieur's* vanities long." See also his *Diary*, Oct. 18, 1666. Charles resolved never to alter it, and "to leave the French mode, which had hitherto obtained, to our great expence and reproach." But his consistency was so well known,

Comptroller, which I shall grudge a little. The Duke of Buckingham called Sir W. Coventry aside, and spoke a good while with him. I did presently fear it might be to discourse something of his design to blemish my Lord of Sandwich, in pursuance of the wild motion he made the other day in the House. Sir W. Coventry, when he come to me again, told me that he had wrought a miracle, which was the convincing the Duke of Buckingham that something, he did not name what, that he had intended to do was not fit to be done, and that the Duke is gone away of that opinion. By and by the House rose; and then I, with Sir G. Carteret, and walked in the Exchequer Court. I observing to him how friendly Sir W. Coventry carried himself to him in these late inquiries, when, if he had borne him a spleen, he could have had what occasion he pleased offered him, he did confess he found the same thing, and would thank him for it. Away with him to his lodgings at White Hall to dinner, where my Lady Carteret is, and mighty kind, both of them, to me. Their son and my Lady Jemimah will be here very speedily. She tells me the ladies are to go into a new fashion shortly, and that is, to wear short coats above their ancles; which she and I do not like; but conclude this long trayne to be mighty graceful. But she cries out of the vices of the Court, and how they are going to set up plays already; and how, the next day after the late great fast, the Duchess of York did give the King and Queen a play. Nay, she told me that they have heretofore had plays at Court, the very nights before the fast for the death of the late King. She do much cry out upon these things, and that which she believes will undo the whole nation; and I fear so too. This day the great debate was in Parliament, the manner of raising the £1,800,000 they voted the King on Friday: and, at last, after many proposals, one moved that the chimney-money might be taken from the King, and an equal revenue of something else might be found for the King: and people be enjoyned to buy off this tax of Chimney-money for ever at eight years' purchase, which will raise present money, as they think, £1,600,000, and the State be eased of an ill burthen, and the King be supplied of something as good or

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that "divers gentlemen and courtiers gave him gold, by way of wagers, that he would not persist in his resolution."—*Quar. Review*, vol. xix., p. 41. It is represented in a portrait of Lord Arlington, by Sir P. Lely, formerly belonging to Lord de Clifford, and engraved in Lodge's *Illus. Persons*. Louis XIV. ordered his servants to wear the dress: see Nov. 22, 1666, *post*.

better for his use. The House seems to like this, and put off the debate to to-morrow.

16th. To the office, where set to do little business, but hear clamours for money. Hearing my brother play a little upon the Lyra viall, which he do so as to show that he hath a love to musique, and a spirit for it.

17th. To dinner alone with my brother, with whom I had now the first private talk I have had, and find he hath preached but twice in his life. I did give him some advice to study pronunciation, but I do fear he will never make a good speaker, nor, I fear, any general good scholar; for I do not see that he minds optickes or mathematiques of any sort, nor anything else that I can find. I know not what he may be at divinity and ordinary school-learning. However, he seems sober, and that pleases me. To White Hall, and there heard the Duke discourse, which he did mighty scurrilously, of the French, and with reason, that they should give Beaufort[1] orders when he was to bring, and did bring his fleete hither, that his rendezvous for his fleete, and for all sluggs to come to, should be between Calais and Dover; which did prove the taking of La Roche, who, among other slugs behind, did, by their instructions, make for that place, to rendezvous with the fleete; and Beaufort, seeing them as he was returning, took them for the English fleete, and wrote word to the King of France that he had passed by the English fleete, and the English fleete durst not meddle with him. The Court is all full of vests, only my Lord St. Albans not pinked, but plain black; and they say the King says the pinking upon whites makes them look too much like magpies, and, therefore, hath bespoke one of plain velvet.

18th. The waters so high in the roads, by the late rains, that our letters come not in till to-day. Towards Lovett's, in the way wondering at what a good pretty wench our Barker makes, being now put into good clothes, and fashionable, at my charge; but it becomes her so that I do not now think much of it, and is an example of the power of good clothes and dress. To Lovett's house, where I stood godfather. But it was pretty, that, being a Protestant, a man stood by and was my Proxy to answer for me. A priest christened it, and the boy's name is Samuel. The ceremonies many, and some foolish. The priest in a gentleman's dress, more than my own; but is a Capuchin, one of the Queen-mother's priests. He did give my proxy and the woman proxy, my Lady Bills,[1] absent, had a proxy also, good advice to bring up the child; and, at the end, that he ought never to marry the child nor the godmother, nor the godmother the child or the godfather: but, which is strange, they say the mother of the child and the godfather may marry. By and by the Lady Bills[1] come in, a well-bred but crooked woman. The poor people of the house had good wine, and a good cake; and she a pretty woman in her lying-in dress. It cost me near 40*s.* the whole christening: to midwife 20*s.*, nurse 10*s.*, maid 2*s.* 6*d.*, and the coach 5*s.* The business of buying off the Chimney-money is passed in the House: and so the King to be satisfied some other way, and the King supplied with the money raised by this purchasing off of the chimnies.

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[1] François de Vendôme, Duc de Beaufort, well known in the annals of France, was born in 1616, and in 1664 and 1665 commanded a naval expedition against the African corsairs. (See 11th October, 1664, *ante.*) The following year he had the charge of a fleet intended to act, in concert with the Dutch, against England, but which was merely sent out as a political demonstration. He was killed at the siege of Candia, in 1669.

19th. To Povy's, who continues as much confounded in all his business as ever he was; and would have had me paid money as like a fool as himself, which I troubled him in refusing, but I did persist in it. Sir Robert Viner told me a little of what, in going home, I had seen: also a little of the disorder and mutiny among the seamen at the Treasurer's office, which did trouble me, considering how many more seamen will come to town every day, and no money for them. A Parliament sitting, and the Exchange close by, and an enemy to hear of, and laugh at it.[2] Viner, too, and Bakewell were sent for this afternoon; and was before the King and his cabinet about money. They declaring they would advance no more, it being discoursed of in the House of Parliament for the King to issue out his privy-seals to them to command them to trust him, which gives them reason to decline trusting. We do not do the King any service, but rather abuse and betray his service by being here, and seeming to do something while we do not. Sir G. Carteret asked me whether 50 or £60 would do us any good; and when I told him the very women must have £200, he held up his eyes as if we had asked a million. The Duke of York did confess that he did not see how we could do anything without a present supply of £20,000, and so we broke up, and all parted. Nothing but distraction and confusion in the affairs of the Navy; which makes me wish, with all my heart, that I were well and quietly settled, with what little I have got, at Brampton, where I might live peaceably, and study, and pray for the good of the King and my country.

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[1] Lady Diana Fane, daughter of Mildmay Fane, second Earl of Westmoreland, widow of Edward Pelham, Esq., of Brocklesby, in Lincolnshire, re-married John Bills, Esq., of Caen Wood, Highgate. Her only child, Diana, by her second husband, died the widow of Captain Francis D'Arcy Savage, 23d May, 1726, and is buried at Barnes. Lady Diana Bills was at this time in her 36th year.

[2] War was declared against Denmark this day.

20th. Commissioner Middleton[1] says, that the fleete was in such a condition as to discipline, as if the Devil had commanded it; so much wickedness of all sorts. Enquiring how it come to pass that so many ships had miscarried this year, he tells me that he enquired: and the pilots do say, that they dare not do nor go but as the Captains will have them; and, if they offer to do otherwise, the Captains swear they will run them through. He says that he heard Captain Digby,[2] my Lord of Bristoll's son, a young fellow that never was but one year, if that, in the fleete, say that he did hope he should not see a tarpawlin[3] have the command of a ship within this twelve months. He observed, while he was on board the Admirall, when the fleete was at Portsmouth, that there was a faction there. Holmes commanded all on the Prince's side, and Sir Jeremy Smith on the Duke's; and everybody that come did apply themselves to one side or other; and, when the Duke of Albemarle was gone away to come hither, then Sir Jeremy Smith did hang his head, and walked in the General's ship but like a private commander. He says he was on board the Prince, when the news come of the burning of London: and all the Prince said was, that now Shipton's prophecy was out;[4] and he heard a young commander presently swear, that a citizen's wife that would not take under half a piece before, would be contented with half-a-crowne: and made mighty sport of it. My Lord Chancellor, the other day, did ask Sir G. Carteret how it came to pass that his friend Pepys do so much magnify the bad condition of the fleete. Sir G. Carteret tells me that he answered him, that I was but the mouth of the rest, and spoke what they have dictated to me; which did, as he says, presently take off his displeasure. With Sir G. Carteret home to dinner, with him my lady, and Mr. [William] Ashburnham, the Cofferer. They talk that the Queen hath a great mind to alter her fashion, and to have the feet seen; which she loves mightily. I met with the King's declaracion about his proceedings with the King of Denmarke, and particularly the business of Bergen: but it is so well writ, that, if it be true, the King of Denmarke is one of the most absolute wickednesse in the world for a person of his quality. Met Mr. Povy by appointment, and he and I till late at night, evening of all accounts between us; but that which troubles me most is, that I am to refund to the ignoble Lord Peterborough what he had given us six months ago, because we did not supply him with money.

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[1] Thomas Middleton, who had been made a Commissioner of the Navy in 1664.

[2] Francis Digby, afterwards Colonel. He was killed in the sea-fight at Solebay.

[3] Sailor.

[4] Evidently the concluding passage of "Mother Shipton's Prophecies," viz., "A ship come sayling up the Thames to London, and the master of the ship shall weepe, and the mariners shall aske him why he weepeth, being he hath made so good a voyage, and he shall say, 'Ah, what a goodlie citie this was, none in the world comparable to it, and now there is scarcely left any house that can let us have drinke for our money.'"—Quoted from the edition of 1641, which Prince Rupert might have seen.

21st. (Lord's day.) To White Hall, and there attended the Cabinet, and was called in before the King, and then to give an account of our want of money for Tangier, and that which is no welcome thing to be the solicitor for, and to see how like an image the King sat, and could not speak one word when I had delivered myself, was very strange: only my Lord Chancellor did ask me whether I thought it was in nature at this time to help us to anything. So I was referred to another meeting of the Lords Commissioners for Tangier and my Lord Treasurer. Walking with Sir H. Cholmly long in the gallery, he told me, among many other things, how young Harry Killigrew[1] is banished the Court lately, for saying that my Lady Castlemaine was a little wanton when she was young. This she complained to the King of; and he sent to the Duke of York, whose servant he is, to turn him away. The Duke of York hath done it, but takes it ill of my Lady that he was not complained to first. She attended him to excuse it; but ill blood is made by it. Sir H. Cholmly tells me how Mr. Williamson stood in a little place to have come into the House of Commons, and they would not choose him: they said, "No courtier." And, which is worse, Bab May went down in great state to Winchelsea with the Duke of York's letters, not doubting to be chosen:

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[1] Son of Tom Killigrew by his first wife, Mrs. Cecilia Crofts. He was baptized in St. Martins-in-the-Fields, 16th April, 1637, and is called "young" to distinguish him from his uncle of the same name, who was Master of the Savoy.

and there the people chose a private gentleman in spite of him, and cried out they would have no Court pimp to be their burgesse: which are things that bode very ill.

22d. At the Temple Church, looking with pleasure on the monuments and epitaphs.

23d. Sir W. Batten told me Sir R. Ford would accept of one-third of my profit of our private man-of-war, and bear one-third of the charge, and be bound in the Admiralty, which I did like mightily of, and did draw up a writing as well as I could to that purpose. After dinner, down by water to Shadwell, to see Betty Mitchell, the first time I was ever in their new dwelling, since the fire.

24th. Holmes did last Sunday deliver in his articles to the King and Cabinet against [Sir Jeremy] Smith, and Smith has given in his answer, and lays his not accompanying the fleete to his pilot, who would not undertake to carry the ship further; which the pilot acknowledges. The thing is not accommodated, but only taken up, and both sides commanded to be quiet, but no peace like to be. The Duke of Albemarle is Smith's friend, and hath publickly swore that he would never go to sea again, unless Holmes's commission were taken from him. I find by Hayes[1] that they did expect great glory in coming home in so good condition as they did with the fleete; and therefore I the less wonder that the Prince was distasted with my discourse the other day about the sad state of the fleete. But it pleases me to hear that he did expect great thanks, and lays the fault of the want of it upon the fire, which deadened every thing, and the glory of his services. Called my wife, and, it being moonshine, took her into the garden, and there layed open our condition as to our estate, and the danger of my having it all[2] in the house at once, in case of any disorder or troubles in the State, and therefore resolved to remove part of it to Brampton, and part some whither else, and part in my own house, which is very necessary, and will tend to our safety, though I shall not think it safe out of my own sight.

25th. To Mrs. Pierce's, where she was making herself mighty fine to go to a great ball to-night at Court, being the Queen's birthday; so the ladies for this one day wear laces, but are to put them off again to-morrow. To Mrs. Williams's, where we met Knipp. I was glad to see the jade. Made her sing; and she told us they begin at both houses to act on Monday next. But I fear, after all this sorrow, their gains will be but little.

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[1] Prince Rupert's Secretary.

[2] *i.e.*, his money. See 12th Nov., *post*.

Mrs. Williams says, the Duke's house will now be much the better of the two, because of their women; which I was glad to hear. The House of Parliament makes mighty little haste in settling the money; but they fall into faction, and libells have been found in the house. Among others, one yesterday, wherein they reckon up divers great sums to be given away by the King—£10,000 to Sir W. Coventry, for weare and teare, the point he stood upon to advance that sum by, for them to give the King: Sir G. Carteret £50,000 for something else—I think supernumerarys; and so to Matt. Wren £5000 for passing the Canary Company's patent; and so a great many other sums to other persons.

26th. Up, and all the morning within doors, beginning to set my accounts in order from before this fire, I being behindhand with them ever since; and this day I got most of my tradesmen to bring in their bills, and paid them. Nothing done in the house yet, as to finishing the bill for money, which is a mighty sad thing, all lying at stake for it.

27th. Up, and there comes to see me my Lord Bellassis, which was a great honour. He tells me great news, yet but what I suspected—that Vernatty is fled, and so hath cheated him, and twenty more, but most of all I doubt Mr. Povy. He tells me how the two Houses begin to be troublesome; the Lords to have quarrels one with another. My Lord Duke of Buckingham having said to the Lord Chancellor, who is against the passing of the Bill for prohibiting the bringing over of Irish cattle, that whoever was against the Bill, was there led to it by an Irish interest, or an Irish understanding, which is as much as to say he is a fool; this bred heat from my Lord Chancellor, and something he [Buckingham] said did offend my Lord of Ossory, my Lord Duke of Ormond's son,[1] and they two had hard words, upon which the latter sends a challenge to the former; of which the former complains to the House, and so the business is to be heard on Monday next.[2] Then, as to the Commons: some ugly knives, like poignards, to stab people with, about two or three hundred of them, were brought in yesterday to the House, found in one of the house's rubbish that was burned, and said to be the house of a Catholique. This and several letters out of the country, saying how high the Catholiques are everywhere, and bold in the owning their religion, have made the Commons mad, and they presently voted that the King be desired to put all Catholiques out of employment, and other high things; while the business of money hangs in the hedge. Home to dinner, where Mrs. Pierce and her boy and Knipp, who sings as well, and is the best company in the world, dined with us, and infinite merry. The playhouses begin to play next week. Towards evening, I took them out to the New Exchange, and there my wife bought things, and I did give each of them a pair of jesimy[1] plain gloves, and another of white. Here Knipp and I walked up and down to see handsome faces, and did see several. Then carried each of them home, and, with great pleasure and content, home myself.

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[1] On the 14th Sept., 1665, the Earl of Ossory had been created an English Peer, as *Lord Butler of Morepark.*

[2] The proceedings on the 27th are not clearly stated. According to Clarendon, this Bill was urgently pressed forward in the House of Lords by the Duke of Buckingham. The debate became most disorderly, especially on the part of its promoters. On the Duke making the remark above quoted, Lord Ossory, not trusting himself with a reply in the House, challenged Buckingham privately. This the Duke endeavoured to avoid, and was found in a place not fixed for the meeting. On the following morning, he informed the House of the affair. Clarendon regards the

28th. (Lord's day.) Captain Guy to dine with me, and he and I much talk together. He cries out of the discipline of the fleete, and confesses really that the true English valour we talk of is almost spent and worn out; few of the commanders doing what they should do, and he much fears we shall therefore be beaten the next year. He assures me we were beaten home the last June fight, and that the whole fleete was ashamed to hear of our bonfires. He commends Smith, and cries out of Holmes for an idle, proud, conceited, though stout fellow. He tells me we are to owe the loss of so many ships on the sands, not to any fault of the pilots, but to the weather; but in this I have good authority to fear there was something more. He says the Dutch do fight in very good order, and we in none at all. He says that in the July fight, both the Prince and Holmes had their belly-fulls, and were

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whole as a "gross shift" on the part of the Duke. Both parties were sent to the Tower. The Bill was subsequently passed. See Lord Arlington's account of the quarrel in Brown's *Miscellanea Aulica*, p. 423, &c.

[1] Jessamine (*Jasminum*), the flowers of which are of a delicate sweet smell, and often used to perfume gloves. Edmund Howes, Stow's continuator, informs us that sweet or perfumed gloves were first brought into England by the Earl of Oxford, on his return from Italy, in the fifteenth year of Queen Elizabeth, during whose reign, and long afterwards, they were very fashionable. They were frequently mentioned by Shakespeare. Autolycus, in the *Winter's Tale*, has among his wares—

> "Gloves as sweet as damask roses."

fain to go aside; though, if the wind had continued, we had utterly beaten them. He do confess the whole to be governed by a company of fools, and fears our ruine. The Revenge having her forecastle blown up with powder, to the killing of some men in the River, and the Dyamond's being overset in the careening at Sheernese, are further marks of the method all the King's work is now done in. The Foresight, also, and another come to disasters in the same place this week, in the cleaning; which is strange.

29th. Up, and to the office to do business, and thither comes to me Sir Thomas Teddiman, and he and I walked a good while in the garden together, discoursing of the disorder and discipline of the fleete, wherein he told me how bad every thing is; but was very wary in speaking any thing to the dishonour of the Prince or Duke of Albemarle, but do magnify my Lord Sandwich much before them both, for ability to serve the King, and do heartily wish for him here; for he fears that we shall be undone the next year, but that he will, however, see an end of it. To Westminster; and I find the new Lord Mayor Bolton[1] a-swearing at the Exchequer, with some of the Aldermen and Livery; but, Lord! to see how meanely they now look, who upon this day used to be all little lords, is a sad sight, and worthy consideration; and every body did reflect with pity upon the poor City, to which they are now coming to choose and swear their Lord Mayor, compared with what it heretofore was. To my goldsmith, to bid him look out for some gold for me; and he tells me that ginnys, which I bought 2000 of not long ago, and cost me but 18½*d.* change, will now cost me 22*d.*; and but very few to be had at any price. However, some more I will have, for they are very convenient, and of easy disposal. To White Hall, and into the new playhouse there, the first time I ever was there, and the first play I have seen since before the great plague. By and by, Mr. Pierce comes, bringing my wife and his, and Knipp. By and by, the King and Queen, Duke and Duchess, and all the great ladies of the Court; which, indeed, was a fine sight. But the play being "Love in a Tub," a silly play, and though done by the Duke's people, yet having neither Betterton nor his wife,[2] and the whole thing done ill, and being ill also, I had no manner of pleasure in the play. Besides, the House, though very fine, yet bad for the voice for hearing. The sight of the ladies, indeed, was exceeding noble; and, above all, my Lady Castlemaine. The play done by ten o'clock.

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[1] Sir William Bolton, Merchant-Tailor.

[2] See note, Feb. 1, 1663-4.

30th. Mr. Hater staying most of the afternoon abroad, he come to me, poor man, to make excuse, and it was that he had been looking out for a little house for his family. His wife being much frightened in the country with the discourses of troubles and disorders like to be, and therefore durst not be from him, he is forced to bring her to town. This is now the general apprehension of all people: particulars I do not know, but my own fears are also great, and I do think it time to look out to save something, if a storm should come.

November 1st. Up, and was presented by Burton, one of our smiths' wives, with a very noble cake, which I presently resolved to have my wife go with to-day, and some wine, and house-warm my Betty Michell, which she readily resolved to do. From dinner, my wife and my brother, and W. Hewer and Barker, away to Betty Michell's, to Shadwell.

2d. On board the Ruby, French prize, the only ship of war we have taken from any of our enemies this year. It seems a very good ship, but with galleries quite round the sterne, to walk in as a balcone, which will be taken down. She had also about forty good brass guns, but will make little amends to our loss in the Prince. I also did buy some apples and pork, by the same token the butcher commended it as the best in England for cloath and colour. And for his beef, says he, "look how fat it is, the lean appears only here and there a speck, like beauty-spots."

3d. This morning comes Mr. Lovett, and brings me my print of the Passion, varnished by him, and the frame black, which indeed is very fine, though not so fine as I expected; however, pleases me exceedingly. This, and the sheets of paper he prepared for me, come to £3; and though it be more than is fit to lay out on pleasure, yet, it being ingenious, I did not think much of it.

4th. (Lord's day.) My taylor's man brings my vest home, and coat to wear with it, and belt and silver-hilted sword: so I rose and dressed myself, and I like myself mightily in it, and so do my wife. Being dressed, to church; and after church pulled my Lady Pen and Mrs. Markham into my house to dinner, and Sir J. Minnes he got Mrs. Pegg along with him. I had a good dinner for them, and very merry; and so, it being very cold, to White Hall, and was mighty fearfull of an ague, my vest being new and thin, and the coat cut not to meet before, upon my vest. I waited in the gallery till the Council was up, and did speak with Mr. Cooling, my Lord Chamberlain's secretary, who tells me my Lord Generall is become mighty low in all people's opinion, and that he hath received several slurs from the King and Duke of York. The people at Court do see the difference between his and the Prince's management, and my Lord Sandwich's. That the business which he is put upon, of crying out against the Catholiques and turning them out of all employment, will undo him, when he comes to turn the officers out of the army, and this is a thing of his own seeking. That he is grown a drunken sot, and drinks with nobody but Troutbecke, whom nobody else will keep company with, of whom he told me this story; that once the Duke of Albemarle, in his drink, taking notice, as of a wonder, that Nan Hide should ever come to be Duchess of York: "Nay," says Troutbecke, "ne'er wonder at that; for if you will give me another bottle of wine, I will tell you as great, if not greater, a miracle." And what was that, but that our dirty Besse, meaning his Duchesse, should come to be Duchesse of Albemarle? Sir G. Carteret shows me a long letter, all in cipher, from my Lord Sandwich to him. The contents he hath not yet found out, but he tells me my Lord is not sent for home, as several people have enquired after of me. Begun to read "Potter's discourse upon 666,"[1] which pleases me mightily.

5th. To my Lady Peterborough,[2] who had sent to speak with me. She makes mighty moan of the badness of the times, and her family as to money. My Lord's passionateness for want thereof, and his want of coming in of rents, and no wages from the Duke of York. No money to be had there, for wages nor disbursements, and therefore prays my assistance about his pension. I was moved with her story, and promised I would try what I could do, in a few days. To my Lord Crewe's, and there dined, and mightily made of. Here my Lord, and Sir Thomas Crewe, Mr. John, and Dr. Crewe, and two strangers. The best family in the world for goodness and sobriety. Here, beyond my expectation, I met my Lord Hinchingbroke, who is come to town two days since from Hinchingbroke, and brought his sister and brother Carteret with him, who are at Sir G. Carteret's. After dinner, I and Sir Thomas Crewe went aside to discourse of public matters, and do find by him that all the country gentlemen are publickly jealous of the courtiers in the Parliament, and that they do doubt every thing that they propose; and that the true reason why the country gentlemen are for a land-tax, and against a general excise, is, because they are fearful that if the latter be granted, they shall never get it down again; whereas the land-tax will be but for so much, and when the war ceases, there will be no ground got by the Court to keep it up. He says the House would be very glad to get something against Sir G Carteret, and will not let their inquiries die till they have got something. He do, from what he hath heard at the Committee for examining the burning of the City, conclude it, as a thing certain, that it was done by plots; it being proved by many witnesses that endeavours were made in several places to encrease the fire, and that, both in City and country, it was bragged by several Papists that upon such a day, or in such a time, we should find the hottest weather that ever was in England; and words of plainer sense. But my Lord Crewe was discoursing at table how the Judges have determined in the case whether the landlords or the tenants, who are, in their leases, all of them generally tied to maintain and uphold their houses, shall bear the loss of the fire; and they say that tenants should, against all casualties of fire, beginning either in their own or in their neighbour's [premises]; but, where it is done by an enemy, they are not to do it. And this was by an enemy, there having been one convicted and hanged upon this very score. This is an excellent salvo for the tenants, and for which I am glad, because of my father's house. After dinner and this discourse, I took coach, and at the same time find my Lord Hinchingbroke and Mr. John Crewe and the Doctor going out to see the ruins of the City; so I took the Doctor into my hackney-coach, and he is a very fine, sober gentleman, and so through the City. But, Lord! what pretty and sober observations he made of the City and its desolation; till anon we come to my house, and there I took them upon Tower-Hill to show them what houses were pulled down there since the fire; and then to my house, where I treated them with good wine of several sorts, and they took it mighty respectfully, and a fine company of gentlemen they are; but above all, I was glad to see my Lord Hinchingbroke drink no wine at all. So we broke up, and all took coach again, and I carried the Doctor to Chancery Lane, and thence I to White Hall, where I staid walking up and down till night, and then got almost into the playhouse, having much mind to go and see the play at Court this night; but fearing how I should get home, because of the bonfires, and the lateness of the night, to get a coach, I did not stay; but having this evening seen my Lady Jemimah, who is come to town, and looks very well and fat; and heard how Mr. John Pickering is to be married this week, and to a fortune with £5000; and seen a rich necklace of pearl and two pendants of dyamonds which Sir G. Carteret hath presented her[1] with, since her coming to town, I home by coach, but met not one bonfire through the whole town in going round by the wall, which is strange, and speaks the melancholy disposition of the City at present; while never more was said of, and feared of, and done against the Papists, than just at this time.

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[1] "An Interpretation of the number 666." *Oxford*, 1642, 4to. The work was afterwards translated into French, Dutch, and Latin: it was written by Francis Potter, an English divine, born in Wiltshire, 1594, who died about 1678, at Kilmington, in Somersetshire, of which he was rector. —Wood's *Athenæ*. See 18th February, 1665-6, *ante*.

[2] See 10th August, 1663.

6th. After dinner done, alone by water to Deptford, reading "Duchesse of Malfy," the play, which is pretty good. At night home, and there find Mr. Batelier, who supped with us, and good company he is.

7th. Called at Faythorn's, to buy some prints for my wife to draw by this winter, and here did see my Lady Castlemaine's picture, done by him from Lilly's, in red chalke and other colours, by which he hath cut it in copper to be printed. The picture in chalke is the finest thing I ever saw in my life, I think; and I did desire to buy it; but he says he must keep it awhile to correct his copper-plate[2] by, and, when that is done, he will sell it me. By the Duke of York his discourse to-day, in his chamber, they have it at Court, as well as we here, that a fatal day is to be expected shortly, of some great mischief; whether by the Papists, or what, they are not certain. But the day is disputed; some say next Friday, others a day sooner, others later; and I hope all will prove a foolery. But it is observable how every body's fears are busy at this time.

8th. I to Westminster Hall, and there met Mr. Grey, who tells me the House is sitting still, and now it was six o'clock, and likely to sit till midnight; and have proceeded fair to give the King his supply presently; and herein have done more to-day than was hoped for. Sir W. Coventry did this night tell me how the business is about Sir J. Minnes; that he is to be a Commissioner, and my Lord Brouncker and Sir W. Pen are to be Comptroller jointly, which I am very glad of, and better than if they were either of them alone; and do hope truly that the King's business will be better done thereby, and infinitely better than now it is. Mr. Grey did assure me this night, that he was told this day, by one of the greater ministers of State in England, and one of the King's Cabinet, that we had little left to agree on between the Dutch and us towards a peace, but only the place of treaty; which do astonish me to hear, but I am glad of it, for I fear the consequence of the war. But he says that the King, having all the money he is like to have, we shall be sure of a peace in a little time.

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[1] Lady Jemimah Carteret.

[2] See 1st December, 1666, *post*.

9th. To Mrs. Pierce's, by appointment, where we find good company: a fair lady, my Lady Prettyman,[1] Mrs. Corbet,[2] Knipp; and for men, Captain Downing, Mr. Lloyd, Sir W. Coventry's clerk, and one Mr. Tripp, who dances well. After our first bout of dancing, Knipp and I to sing, and Mercer and Captain Downing, who loves and understands musick, would by all means have my song of "Beauty, retire": which Knipp had spread abroad, and he extols it above any thing he ever heard. Going to dance again, and then comes news that White Hall was on fire; and presently more particulars, that the Horse-guard was on fire[3]; and so we run up to the garret, and find it so; a horrid great fire; and by and by we saw and heard part of it blown up with powder. The ladies begun presently to be afraid: one fell into fits. The whole town in an alarm. Drums beat and trumpets, and the Horse-guards every where spread, running up and down in the street. And I begun to have mighty apprehensions how things might be, for we are in expectation from common fame, this night, or to-morrow, to have a massacre, by the having so many fires one after another, as that in the City, and at same time begun in Westminster, by the Palace, but put out; and since in Southwarke, to the burning down some houses; and now this do make all people conclude there is something extraordinary in it; but nobody knows what. By and by comes news that the fire is slackened; so then we were a little cheered up again, and to supper, and pretty merry. But, above all, there comes in the dumb boy that I knew in Oliver's time, who is mightily acquainted here, and with Downing; and he made strange signs of the fire, and how the King was abroad, and many things they understood, but I could not, which I wondered at, and discoursing with Downing about it, "Why," says he, "it is only a little use, and you will understand him, and make him understand you with as much ease as may be." So I prayed him to tell him that I was afraid that my coach would be gone, and that he should go down and steal one of the seats out of the coach and keep it, and that would make the coachman to stay. He did this, so that the dumb boy did go down, and, like a cunning rogue, went into the coach, pretending to sleep; and, by and by, fell to his work, but finds the seats nailed to the coach. So he could not do it; however, stayed there, and stayed the coach till the coachman's patience was quite spent, and beat the dumb boy by force, and so went away. So the dumb boy came up, and told him all the story, which they below did see all that passed, and knew it to be true. After supper, another dance or two, and then news that the fire is as great as ever, which puts us all to our wits'-end; and I mightily anxious to go home, but the coach being gone, and it being about ten at night, and rainy dirty weather, I knew not what to do; but to walk out with Mr. Batelier, myself resolving to go home on foot, and leave the women there. And so did; but at the Savoy got a coach, and come back and took up the women; and so, having, by people come from the fire, understood that the fire was overcome and all well, we merrily parted, and home. Stopped by several guards and constables quite through the town, round the wall, as we went all being in arms. Being come home, we to cards, till two in the morning, and drinking lamb's-wool.[1] So to bed.

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[1] Margaret, daughter and heir of Sir Matthew Mennes, K.B., and wife of Sir John Prettyman, Bart., M.P. for Leicester.

[2] There was an actress of this name. She played Cleoly, at the King's House, in Edward Howard's "Man of Newmarket," 1678.

[3] "Nov. 9th. Between seven and eight at night, there happened a fire in the Horse Guard House, in the Tilt Yard, over against Whitehall, which at first arising, it is supposed, from some snuff of a candle falling amongst the straw, broke out with so sudden a flame, that at once it seized the north-west part of that building; but being so close under His Majesty's own eye, it was, by the timely help His Majesty and His Royal Highness caused to be applied, immediately stopped, and by ten o'clock wholly mastered, with the loss only of that part of the building it had at first seized."—*The London Gazette*, No. 103.

10th. The Parliament did fall foul of our accounts again yesterday; and we must arme to have them examined which I am sorry for: it will bring great trouble to me and shame upon the office. With my Lord Brouncker and Sir Thomas Harvey, to Cocke's house, and there Mrs. Williams and other company, and an excellent dinner. Mr. Temple's wife, after dinner, fell to play on the harpsichon, till she so tired everybody, that I left the house without taking leave, and no creature left standing by her to hear her. Read an hour, to make an end of

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[1] Lamb's-wool is a vulgar beverage made of ale, mixed with sugar, nutmeg, and the pulp of roasted apples.

Potter's discourse of 666, which I like all along, but his close is most excellent; and, whether it be right or wrong, is mighty ingenious. This is the fatal day that every body hath discoursed for a long time to be the day that the Papists, or I know not who, have designed to commit a massacre upon;[1] but, however, I trust in God we shall rise to-morrow morning as well as ever. I hear that my Lady Denham is exceeding sick, even to death, and that she says, and every body else discourses, that she is poisoned; and Creed tells me, that it is said that there hath been a design to poison the King. What the meaning of all these sad signs is, the Lord only knows; but every day things look worse and worse. God fit us for the worst!

11th. (Lord's day.) To church, myself and wife, where the old dunce Meriton, of St. Martin's, Westminster, did make a very good sermon, beyond my expectation. To my uncle Wight's, and their entertainment so bad, that I am in pain to be there. Wooly's wife, a silly woman, and not very handsome, but no spirit in her at all; and their discourse mean, and the fear of the troubles of the times hath made them not to bring their plate to town, since it was carried out upon the business of the fire, so that they drink in earth and a wooden can, which I do not like.

12th. Creed tells me of my Lady Denham, whom every body says is poisoned, and she hath said it to the Duke of York; but is upon the mending hand, though the town says she is dead this morning. Going to Sir R. Viner's, I did get such a splash and spots of dirt upon my new vest, that I was out of countenance to be seen in the street. This day I received 450 pieces of gold more of Mr. Stokes, but cost me 22½*d.* change; but I am well contented with it, I having now nearly £2,800 in gold, and will not rest till I get full £3,000. Home to dinner, though Sir R. Viner would have staid us to dine with him, he being sheriffe; but, poor man, was so out of countenance, that he had no wine ready to drink to us, his butler being out of the way, though we know him to be a very liberal man. I took my wife out, intending to have gone and have seen my Lady Jemimah, at White Hall, but so great a stop there was at the New Exchange, that we could not pass in half an hour, and therefore 'light, and then home. My wife and all the maids [being] abed but Jane, whom I put confidence in—she and I, and my brother, and Tom, and W. Hewer, did bring up all the remainder of my money, and my plate-chest, out of the cellar, and placed the money in my study, with the rest, and the plate in my dressing room; but indeed I am in great pain to think how to dispose of my money, it being wholly unsafe to keep it all in coin in one place. Creed and I did stop, the Duke of York being just going away from seeing of it, at Paul's, and in the Convocation-House-Yard did there see the body of Robert Braybrooke, Bishop of London, that died 1404. He fell down in the tomb out of the great church into St. Fayth's this late fire, and is here seen his skeleton with the flesh on; but all tough and dry like a spongy dry leather, or touchwood all upon his bones. His head turned aside. A great man in his time, and Lord Chancellor; and [his skeleton] now exposed to be handled and derided by some, though admired for its duration by others. Many flocking to see it.

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[1] See 13th Dec., 1666, *post.*

13th. To Bishopsgate Street, and there bought some drinking-glasses, a case of knives, and other things, in expectation of my Lord Hinchingbroke's coming to dine with me. So home, and do here receive notice from my Lord Hinchingbroke that he is not well, and so not in condition to come, which I am not in much trouble for, because of the disorder my house is in, by the bricklayers coming to mend the chimney in my dining-room for smoking, which they were upon almost till midnight, and have now made it very pretty, and do carry smoke exceeding well. This evening come all the Houblons to me, to invite me to sup with them to-morrow night. I did take them home, and there we sat and talked a good while, and a glass of wine, and then parted till to-morrow night. So at night, well satisfied in the alteration of my chimney, I to bed.

14th. To Knipp's lodging, whom I find not ready to go home with me; and there staid reading of Waller's verses, while she finished dressing, her husband being by. Her lodging very mean, and the condition she lives in; yet makes a shew without doors, God bless us! I carried him along with us into the City, and set him down in Bishopsgate Street, and then home with her. She tells me how Smith,[1] of the Duke's house, hath killed a man upon a quarrel in play; which makes every body sorry, he being a good actor, and, they say, a good man, however this happens. The ladies of the Court do much bemoan him. Here she and me alone at dinner to some good victuals, that we could not put off, that was intended for the great dinner of my Lord Hinchingbroke's, if he had come. My wife and I intended to have seen my Lady Jemimah at White Hall, but the Exchange Street was so full of coaches, every body, as they say, going thither to make themselves fine against to-morrow night, we could not do any thing, only my wife to see her brother. Sir G. Carteret tells me, that, just now, my Lord Hollis had been with him, and wept to think in what a condition we are fallen. He shewed me my Lord Sandwich's letter to him, complaining of the lack of money, which Sir G. Carteret is at a loss how in the world to get the King to supply him with, and wishes him, for that reason, here; for that he fears he will be brought to disgrace there, for want of supplies. To the Pope's Head, where all the Houblons were, and Dr. Croone.[1] Dr. Croone told me, that, at the meeting at Gresham College to-night, which, it seems, they now have every Wednesday again, there was a pretty experiment of the blood of one dog let out, till he died, into the body of another on one side, while all his own run out on the other side.[2] The first died upon the place, and the other very well, and likely to do well. This did give occasion to many pretty wishes, as of the blood of a Quaker to be let into an Archbishop, and such like; but, as Dr. Croone says, may, if it takes, be of mighty use to man's health, for the mending of bad blood by borrowing from a better body.

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[1] William Smith, originally a Barrister-at-law of the Society of Gray's Inn. Ob. 1696.

15th. To Mrs. Pierce's, where I find her as fine as possible, and Mr. Pierce going to the ball at night at Court, it being the Queen's birth-day. I also to the ball, and with much ado got up to the loft, where with much trouble I could see very well. Anon the house grew full, and the candles light, and the King and Queen and all the ladies sat: and it was, indeed, a glorious sight to see Mrs. Stewart in black and white lace, and her head and shoulders dressed with diamonds, and the like many great ladies more, only the Queen none; and the King in his rich vest of some rich silk and silver trimming, as the Duke of York and all the dancers were, some of cloth of silver, and others of other sorts, exceeding rich. Presently after the King was come in, he took the Queen, and about fourteen more couple there was, and begun the Bransles. As many of the men as I can remember presently, were, the King, Duke of York, Prince Rupert, Duke of Monmouth, Duke of Buckingham, Lord Douglas, Mr. [George] Hamilton, Colonell Russell, Mr. Griffith,

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[1] William Croune, of Emanuel College, Cambridge, chosen Rhetoric Professor at Gresham College, 1659, F.R.S. and M.D. Ob. 1684, and interred at St. Mildred's in the Poultry.

[2] A few years since, there was an attempt to revive this experiment: see also 21st and 30th November, 1667. All the important facts relating to the subject may be read in an article on "Transfusion," by Dr. Kay, in the *Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine*, and in the works quoted by him.

Lord Ossory, Lord Rochester; and of the ladies, the Queen, Duchess of York, Mrs. Stewart, Duchess of Monmouth, Lady Essex Howard,[1] Mrs. Temple,[2] Swedes Embassadress,[3] Lady Arlington,[4] Lord George Barkeley's daughter,[5] and many others I remember not; but all most excellently dressed in rich petticoats and gowns, and dyamonds, and pearls. After the Bransles, then to a Corant, and now and then a French dance; but that so rare, that the Corants grew tiresome, that I wished it done. Only Mrs. Stewart danced mighty finely, and many French dances, specially one the King called the New Dance, which was very pretty; but upon the whole matter, the business of the dancing of itself was not extraordinary pleasing. But the clothes and sight of the persons were indeed very pleasing, and worth my coming, being never likely to see more gallantry while I live, if I should come twenty times. About twelve at night it broke up. So away home with my wife: was displeased with the dull dancing, and satisfied with the clothes and persons. My Lady Castlemaine, without whom all is nothing, being there, very rich, though not dancing.

16th. This noon I met with Mr. Hooke, and he tells me the dog which was filled with another dog's blood, at the College the other day, is very well, and like to be so as ever, and doubts not its being found of great use to men; and so do Dr. Whistler, who dined with us at the tavern.

17th. In the afternoon shut myself up in my chamber, and there till twelve at night finishing my great letter to the Duke of York, which do lay the ill condition of the Navy so open to him, that it is impossible if the King and he minds anything of their business, but it will operate upon them to set all matters right, and get money to carry on the war, before it be too late, or else lay out for a peace upon any termes. It was a great convenience to-night that what I had writ foule in short-hand, I could read it to W. Hewer, and he take it fair in short-hand, so as I can read it to-morrow to Sir W. Coventry, and then come home, and Hewer read it to me while I take it in long-hand to present, which saves me much time.

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[1] Only daughter of James Howard, third Earl of Suffolk, by his first wife Susan, daughter of Henry Rich, Earl of Holland; afterwards married, 4th March, 1666-7, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, to Edward Griffin, Lord Griffin of Braybrooke. There is a very fine portrait of her at Audley End, by Lely.

[2] Anne, daughter and co-heir of Thomas Temple, of Frankton, in Warwickshire, by Rebecca, daughter of Sir Nicholas Carew, of Beddington, in Surrey, became the second wife of Sir Charles Lyttelton, who had been Governor of Jamaica, and lived to be eighty-seven. His lady survived him four years, dying in 1718, and had issue by him eight daughters and five sons. From this alliance the Lords Lyttelton descend.

[3] "The Lord George Flemming, the Lord Peter Julius Coyet, ambassadors-extraordinary from the Crown of Sweden, made their public entry through the City of London, on the 27th June, 1666."—Pointer's *History*, vol. i., p. 213. The lady was the wife of one of these.

[4] See 12th July, *ante*.

[5] George, Lord Berkeley, had six daughters. The one mentioned here was probably the eldest, Lady Elizabeth.

18th. (Lord's day.) On foot to White Hall, where by appointment I met Lord Brouncker at Sir W. Coventry's chamber, and there I read over my great letter, and they approved it: so I think it is as good a letter in the manner, and believe it is the worst in the matter of it, as ever come from any office to a prince. To Sir W. Batten. He was in a huffe, which I made light of, but he signed the letter, though he would not go, and liked the letter well. Sir W. Pen, it seems, he would not stay for it: so, making slight of Sir W. Pen's putting so much weight upon his hand, I to White Hall, and there met Lord Brouncker, and he signed it, and so I delivered it to Mr. Chiffinch, and he to Sir W. Coventry, in the cabinet, the King and councill being sitting, where I leave it to its fortune.

19th. To Barkeshire-house,[1] where my Lord Chancellor hath been ever since the fire. To the Bull-head tavern, where I have not been since Mr. Chetwind and the time of our club, and here had six bottles of claret filled, and I sent them to Mrs. Martin, whom I had promised some of my own, and having none of my own, sent her this. Took coach to White Hall, and there visited my Lady Jemimah, at Sir G. Carteret's lodgings. Here was Sir Thomas Crewe, who told me how hot words grew again to-day in the House of Lords between my Lord Ossory and Ashly, the former saying that something said by the other was said like one of Oliver's Council. Ashly said he must give him reparation, or he would take it his own way. The House therefore did bring my Lord Ossory to confess his fault, and ask pardon for it, as he did also to my Lord Buckingham, for saying that something was not truth that my Lord Buckingham had said.

20th. To church, it being thanksgiving-day for the cessation of the plague; but, Lord! how the town do say that it is hastened before the plague is quite over, there being some people still ill of it, but only to get ground for plays to be publickly acted, which the Bishops would not suffer till the plague was over; and one would think so, by the suddenness, of the notice given of the day, which was last Sunday, and the little ceremony. The sermon being dull of Mr. Minnes, and people with great indifferency come to hear him. By coach to Barkeshire-house, and there did get a very great meeting; the Duke of York being there, and much business done, though not in proportion to the greatness of the business, and my Lord Chancellor sleeping and snoring the greater part of the time.

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[1] Belonging to the Earl of Berkshire; afterwards purchased by Charles II., and presented to the Duchess of Cleveland, whose name is preserved in "Cleveland Row." It was then of great extent, and stood on or near the site of Bridgewater House.

21st. I to wait on Sir Philip Howard, whom I find dressing himself in his night-gown and turban like a Turke, but one of the finest persons that ever I saw in my life. He had several gentlemen of his own, waiting on him, and one playing finely on the gittar: he discourses as well as ever I heard man, in few words and handsome. He expressed all kindness to Balty, when I told him how sick he is: he says that, before he comes to be mustered again, he must bring a certificate of his swearing the oaths of Allegiance and Supremacy, and having taken the Sacrament according to the rites of the Church of England. This, I perceive, is imposed on all.

22d. My Lord Brouncker did show me Hollar's new print of the City,[1] with a pretty representation of that part which is burnt, very fine indeed; and tells me that he was yesterday sworn the King's servant, and that the King hath commanded him to go on with his great map of the City,[2] which he was upon before the City was burned, like Gombout of Paris,[3] which I am glad of. Mr. Batelier tells me the news how the

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[1] "A Map or Ground Plott of the Citty of London, with the Suburbes thereof, so far as the Lord Mayor's jurisdiction doth extend; by which is exactly demonstrated, the present condition since the last sad accident by fire; the blanke space signifying the burnt part, and where the houses be, those places yet standing.—W. Hollar, f. 1666. Cum Privilegio Regis."

[2] Hollar engraved, in 1675, "A new Map of the Citties of London, Westminster, and the Borough of Southwarke, with their Suburbs; shewing the streets, lanes, alleys, courts, &c., with other remarks, as they are now truely and carefully delineated; and the prospect of London, as it was flourishing before the destruction by fire." Sold by Robert Green, and Robert Morden. A large sheet. In the Pepysian Library is a very long prospect of London and Westminster, taken at several stations to the southward thereof, by William Morgan.—Gough's *British Topography*, vol. i., pp. 753-5.

[3] Gombart's Plan of Paris, on a very large scale, was engraved in 1642. It is of great rarity. A copy, which was in the possession of the Baron Walckenaer, was purchased for a royal personage, at his sale at Paris, in April, 1853, lot 3028, for more than 1000 francs.

King of France hath, in defiance to the King of England, caused all his footmen to be put into vests,[1] and that the noblemen of France will do the like; which, if true, is the greatest indignity ever done by one Prince to another, and would excite a stone to be revenged; and I hope our King will, if it be so, as he tells me it is:[2] being told by one that come over from Paris with my Lady Fanshaw, who is come over with the dead body of her husband,[3] and that saw it before he come away. This makes me mighty merry, it being an ingenious kind of affront; but yet makes me angry, to see that the King of England is become so little as to have the affront offered him. Batelier did bring us some oysters to-night, and some bottles of new French wine of this year, mighty good, but I drank but little.

23d. Attended the Duke of York, where, among other things, we had a complaint of Sir William Jennings[4] against his lieutenant, Le Neve, one that had been long the Duke's page, and for whom the Duke of York hath great kindness. It was a drunken quarrel, where one was as blameable as the other. It was referred to further examination, but the Duke of York declared, that as he would not favour disobedience, so neither drunkenness. I spoke with Sir G. Downing about our prisoners in Holland, and their being released; which he is concerned in, and most of them are. Then, discoursing of matters of the House of Parliament, he tells me that it is not the fault of the House, but the King's own party, that have hindered the passing of the Bill for money, by their popping in of new projects for raising it: which is a strange thing; and mighty confident he is, that what money is raised, will be raised and put into the same form that the last was, to come into the Exchequer; and, for aught I see, I must confess I think it is the best way.

24th. With Sir J. Minnes by coach to Stepney to the Trinity House, where it is kept again now since the burning of their other house in London. And here a great many met at Sir

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[1] It is possible that some tradition of this proceeding of Louis XIV. may have given to Steele the hint for his story of the rival ladies, Brunetta and Phillis, in the *Spectator*, No. 80; a subject which has been well treated by Stothard: as also in a clever picture by Mr. A. Solomon, exhibited at the Royal Academy in the present year (1853).

[2] Perhaps this influenced Charles II. in abandoning his new costume, which, at all events, was shortly discontinued, notwithstanding his having betted that it should never be changed.

[3] Sir Richard Fanshaw.

[4] He was a distinguished sea-officer, brother of Sir Robert Jennings, of Ripon. He attended James II. after his abdication, and served as a Captain in the French navy.

Thomas Allen's feast, of his being made an Elder Brother; but he is sick, and so could not be there. Here was much good company, and very merry; but the discourse of Scotland, it seems, is confirmed, and that they are 4000 of them in armes, and do declare for King and Covenant, which is very ill news. I pray God deliver us from the ill consequences we may justly fear from it. Sir Philip Warwick, I find, is full of trouble in his mind to see how things go, and what our wants are; and so I have no delight to trouble him with discourse, though I honour the man with all my heart, and I think him to be a very able, right-honest man. To read the late printed discourse of witches by a member of Gresham College:[1] the discourse being well writ, in good stile, but methinks not very convincing.

25th. (Lord's day.) To White Hall, and there to the chapel, where in my usual place I heard one of the King's chaplains, one Mr. Floyd, preach. He was out two or three times in his prayer, and as many in his sermon, but yet he made a most excellent good sermon, of our duty to imitate the lives and practice of Christ and the saints departed, and did it very handsomely and excellent still; but was a little overlarge in magnifying the graces of the nobility and prelates, that we have seen in our memorys in the world, whom God hath taken from us. At the end of the sermon an excellent anthem; but it was a pleasant thing, an idle companion in our pew, a prating, bold counsellor that hath been heretofore at the Navy Office, and noted for a great eater and drinker, not for quantity, but of the best, his name Tom Bales, said, "I know a fitter anthem for this sermon," speaking only of our duty of following the saints, and I know not what. "Cooke should have sung, 'Come, follow, follow me.'"[2] To Sir G. Carteret's to dinner; where much company. Among others, Mr. Carteret and my Lady Jemimah, and Mr. [John] Ashburnham, the great man, who is a pleasant man, and that hath seen much of the world, and more of the Court. Into the Court, and attended there till the Council met, and then was called in, and I read my letter. My Lord Treasurer declared that the King had nothing to give till the Parliament did give him some money. So the King did of himself bid me to declare to all that would take our tallies for payment, that he should, soon as the Parliament's money do come in, take back their tallies, and give them money: which I giving him occasion to repeat to me, it coming from him against the *gré*, I perceive, of my Lord Treasurer, I was content therewith, and went out. All the talk of Scotland, where the highest report, I perceive, runs but upon three or four hundred in armes; but they believe that it will grow more, and do seem to apprehend it much, as if the King of France had a hand in it. My Lord Lauderdale do make nothing of it, it seems, and people do censure him for it, he from the beginning saying that there was nothing in it, whereas it do appear to be a pure rebellion; but no persons of quality being in it, all do hope that it cannot amount to much. Here I saw Mrs. Stewart this afternoon, methought the beautifullest creature that ever I saw in my life, more than ever I thought her, so often as I have seen her; and I do begin to think do exceed my Lady Castlemaine, at least now. This being St. Katherine's day, the Queen was at masse by seven o'clock this morning; and Mr. Ashburnham do say that he never saw any one have so much zeale in his life as she hath: and, the question being asked by my Lady Carteret, much beyond the bigotry that ever the old Queen-mother had. I spoke with Mr. May,[1] who tells me that the design of building the City do go on apace,[2] and by his description it will be mighty handsome, and to the satisfaction of the people; but I pray God it come not out too late. Mr. Ashburnham to-day at dinner told how the rich fortune Mrs. Mallett reports of her servants;[3] that my Lord Herbert[4] would have her; my Lord Hinchingbroke was indifferent to have her;[5] my Lord John Butler[6] might not have her; my Lord of Rochester would have forced her;[7] and Sir ——

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[1] "A Blow at Modern Sadducism, with an account of the Demon of Tedworth." 4to, London, 1666.

[2] This is the first line of "The Fairy Queen," which, with the air, is printed in the *Musical Miscellany*, Lond., 1729, vol. ii., p. 22.

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[1] Hugh May.

[2] The first brick laid after the fire was in Fleet Street, at the house of a plumber, to cast his lead in, only one room.—Rugge's *Diurnal.*

[3] *i. e.*, lovers.

[4] William Lord Herbert succeeded his father as sixth Earl of Pembroke, 1669. Ob. unmarried 1674.

[5] They had quarrelled. (See 26th Aug., *ante.*) She, perhaps, was piqued at Lord Hinchingbroke's refusal "to compass the thing without consent of friends" (see 25th Feb., *ante*), whence her expression, "indifferent" to have her. It is worthy of remark, that their children intermarried; Lord Hinchingbroke's son married Lady Rochester's daughter.

[6] Seventh son of the Duke of Ormond, created in 1676 Baron of Aghrim, Viscount of Clonmore, and Earl of Gowran. Ob. 1677, *s. p.*: see 4th Feb., *post.*

[7] Of the lady thus sought after, whom Pepys calls "a beauty," as well as a fortune, and who shortly afterwards, about the 4th Feb., 1667, became the wife of the Earl of Rochester, then not twenty years old, no authentic portrait is known to exist. When Mr. Miller of Albemarle Street, in 1811,

Popham,[1] who nevertheless is likely to have her, would do anything to have her.[2]

26th. Into the House of Parliament, where, at a great committee, I did hear, as long as I would, the great case against my Lord Mordaunt,[3] for some arbitrary proceedings of his against one Taylor, whom he imprisoned, and did all the violence to imaginable, only to get him to give way to his abusing his daughter. Here was Mr. Sawyer,[4] my old chamber-fellow, a counsel against my Lord; and I was glad to see him in so good

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proposed to publish an edition of the *Mémoires de Grammont*, he sent an artist to Windsor to copy there the portraits which he could find of those who figure in that work. In the list given to him for this purpose was the name of Lady Rochester. Not finding amongst the "Beauties," or elsewhere, any genuine portrait of her, but seeing that by Hamilton, she is absurdly styled "une triste héritière," the artist made a drawing from some unknown portrait at Windsor, of a lady of a sorrowful countenance, and palmed it off upon the bookseller. In the edition of Grammont it is not actually called Lady Rochester, but *la triste Héritière*. A similar falsification had been practised in Edward's edition of 1793, but a different portrait had been copied. It is needless, almost, to remark how ill applied is Hamilton's epithet

[1] Probably Sir Francis Popham, K.B.

[2] The expression in the original being indelicate, is softened.

[3] John Mordaunt, younger son to the first, and brother to the second Earl of Peterborough, having incurred considerable personal risk in endeavouring to promote the King's Restoration, was, in 1659, created Baron Mordaunt of Reigate, and Viscount Mordaunt of Avalon. He was brought to trial and acquitted but by one voice just before Cromwell's death. (*Quarterly Review*, vol. xix., p. 31.) He was soon afterwards made K.G., Lord-Lieutenant of Surrey, and Constable of Windsor Castle; which offices he held till his death, in 1675. In January, 1666–7, Lord Mordaunt was impeached by the House of Commons, for forcibly ejecting William Tayleur and his family from the apartments which they occupied in Windsor Castle, where Tayleur held some appointment, and imprisoning him, for having presumed to offer himself as a candidate for the borough of Windsor. Lord M. was also accused of improper conduct towards Tayleur's daughter. He, however, denied all these charges in his place in the House of Lords, and put in an answer to the articles of impeachment, for hearing which a day was absolutely fixed; but the Parliament being shortly afterwards prorogued, the inquiry seems to have been entirely abandoned, notwithstanding the vehemence with which the House of Commons had taken the matter up. Perhaps the King interfered in Lord Mordaunt's behalf; because Andrew Marvel, in his *Instructions to a Painter*, after saying,

> "Now Mordaunt may within his castle tower,
> Imprison parents and the child deflower,"

observes,

> "Each does the other blame, and all distrust,
> But Mordaunt, *new obliged*, would sure be just."

[4] Afterwards Sir Robert Sawyer, Attorney-General from 1681 to 1687. Ob. 1692. He had been admitted a Pensioner at Magdalene College, June, 1648.

play. Here I met, before the committee sat, with my cozen Roger Pepys, the first time I have spoke with him this parliament. He hath promised to come, and bring Madam Turner with him, who is come to town to see the City, but hath lost all her goods of all kinds in Salsbury Court, Sir William Turner having not endeavoured, in her absence, to save one penny, to dine with me on Friday next. Roger bids me to help him to some good rich widow; for he is resolved to go, and retire wholly, into the country; for, he says, he is confident we shall be all ruined very speedily, by what he sees in the State. No news from the North at all to-day; and the news-book makes the business nothing, but that they are all dispersed.

27th. At Sir G. Carteret's find my Lord Hinchingbroke, who promises to dine with me to-morrow, and bring Mr. Carteret along with him. To my Lord Crewe, and had some good discourse with him, he doubting that all will break in pieces in the kingdom; and that the taxes now coming out, which will tax the same man in three or four several capacities, as for land, office, profession, and money at interest, will be the hardest that ever came out; and do think that we owe it, and the lateness of its being given, wholly to the unpreparedness of the King's own party, to make their demand and choice; for they have obstructed the giving it by land-tax, which had been done long since. Having ended my visit, I spoke to Sir Thomas Crewe, to invite him and his brother John to dinner, to-morrow; and so homewards, calling at the cook's, who is to dress it, to bespeak him, and then home, and there set things in order for a very fine dinner.

28th. To White Hall; where, though it blows hard and rains hard, yet the Duke of York is gone a-hunting. We therefore lost our labour, and so to get things ready against dinner at home; and at noon comes my Lord Hinchingbroke, Sir Thomas Crewe, Mr. John Crewe, Mr. Carteret, and Brisband. I had six noble dishes for them, dressed by a man-cook, and commended, as indeed they deserved, for exceeding well done. We eat with great pleasure, and I enjoyed myself in it; eating in silver plates, and all things mighty rich and handsome about me. Till dark at dinner, and then broke up with great pleasure, especially to myself; and they away, only Mr. Carteret and I to Gresham College, where they meet now weekly again, and here they had good discourse how this late experiment of the dog, which is in perfect good health, may be improved for good uses to men. Here was Mr. Henry Howard, that will hereafter be Duke of Norfolk, who is admitted this day into the Society, and being a very proud man, and one that values himself upon his family, writes his name, as he do every where, Henry Howard of Norfolke.

29th. I late at the office, and all the news I hear I put into a letter this night to my Lord Brouncker at Chatham, thus:

"I doubt not of your Lordship's hearing of Sir Thomas Clifford's succeeding Sir H. Pollard[1] in the Comptrollership of the King's house; but perhaps our ill, but confirmed, tidings from the Barbadoes may not have reached you yet, it coming but yesterday; viz., that about eleven ships, whereof two of the King's, the Hope and Coventry, going thence with men to attack St. Christopher's, were seized by a violent hurricane, and all sunk—two only of thirteen escaping, and those with loss of masts, &c. My Lord Willoughby[2] himself is involved in the disaster, and I think two ships thrown upon an island of the French, and so all the men, to 500, become their prisoners. 'Tis said, too, that eighteen Dutch men-of-war are passed the Channell, in order to meet with our Smyrna ships; and some, I hear, do fright us with the King of Sweden's seizing our mast-ships at Gottenburgh. But we have too much ill news true, to afflict ourselves with what is uncertain. That which I hear from Scotland is, the Duke of York's saying, yesterday, that he is confident the Lieutenant-Generall there hath driven them into a pound, somewhere towards the mountains."

To show how mad we are at home, here, and unfit for any troubles: my Lord St. John did, a day or two since, openly pull a gentleman in Westminster Hall by the nose, one Sir Andrew Henly,[3] while the Judges were upon their benches, and the other gentleman did give him a rap over the pate with his cane, of which fray the Judges, they say, will make a great matter: men are only sorry the gentleman did proceed to return a blow; for, otherwise, my Lord would have been soundly fined for the affront, and may be yet for his affront to the Judges.

30th. To White Hall; and pretty to see, it being St. Andrew's day, how some few did wear St. Andrew's crosse; but most did make a mockery at it, and the House of Parliament, contrary to practice, did sit also: people having no mind to observe the Scotch saints' days till they hear better news from Scotland.

December 1st. Walking to the Old Swan, I did see a cellar in Tower Streete in a very fresh fire, the late great winds having blown it up.[1] It seemed to be only of logwood, that hath kept the fire all this while in it. Going further, I met my late Lord Mayor Bludworth, under whom the City was burned. But, Lord! the silly talk that this silly fellow had, only how ready he would be to part with all his estate in these difficult times to advocate the King's service, and complaining that now, as every body did lately in the fire, every body endeavours to save himself, and let the whole perish: but a very weak man he seems to be. By coach home, in the evening, calling at Faythorne's, buying three of my Lady Castlemaine's heads, printed this day,[2] which indeed is, as to the head, I think, a very fine picture, and like her. I did this afternoon get Mrs. Michell to let me only have a sight of a pamphlet lately printed, but suppressed and much called after, called "The Catholique's Apology;"[3] lamenting the severity of the Parliament against them, and comparing it with the lenity of other princes to Protestants; giving old and late instances of their loyalty to their princes, whatever is objected against them; and excusing their disquiets in Queen Elizabeth's time, for that it was impossible for them to think her a lawfull Queen, if Queen Mary, who had been owned as such, were so; one being the daughter of the true, and the other of a false wife: and that of the Gunpowder Treason, by saying that it was only the practice of some of us, if not the King, to trepan some of their religion into it, it never being defended by the generality of their Church, nor indeed known by them; and ends with a large Catalogue, in red letters, of the Catholiques which have lost their lives in the quarrel of the late King and this. The thing is very well writ indeed.

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[1] Sir Hugh Pollard, Bart., M.P. for Devonshire. Ob. Nov. 27, 1666.

[2] Francis Willoughby, fourth Lord Willoughby of Parham, drowned at Barbadoes, in 1666.

[3] Of Hartshill, Hants; and of Henley, Somersetshire. He was created a baronet in June, 1660, and died about 1675.

2d. (Lord's day.) My wife and I to Mr. Martin's, where find the company almost all come to the christening of Mrs. Martin's child, a girl. A great deal of good plain company. After sitting long, till the church was done, the Parson comes, and then we to christen the child. I was Godfather, and Mrs.

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[1] The fire continued burning in some cellars of the ruins of the City for four months, though it rained in the month of October ten days without ceasing.—Rugge's *Diurnal.*

[2] See 7th Nov., *ante.* A fine impression of this now very rare print was purchased for the Duke of Buckingham, at Bindley's sale, in 1819, for £79, and resold at the Stowe sale, in 1849, for £33.

[3] "An Apology in behalf of the Papists," by Roger Palmer, first Earl of Castlemaine. The piece has not his name, but it was answered by Lloyd, Bishop of St. Asaph, in 1667; and Lord Castlemaine and Robert Pugh, a secular priest, his assistant, published a reply to the Bishop, in 1668. Both the Earl's pamphlets were seized, by order of the House of Commons.—Walpole's *Noble Authors.*

Holder, her husband, a good man, I know well, and a pretty lady, that waits, it seems, on my Lady Bath,[1] at White Hall, her name, Mrs. Noble, were Godmothers. After the christening comes in the wine and the sweet-meats, and then to prate and tattle, and then very good company they were, and I among them. Here was old Mrs. Michell and Howlett, and several of the married women of the Hall, whom I knew mayds. Here was also Mrs. Burroughs and Mrs. Bales, the young widow, whom I led home, and having staid till the moon was up, I took my pretty gossip [2] to White Hall with us, and I saw her in her lodging, and then my own company again. Took coach, and no sooner in the coach but something broke, that we were fain there to stay till a smith could be fetched, which was above an hour, and then it costing me 6*s*. to mend. Away round by the wall and Cow Lane, for fear it should break again, and in pain about the coach all the way. I went to Sir W. Batten's, and there I hear more ill news still: that all our New England fleete, which went out lately, are put back a third time by foul weather, and dispersed, some to one port and some to another; and their convoys also to Plymouth; and whether any of them be lost or not, we do not know. This, added to all the rest, do lay us flat in our hopes and courages, every body prophesying destruction to the nation.

3d. Up, and, among a great many people that come to speak with me, one was my Lord Peterborough's gentleman, who comes to me to dun me to get some money advanced for my Lord; and I demanding what news, he tells me that at Court they begin to fear the business of Scotland more and more, and that the Duke of York intends to go to the North to raise an army, and that the King would have some of the nobility and others to go and assist; but they were so served the last year, among others his Lord, in raising forces at their own charge, for fear of the French invading us, that they will not be got out now, without money advanced to them by the King, and this is likely to be the King's case for certain, if ever he comes to have need of any army. By water to Westminster, and there to the Exchequer, and put my tallies in a way of doing for the last quarter. At noon home, more cheerful than I have been a good while, to hear that for certain the Scotch rebels are all routed; they having been so bold as to come within three miles of

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[1] Lady Bath was Rachel, daughter of Francis, Earl of Westmoreland, widow of Henry Bourchier, Earl of Bath. She afterwards married Lord Cranfield, third Earl of Middlesex.

[2] Mrs. Noble.

Edinburgh, and there given two or three repulses to the King's forces, but at last were mastered. Three or four hundred killed or taken, among which their leader, Wallis, and seven ministers, they having all taken the Covenant a few days before, and sworn to live and die in it, as they did; and so all is likely to be there quiet again. There is also the very good news come of four New-England ships come home safe to Falmouth with masts for the King; which is a blessing mighty unexpected, and without which, if for nothing else, we must have failed the next year. But God be praised for thus much good fortune, and send us the continuance of his favour in other things!

6th. After dinner, my wife and brother, in another habit,[1] go out to see a play; but I am not to take notice that I know of my brother's going. This day, in the Gazette, is the whole story of defeating of the Scotch rebells, and of the creation of the Duke of Cambridge, Knight of the Garter.[2]

7th. To the King's playhouse, where two acts were almost done when I come in; and there I sat with my cloak about my face, and saw the remainder of "The Mayd's Tragedy;" a good play, and well acted, especially by the younger Marshall, who is become a pretty good actor, and is the first play I have seen in either of the houses, since before the great plague, they having acted now about fourteen days publickly. But I was in mighty pain, lest I should be seen by any body to be at a play.

8th. The great Proviso passed the House of Parliament yesterday; which makes the King and Court mad, the King having given order to my Lord Chamberlain to send to the playhouses and brothels, to bid all the Parliament-men that were there to go to the Parliament presently. This is true, it seems; but it was carried against the Court by thirty or forty voices. It is a Proviso to the Poll Bill, that there shall be a Committee of nine persons that shall have the inspection upon oath, and power of giving others, of all the accounts of the money given and spent for this war. This hath a most sad face, and will breed very ill blood. He tells me, brought in by Sir Robert Howard,[3] who is one of the King's servants, at least hath a great office, and hath got, they say, £20,000 since the King come in. Mr. Pierce did also tell me as a great truth, as being told it by Mr. Cowly,[1] who was by, and heard it, that Tom Killigrew should publickly tell the King that his matters were coming into a very ill state; but that yet there was a way to help all. Says he, "There is a good, honest, able man, that I could name, that if your Majesty would employ, and command to see all things well executed, all things would soon be mended; and this is one Charles Stuart, who now spends his time in employing his lips about the Court, and hath no other employment; but if you would give him this employment, he were the fittest man in the world to perform it." This, he says, is most true; but the King do not profit by any of this, but lays all aside, and remembers nothing, but to his pleasures again; which is a sorrowful consideration. To the King's playhouse, and there did see a good part of "The English Monsieur,"[2] which is a mighty pretty play, very witty and pleasant. And the women do very well; but, above all, little Nelly,[3] that I am mightily pleased with the play, and much with the house, more than ever I expected, the women doing better than ever I expected, and very fine women. Here I was in pain to be seen, and hid myself; but, as God would have it, Sir John Chichly come, and sat just by me. I hear that this Proviso in Parliament is mightily ill taken by all the Court party as a mortal blow, and that, that strikes deep into the King's prerogative, which troubles me mightily. In much fear of ill news of our colliers. A fleete of two hundred sail, and fourteen Dutch men-of-war between them and us: and they coming home with small convoy; and the City in great want, coals being at £3 3*s*. per chaldron, as I am told. I saw smoke in the ruines this very day.

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[1] *i. e.*, without his canonicals.

[2] James, Earl and Duke of Cambridge, second son of the Duke of York, and one of the five boys who all died infants: at the time when he was created K.G., he was only three years and five months old. He died seven months afterwards.

[3] A younger son of Thomas Howard, first Earl of Berkshire; educated at Magdalene College, Cambridge; knighted at the Restoration, and chosen

9th. (Lord's day.) Up, not to church, but to my chamber, and there begun to enter into this book my journall for September, which in the fire-time I could not enter here, but in loose papers. At noon dined, and then to my chamber all the afternoon and night, looking over and tearing and burning all the unnecessary letters, which I have had upon my file for four or five years backward, which I intend to do quite through all

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M.P. for Stockbridge, and afterwards for Castle Rising. He was Auditor of the Exchequer, and a creature of Charles II., who employed him in cajoling the Parliament for money. He published some poems, plays, and political tracts. Ob. 1698.

[1] Abraham Cowley, the poet.

[2] A Comedy, by the Hon. James Howard, printed in 4to, 1674.

[3] She played Lady Wealthy.

my papers, that I may have nothing by me but what is worth keeping, and fit to be seen, if I should miscarry.

10th. Captain Cocke, with whom I walked in the garden, tells me how angry the Court is at the late Proviso brought in by the House. How still my Lord Chancellor is, not daring to do or say any thing to displease the Parliament; that the Parliament is in a very ill humour, and grows every day more and more so; and that the unskilfulness of the Court, and their difference among one another, is the occasion of all not agreeing in what they would have, and so they give leisure and occasion to the other part to run away with what the Court would not have.

11th. To St. Clement's Church, to Mrs. Turner's lodgings, hard by, to take our leaves of her. She is returning to the North to her children, whereby, I perceive, her husband hath clearly got the mastery of her, and she is likely to spend her days there.[1] Here were several people come to see and take leave of her, she going to-morrow: among others, my Lady Mordant,[2] which was Betty Turner, a most homely widow, but young, and pretty rich, and good-natured. This day the Poll Bill was to be passed, and great endeavours used to take away the Proviso.

12th Sir H. Cholmly did with grief tell me how the Parliament hath been told plainly that the King hath been heard to say, that he would dissolve them rather than pass this Bill with the Proviso; but tells me, that the Proviso is removed, and now carried that it shall be done by a Bill by itself. He tells me how the King hath lately paid above £30,000, to clear debts of my Lady Castlemaine's; and that she and her husband are parted for ever, upon good terms, never to trouble one another more. He says that he hears £400,000 hath gone into the Privy-purse since this war; and that it is that hath consumed so much of our money, and makes the King and Court so mad to be brought to discover it. The very good news is just come of our four ships from Smyrna, come safe without convoy even into the Downes, without seeing any enemy; which is the best, and indeed only considerable good news to our Exchange, since the burning of the City; and it is strange to see how it do cheer up men's hearts. Here I saw shops now come to be in this Exchange, and met little Batelier, who sits here but at £3 per annum, whereas he sat at the other at £100, which he says he believes will prove of as good account to him now as the other did at that rent. From the 'Change to Captain Cocke's, and there, by agreement, dined, and there was Charles Porter, Temple Fenn, De Busty, whose bad English and pleasant discourses was exceeding good entertainment, Matt Wren, Major Cooper, and myself, mighty merry and pretty discourse. They talk for certain, that now the King do follow Mrs. Stewart wholly, and my Lady Castlemaine not above once a-week; that the Duke of York do not haunt my Lady Denham so much; that she troubles him with matters of State, being of my Lord Bristoll's faction, and that he avoids; that she is ill still. News this day from Brampton, of Mr. Ensum, my sister's sweetheart, being dead: a clowne.

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[1] John Turner, here alluded to, was the eldest son and heir of Sir William Turner, Lord Mayor of London in 1669, better known as the munificent founder of Kirkleatham Hospital, in Yorkshire, whose monument is still to be seen in Kirkleatham Church, and in the Hospital a likeness of him in wax-work, with the identical wig and band he wore. In the east window of the Hospital Chapel also is a stained-glass portrait of him in his mayoralty robes, and one of his eldest son. John Turner was brought up to the bar, and became a Serjeant-at-law, and purchased an estate in the district of Cleveland. Besides his daughter Theophila, mentioned so often, he had issue two sons, Charles and William, from the eldest of whom descended the late Sir Charles Turner, of Kirkleatham, the second baronet of the family, and the last heir male of his race. He died in 1810. See an account of the family in *The Genealogist and Topographer*, Part vi.

[2] Sir Charles Mordaunt, of Massingham, Norfolk, the fourth baronet of his family, espoused Elizabeth, daughter and co-heir of Nicholas Johnson, of London, niece to Sir W. Turner, above-mentioned, who is the person here alluded to by Pepys. She re-married Francis Godolphin, of Colston, Wilts.—Wotton's *Baronetage.*

13th. Met Captain Cocke, and had a second time his direction to bespeak £100 of plate, which I did at Sir R. Viner's, being twelve plates more, and something else I have to choose. W. Hewer dined with me, and showed me a Gazette,[1] in Aprill last, which I wonder should never be

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[1] The *Gazette* of April 23–26, 1666, which contains the following remarkable passage:—

"At the Sessions in the Old Bailey, John Rathbone, an old Army Colonel, William Saunders, Henry Tucker, Thomas Flint, Thomas Evans, John Myles, Will. Westcot, and John Cole, officers or soldiers in the late Rebellion, were indicted for conspiring the death of his Majesty, and the overthrow of the Government. Having laid their plot and contrivance for the surprisal of the Tower, the killing his Grace the Lord General, Sir John Robinson, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Sir Richard Brown: and then to have declared for an equal division of lands, &c. *The better to effect this hellish design, the City was to have been fired*, and the portcullis let down to keep out all assistance; and the Horse Guard to have been surprised in the Inns where they were quartered, several ostlers having been gained for that purpose. The Tower was accordingly viewed, and its surprise ordered by boats over the moat, and from thence to scale the wall. One Alexander, not yet taken, had likewise distributed money to remembered by any body, which tells how several persons were then tried for their lives, and were found guilty of a design of killing the King and destroying the Government; and as a means to it, to burn the City; and that the day intended for the plot was the 3d of last September. And the fire did indeed break out on the 2d of September, which is very strange, methinks, and I shall remember it. Sir W. Warren and Mr. Moore both tell me that my Lord Sandwich is called home, and that he do grow more and more in esteem everywhere, and is better spoken of.

14th. By coach to White Hall, seeing many smokes of the fire by the way yet, and took up into the coach with me a country gentleman, who asked me room to go with me, it being dirty—one come out of the North to see his son, after the burning of his house: a merchant here. Endeavoured to wait on the Duke of York, but he would not stay from the Parliament. Met my good friend Mr. Evelyn, and walked with him a good while, lamenting our condition for want of good council, and the King's minding of his business and servants. The house sat till three o'clock, and then up: and I home with Sir Stephen Fox to his house to dinner, and the Cofferer[1] with us. There I find Sir S. Fox's lady, a fine woman, and seven the prettiest children of their's that ever I knew almost. A very genteel dinner, and in great state and fashion, and excellent discourse; and nothing like an old experienced man and a courtier, and such is the Cofferer

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these conspirators, and, for the carrying on the design more effectually, they were told of a Council of the great ones that sat frequently in London, from whom issued all orders; which Council received their directions from another in Holland, who sat with the States; and that *the third of September* was pitched on for the attempt, as being found by Lilly's Almanack, and a scheme erected for that purpose, to be a lucky day, a planet then ruling which prognosticated the downfall of Monarchy. The evidence against these persons was very full and clear, and they were accordingly found guilty of High Treason." See 10th Nov., 1666, *ante*.

[1] William Ashburnham, younger brother of John Ashburnham, and first cousin of the Duke of Buckingham. He was an officer of distinction in the King's Army during the Civil War, and, after the Restoration, made Cofferer of the Household to Charles II. Ob. *s. p.* 1671. He married the "young, beautiful, and rich widow" of James Ley, Earl of Marlborough, Lord High Treasurer of England, to whom she was third wife. She was the daughter of John, Lord Butler, of Bramfield, by Elizabeth Villiers, sister of the first Duke of Buckingham, and therefore nearly related to William Ashburnham. A splendid monument to William Ashburnham, and to the Countess of Marlborough, with whom he lived happily for nearly forty-five years, is in Ashburnham Church.

Ashburnham. The House have been mighty hot to-day against the Paper Bill, showing all manner of averseness to give the King money; which these courtiers do take mighty notice of, and look upon the others as bad rebells as ever the last were. But the courtiers did carry it against those men upon a division of the House, a great many, that it should be committed; and so it was: which they reckon good news. Home, where I find Foundes his present, of a fair pair of candlesticks, and half a dozen of plates come, which cost him full £50, and is a very pretty present; and here I met with, sealed up, from Sir H. Cholmly, the lampoon, or the mocke-advice to a paynter, abusing the Duke of York and my Lord Sandwich, Pen, and every body, and the King himself, and all the matters of the navy and war. I am sorry for my Lord Sandwich's having so great a part in it.

15th. To the office, where my Lord Brouncker, newly come to town, from his being at Chatham and Harwich to spy enormities: and at noon I with him and his lady, Williams, to Captain Cocke's; where a good dinner, and very merry. Good news to-day upon the Exchange, that our Hamburgh fleete is got in; and good hopes that we may soon have the like of our Gottenburgh, and then we shall be well for this winter. And by and by comes in Matt Wren[1] from the Parliament-house; and tells us that he and all his party of the House, which is the Court party, are fools, and have been made so this day by the wise men of the other side; for, after the Court party had carried it yesterday so powerfully for the Paper Bill,[2] yet now it is laid aside wholly, and to be supplied by a land-tax; which it is true will do well, and will be the sooner finished, which was the great argument for the doing of it. But then it shows them fools, that they would not permit this to have been done six weeks ago, which they might have had. And next, they have parted with the Paper Bill, which, when once begun, might have proved a very good flower in the Crowne, as any there. So they are truly outwitted by the other side.

16th. (Lord's day.) To White Hall, and there walked up and down to the Queen's side, and there saw my dear Lady Castlemaine, who continues admirable, methinks, and I do not hear but that the King is the same to her still as ever. Anon to chapel, by the King's closet, and heard a very good anthem. Then with Lord Brouncker to Sir W. Coventry's chamber; and there we sat with him and talked. He is weary of anything to do, he says, in the Navy. He tells us this Committee of Accounts will enquire sharply into our office. To Sir P. Neale's chamber; Sir Edward Walker being there, and telling us how he hath lost many fine rolls of antiquity in heraldry by the late fire, but hath saved the most of his papers. Here was also Dr. Wallis,[1] the famous scholar and mathematician; but he promises little. Lord Brouncker tells me, that he do not believe the Duke of York will go to sea again, though there are many about the King that would be glad of any occasion to take him out of the world, he standing in their ways; and seemed to mean the Duke of Monmouth, who spends his time the most viciously and idle of any man, nor will be fit for any thing; yet he speaks as if it were not impossible but the King would own him for his son, and that there was a marriage between his mother and him; and that nothing can help us but the King's making a peace soon as he hath this money; and thereby putting himself out of debt, and so becoming a good husband, and then he will neither need this nor any other Parliament, till he can have one to his mind: for no Parliament can, as he says, be kept long good, but that they will spoil one another, and that therefore it hath been the practice of kings to tell Parliaments what he hath for them to do, and give them so long time to do it in, and no longer.

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[1] See March 7, 1666, *ante*.

[2] It was called "a Bill for raising part of the supply for his Majesty by an imposition on Sealed Paper and Parchment."

17th. Comes Mr. Cæsar,[2] and then Goodgroome,[3] and, what with one and the other, nothing but musique with me this morning, to my content; and the more, to see that God Almighty hath put me into condition to bear the charge of all this. So out to the 'Change, and did a little business, and then home, where they two musicians and Mr. Cooke come to see me, and Mercer to go along with my wife this afternoon to a play. My wife well home in the evening from the play; which I was glad of, it being cold and dark, and she having her necklace of pearl on, and none but Mercer with her. Spent the evening in fitting my books, to have the number set upon each, in order to my having an alphabet of my whole, which will be of great ease to me.

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[1] John Wallis, S.T.P., F.R.S., Savilian Professor of Geometry. Ob. 1703, aged 87.

[2] Mr. Cæsar seems to have been a composer. Some of his songs are in different collections of the time, under the name of William Cæsar, *alias* Smegergill.

[3] John Goodgroome, a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal, and a composer of songs, printed in the *Treasury of Music.*—Hawkins's *Hist. of Music.* There are also some of his songs in one of Playford's *Collections.*

18th. I hear the ill news that poor Batters, that had been born and bred a seaman, and brought up his ship from sea but yesterday, was, going down from me to his ship, drowned in the Thames, which is a sad fortune, and do make me afraid, and will do, more than ever I was.

19th. Talked of the King's family with Mr. Hingston, the organist. He says many of the musique are ready to starve, they being five years behind-hand for their wages: nay, Evens, the famous man upon the Harp, having not his equal in the world, did the other day die for mere want, and was fain to be buried at the almes of the parish, and carried to his grave in the dark at night without one linke, but that Mr. Hingston met it by chance, and did give 12*d.* to buy two or three links. Thence I up to the Lords' House to enquire for my Lord Bellassis; and there hear how at a conference this morning between the two Houses about the business of the Canary Company, my Lord Buckingham leaning rudely over my Lord Marquis Dorchester,[1] my Lord Dorchester removed his elbow. Duke of Buckingham asked him whether he was uneasy; Dorchester replied, yes, and that he durst not do this were he any where else: Buckingham replied, yes he would, and that he was a better man than himself; Dorchester said that he lyed. With this Buckingham struck off his hat, and took him by his periwigg, and pulled it aside, and held him. My Lord Chamberlain and others interposed, and, upon coming into the House, the Lords did order them both to the Tower, whither they are to go this afternoon. I down into the Hall, and there the Lieutenant of the Tower[2] took me with him, and would have me to the Tower to dinner; where I dined at the head of his table, next his lady,[3] who is comely and seeming sober and stately, but very proud and very cunning, or I am mistaken, and wanton, too. This day's work will bring the Lieutenant of the Tower £350. Thence home, and upon Tower Hill saw about 3 or 400 seamen get together; and one, standing upon a pile of bricks, made his sign, with his handkercher, upon his stick, and called all the rest to him, and several shouts they gave. This made me afraid; so I got home as fast as I could.

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[1] Henry Pierrepont, second Earl of Kingston, created Marquis of Dorchester, 1645. Ob. 1680. See an account of this quarrel in Lord Clarendon's *Life*, vol. iii., p. 153, edit. 1827.

[2] Sir John Robinson.

[3] Anne, daughter of Sir George Whitmore.

But by and by Sir W. Batten and Sir R. Ford do tell me, that the seamen have been at some prisons, to release some seamen, and the Duke of Albemarle is in armes, and all the Guards at the other end of the town; and the Duke of Albemarle is gone with some forces to Wapping, to quell the seamen; which is a thing of infinite disgrace to us. I sat long talking with them; and, among other things, Sir R. Ford make me understand how the House of Commons is a beast not to be understood, it being impossible to know beforehand the success almost of any small plain thing, there being so many to think and speak to any business, and they of so uncertain minds and interests and passions. He did tell me, and so did Sir W. Batten, how Sir Allen Brodericke[1] and Sir Allen Apsly[2] did come drunk the other day into the House, and did both speak for half an hour together, and could not be either laughed, or pulled, or bid to sit down and hold their peace, to the great contempt of the King's servants and cause; which I am grieved at with all my heart.

20th. Home to dinner, where was Balty come, who is well again. Here dined with me also Mrs. Batters, poor woman! now left a sad widow by the drowning of her husband the other day. I pity her, and will do her what kindness I can. Out with Balty, setting him down at the Maypole,[1] in the Strand.

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[1] Sir Alan Broderick died on the 28th November, 1680, and was interred at Wandsworth, on the 3rd December, when his funeral sermon was preached by Nathaniel Resbury, D.D., incumbent of the parish. The following extracts from the discourse, which, though printed, is very scarce, may throw some light on the knight's character, and, from their quaintness, are interesting. "In the first place, therefore, I might be very well allow'd to begin with that usual head of panegyrick, where the subject could well bear it, viz., the quality of his birth and extract, and so give you his lineage in a long series of worthy and honorable ancestry, who from time immemorial had liv'd in the Registry of Honour in the Northern parts, till his own father, by the occasion of a noble trust, viz., the Lieutenancy of the Tower of London, came to add warmth to our Southern clime, and bless'd this place not only with his own and his religious Lady's presence and vertues, (whose names and memories are still fragrant in those odours of goodness wherein they had been so plentifully scented in life) but with a numerous and valuable progeny, amongst whom was this wonder both of greatness and goodness. . . . . . I will readily acknowledge (and why, indeed, should I scruple to own what himself with such repeated contrition and brokenness of spirit would to all sober ears so freely and heartily condemn himself for?) that a long scene of his life had been acted off in the sports and follies of sin: if I may use his own words, it was a pagan and abandoned way he had sometime pursu'd, scepticism itself not excepted. . . . . . He had for many years practis'd in the politicks of this nation, and having so nearly attacht himself to one of the greatest Ministers of State [Lord Chancellor Clarendon] that this kingdom ever knew, (whose mistaken wisdom and integrity perhaps hath been since better understood by the want of him) made himself no small figure in the administration." The Lords Midleton are descended from Sir St. John Broderick, a younger brother of Sir Alan.

[2] See 4th July, 1663.

21st. I spent all the afternoon in putting some things, pictures especially, in order, and pasting my Lady Castlemaine's print on a frame, which I have made handsome, and is a fine piece.

22d. News from Hogg that our shipp hath brought in a Lubecker to Portsmouth, likely to prove prize, of deals.

23d. (Lord's day.) To church, where a vain fellow with a periwigg preached, Chaplain, as by his prayer appeared, to the Earl of Carlisle.[2]

24th. It being frost and dry, as far as Paul's, and so back again through the City by Guildhall, observing the ruins thereabouts, till I did truly lose myself. I this morning did buy me a pair of green spectacles, to see whether they will help my eyes or no. So to the 'Change, and went to the Upper 'Change, which is almost as good as the old one; only shops are but on one side. No news yet of our Gottenburgh fleete; which makes us have some fears, it being of mighty concernment to have our supply of masts safe. I met with Mr. Cade to-night, my stationer; and he tells me that he hears for certain that the Queen-Mother is about and hath near finished a peace with France, which, as a Presbyterian, he do not like, but seems to fear it will be a means to introduce Popery.

25th. (Christmas day.) Lay pretty long in bed, and then rose, leaving my wife desirous to sleep, having sat up till four this morning, seeing her maids make mince-pies. I to church, where our parson Mills made a good sermon. Then home, and dined well on some good ribbs of beef roasted, and mince pies; only my wife, brother, and Barker, and plenty of good wine of my own, and my heart full of true joy; and thanks to God Almighty for the goodness of my condition at this day. After dinner, I begun to teach my wife and Barker my song, "It is decreed," which pleases me mightily. Walked alone on foot to the Temple, thinking to have seen a play all alone; but there, missing of any bills, concluded there was none, and so back home; and there with my brother reducing the names of all my books to an alphabet, and then to supper and to bed.

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[1] The Maypole stood somewhat to the east of the ancient Cross, opposite to Chester Inn, close to the site of the church of St. Mary-le-Strand. In 1717, it was begged by Sir Isaac Newton, and removed to Wanstead, where it was used in raising the largest telescope then known. See 1st June, 1663, note.

[2] Charles Howard, created Earl of Carlisle 1661, employed on several Embassies, and Governor of Jamaica. Ob. 1684.

26th. To the Duke's house, to a play. It was indifferently done, Gosnell not singing, but a new wench, that sings naughtily. Thence home, and there Mr. Andrews to the vyall, who plays most excellently on it. Thence to dance, here being Penbleton come, by my wife's direction, and a fiddler; and we got, also, the elder Batelier to-night, and Nan Wright, and mighty merry we were, and danced; and so till twelve at night, and to supper, and then to cross purposes, mighty merry, and then to bed.

27th. Up; and called up by the King's trumpets, which cost me 10*s.* By coach to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Scornful Lady" well acted; Doll Common[1] doing Abigail most excellently, and Knipp the widow very well, and will be an excellent actor, I think. In other parts the play not so well done as need be, by the old actors. This day a house or two was blown up with powder in the Minorys, and several people spoiled, and many dug out from under the rubbish.

28th. I to my Lord Crewe's, where I find and hear the news how my Lord's brother, Mr. Nathaniel Crewe, hath an estate of 6 or £700 per annum, left him by the death of an old acquaintance of his, but not akin to him at all. And this man is dead without will, but had, about ten years since, made over his estate to this Mr. Crewe, to him and his heirs for ever, and given Mr. Crewe the keeping of the deeds in his own hand all this time; by which, if he would, he might have taken present possession of the estate, for he knew what they were. This is as great an action of confident friendship as this latter age, I believe, can show. From hence to the Duke's House, and there saw "Macbeth" most excellently acted, and a most excellent play for variety. I had sent for my wife to meet me there, who did come: so I did go to White Hall, and got my Lord Bellassis to get me into the playhouse; and there, after all staying above an hour for the players, the King and all waiting, which was absurd, saw "Henry the Fifth" well done by the Duke's people, and in most excellent habits, all new vests, being put on but this night. But I sat so high and far off, that I missed most of the words, and sat with a wind coming into my back and neck, which did much trouble me The play continued till twelve at night; and then up, and a most horrid cold night it was, and frosty, and moonshine.

29th. Called up with news from Sir W. Batten that Hogg hath brought in two prizes more: and so I thither, and hear the particulars, which are good; one of them, if prize, being worth £4,000: for which God be thanked! Then to the office, and have the news brought us of Captain Robinson's coming with his fleete from Gottenburgh: dispersed, though, by foul weather. But he hath light of five Dutch men-of-war, and taken three, whereof one is sunk; which is very good news to close up the year with, and most of our merchant-men already heard of to be safely come home, though after long lookings-for, and now to several ports, as they could make them.

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[1] Mrs. Corey. See 15th Jan., 1668-9.

30th. (Lord's day.) To church. Here was a collection for the sexton; but it come into my head why we should be more bold in making the collection while the psalm is singing, than in the sermon or prayer.

31st. To my accounts, wherein, at last, I find them clear and right; but, to my great discontent, do find that my gettings this year have been £573 less than my last: it being this year in all but £2,986; whereas, the last, I got £3,560. And then again my spendings this year have exceeded my spendings the last by £644: my whole spendings last year being but £509; whereas this year, it appears, I have spent £1,154, which is a sum not fit to be said that ever I should spend in one year, before I am master of a better estate than I am. Yet, blessed be God! and I pray God make me thankful for it, I do find myself worth in money, all good, above £6,200; which is above £1,800 more than I was the last year. Thus ends this year of publick wonder and mischief to this nation, and, therefore, generally wished by all people to have an end. Myself and family well, having four maids and one clerk, Tom, in my house, and my brother, now with me, to spend time in order to his preferment. Our health all well, publick matters in a most sad condition; seamen discouraged for want of pay, and are become not to be governed: nor, as matters are now, can any fleete go out next year. Our enemies, French and Dutch, great, and grow more by our poverty. The Parliament backward in raising, because jealous of the spending of the money; the City less and less likely to be built again, every body settling elsewhere, and nobody encouraged to trade. A sad, vicious, negligent Court, and all sober men there fearful of the ruin of the whole kingdom this next year; from which, good God deliver us! One thing I reckon remarkable in my own condition is, that I am come to abound in good plate, so as at all entertainments to be served wholly with silver plates, having two dozen and a half.

## 1666–7

January 1st. Lay long, being a bitter, cold, frosty day, the frost being now grown old, and the Thames covered with ice.

2d. My wife up, and with Mrs. Pen to walk in the fields to frost-bite themselves. I find the Court full of great apprehensions of the French, who have certainly shipped landsmen, great numbers at Brest; and most of our people here guess his design for Ireland. We have orders to send all the ships we can possible to the Downes, every day bringing us news of new mutinies among the seamen; so that our condition is like to be very miserable. Mr. George Montagu tells me of the King displeasing the House of Commons by evading their Bill for examining Accounts, and putting it into a Commission, though therein he hath left out Coventry and ——[1], and named all the rest the Parliament named, and all country Lords, not one Courtier: this do not please them. He finds the enmity almost over for my Lord Sandwich. Up to the Painted Chamber, and there heard a conference between the House of Lords and Commons about the Wine Patent; which I was exceeding glad to be at, because of my hearing exceeding good discourses, but especially from the Commons; among others, Mr. Swinfen,[2] and a young man, one Sir Thomas Meres:[3] and do outdo the Lords infinitely. Alone to the King's House, and there saw "The Custom of the Country,"[4] the second time of its being acted, wherein Knipp does the Widow well; but, of all the plays that ever I did see, the worst—having neither plot, language, nor any thing in the earth that is acceptable; only Knipp sings a song admirably.

3d. By invitation to dinner to Sir W. Pen's, where my Lord Brouncker, Sir W. Batten, and his lady, myself, and wife, Sir J. Minnes, and Mr. Turner. Indifferent merry, to which I contributed the most, but a mean dinner, and in a mean manner. This day, I hear, hath been a conference between the two Houses about the Bill for examining Accounts, wherein the House of Lords their proceedings in petitioning the

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[1] A blank in the MS.

[2] See 10th Nov., 1662.

[3] M.P. for Lincoln, made a Commissioner of the Admiralty, 1679.

[4] A play by Beaumont and Fletcher, founded on an old feudal custom, to which there is no need to allude more particularly. See Evelyn's character of it, and of its grossness.

King for doing it by Commission are, in great heat, voted by the Commons, after the conference, unparliamentary.

4th. Comes our company to dinner; my Lord Brouncker, Sir W. Pen, his lady, and Pegg, and her servant, Mr. Lowther.[1] I had good room for ten, and no more would my table have held well, had Sir J. Minnes, who had fallen lame, and his sister, and niece, and Sir W. Batten come, which was a great content to me to be without them. I did make them all gaze to see themselves served so nobly in plate, and a neat dinner, indeed, though but of seven dishes. My Lady Batten home, her ague-fit coming on her at table. At night to sup, and then to cards; and, last of all, to have a flaggon of ale and apples, drunk out of a wood cup,[2] as a Christmas draught, which made all merry; and they full of admiration at my plate. Mr. Lowther a pretty gentleman, too good for Peg. Sir W. Pen was much troubled to hear the song I sung, "The New Droll"[3]—it touching him home.

5th. With my wife to the Duke's house, and there saw "Mustapha," a most excellent play.

6th. (Lord's day.) To church, where a dull doctor, a stranger, made a dull sermon. Young Michell and I, it being an excellent frosty day, did walk out. He showed me the baker's house in Pudding Lane, where the late great fire begun: and thence all along Thames Street, where I did view several places, and so up by London Wall, by Blackfriars, to Ludgate; and thence to Bridewell, which I find to have been heretofore an extraordinary good house, and a fine coming to it, before the house by the bridge was built; and so to look about St. Bride's church and my father's house, and so walked home.

7th. Lord Brouncker tells me that my Lady Denham is at last dead. Some suspect her poisoned, but it will be best known when her body is opened to-day, she dying yesterday morning. The Duke of York is troubled for her; but hath declared he will never have another public mistress again; which I shall be glad of, and would the King would do the like. He tells me how the Parliament is grown so jealous of the King's being unfayre to them in the business of the Bill for examining Accounts, Irish Bill, and the business of the Papists, that they will not pass the business for money till they see themselves secure that those Bills will pass; which they do observe the Court to keep off till all the Bills come together, that the King may accept what he pleases, and what he pleases to object to. He tells me how Mr. Henry Howard, of Norfolke, hath given[1] our Royal Society all his grandfather's library:[2] which noble gift they value at £1,000; and gives them accommodation to meet in at his house, Arundell House, they being now disturbed at Gresham College. To the Duke's house, and saw "Macbeth," which, though I saw it lately, yet appears a most excellent play in all respects, but especially in divertisement, though it be a deep tragedy; which is a strange perfection in a tragedy, it being most proper here, and suitable.

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[1] See 11th Jan., 1666.

[2] A mazer cup, generally of wood, of a quadrangular form, with a handle on each of the sides. See a curious note on mazers, used as large drinking cups or goblets, in Sir Walter Scott's *Poetical Works*, p. 488, edit. 1848.

[3] There is a song called "The New Droll," in a scarce volume, entitled *The Loyal Garland*, printed for T. Perssinger, at the Three Bibles, on London Bridge, 1686: see *Fugitive Tracts*, published by the Percy Society, in 1849.

8th. My uncle Thomas with me to receive his quarterage. He tells me his son Thomas is set up in Smithfield, where he hath a shop—I suppose, a booth. Saw the catalogue of my books, which my brother hath wrote out, now perfectly alphabeticall.

9th. In a hackney-coach to White Hall, the way being most horribly bad upon the breaking up of the frost, so as not to be passed almost. I do hear, by my Lord Brouncker, that for certain Sir W. Coventry hath resigned his place of Commissioner; which I believe he hath done upon good grounds of security to himself, from all the blame which must attend our office this next year; but I fear the King will suffer by it. Thence to Westminster Hall, and there to the conference of the Houses about the word "Nuisance,"[3] which the Commons would have, and the Lords will not, in the Irish Bill. The Commons do it professedly to prevent the King's dispensing with it; which Sir Robert Howard and others did expressly repeat often: viz., "that no King ever could do any thing which was hurtful to his people." Now the Lords did argue, that it was an ill precedent, and that which will ever hereafter be used as a way of preventing the King's dispensation with acts; and therefore rather advise to pass the Bill without that word, and let it go accompanied with a petition to the King, that he will not dispense with it; this being a more civil way to the King. They answered well, that this do imply that the King should pass their Bill, and yet with design to dispense with it; which is to suppose the King guilty of abusing them. And more, they produce precedents for it; namely, that against new buildings, and about leather, where the word "Nuisance" is used to the purpose: and further, that they do not rob the King of any right he ever had, for he never had a power to do hurt to his people, nor would exercise it; and therefore there is no danger, in the passing this Bill, of imposing on his prerogative; and concluded, that they think they ought to do this, so as the people may really have the benefit of it when it is passed, for never any people could expect so reasonably to be indulged something from a King, they having already given him so much money, and are likely to give more. Thus they broke up, both adhering to their opinions; but the Commons seemed much more full of judgment and reason than the Lords. Then the Commons made their Report to the Lords of their vote, that their Lordships' proceedings in the Bill for examining Accounts were unparliamentary; they having, while a Bill was sent up to them from the Commons about the business, petitioned his Majesty that he would do the same thing by his Commission. They did give their reasons: viz., that it had no precedent; that the King ought not to be informed of any thing passing in the Houses till it comes to a Bill; that it will wholly break off all correspondence between the two Houses, and in the issue wholly infringe the very use and being of Parliaments. Thence to Faythorne, and bought a head or two; one of them my Lord of Ormond's, the best I ever saw. To Arundell House, where first the Royal Society meet, by the favour of Mr. Harry Howard, who was there. And here was a great meeting of worthy noble persons; but my Lord Brouncker, who pretended to make a congratulatory speech upon their coming hither, and great thanks to Mr. Howard, did do it in the worst manner in the world.

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[1] At Evelyn's suggestion.

[2] Thomas, Earl of Arundel. Mr. Howard gave the Society all the printed books: but the MSS. he divided between the Society and the College of Arms. Of the latter portion a catalogue has been privately printed by Sir Charles George Young, the present Garter King of Arms. In the year 1831, an arrangement was made between the Trustees of the British Museum and the Royal Society, the consent of the late Duke of Norfolk having been obtained, by which the Society's portion of the MSS. was transferred to the Museum, where they are now preserved for public use, and known as the Arundel MSS. A very full catalogue of them has been published by the Trustees. This arrangement enabled the Royal Society to add materially to the scientific part of their library.

[3] In the "Bill against importing Cattle from Ireland and other parts beyond the Seas," the Lords proposed to insert "Detriment and Mischief" instead of "Nuisance." The Lords finally consented that the latter word should stand in the Bill.—*Commons' Journals.*

11th. Sir W. Warren told me, how my Lord Brouncker should take notice of the two flaggons[1] he saw at my house at dinner, at my late feast, and merrily, yet I know enviously, said, I could not come honestly by them. This I am glad to hear, though vexed to see his ignoble soul, but I shall beware of him, and yet it is fit he should see I am no mean fellow, but can live in the world, and have something.

14th. Busy till night, pleasing myself mightily to see what a deal of business goes off of a man's hands when he stays by it. Sir W. Batten tells me, the Lords do agree at last with the Commons about the word "Nuisance" in the Irish Bill, and do desire a good correspondence between the two Houses; and that the King do intend to prorogue them the last of this month.

15th. This afternoon, Knipp acts Mrs. Weaver's great part in "The Indian Emperour,"[2] and is coming on to be a great actor. But I am so fell to my business, that I, though against my inclination, will not go.

16th. Sir W. Coventry came to me aside in the Duke's chamber, to tell that he had not answered part of a late letter of mine, because *littera scripta manet*. About his leaving the office, he tells me, it is because he finds that his business at Court will not permit him to attend it; and then he confesses that he seldom of late could come from it with satisfaction, and therefore would not take the King's money for nothing. I professed my sorrow for it, and prayed the continuance of his favour; which he promised. I do believe he hath acted like a very wise man in reference to himself; but I doubt it will prove ill for the King, and for the office. Prince Rupert, I hear, is very ill; yesterday given over, but better to-day. Then with the Duke of York to the King, to receive his commands for stopping the sale this day of some prize-goods at the Prize-Office, fit for the Navy; and received the King's commands, and carried them to the Lords' House, to my Lord Ashly, who was angry much thereat, and I am sorry it fell to me to carry the order. So, against his will, he signed a note I writ to the Commissioners of Prizes, which I carried and delivered to Kingdone, at their new office in Aldersgate Streete. Sir Stephen Fox, among other things, told me his whole mystery in the business of the interest he pays as Treasurer for the Army. They give him 12*d.* per pound quite through the Army, with condition to be paid weekly. This he undertakes upon his own private credit, and to be paid by the King at the end of every four months. If the King pay him not at the end of every four months, then, for all the time he stays longer, my Lord Treasurer, by agreement, allows him eight per cent. per annum for the forbearance. So that, in fine, he hath about twelve per cent. from the King and the Army, for fifteen or sixteen months' interest; out of which he gains soundly, his expense being about £130,000 per annum; and hath no trouble in it, compared, as I told him, to the trouble I must have to bring in an account of interest. After supper, my wife told me how she had moved to W. Hewer the business of my sister for a wife to him, which he received with mighty acknowledgements, as she says, above anything; but says he hath no intention to alter his condition: so that I am in some measure sorry she ever moved it; but I hope he will think it only come from her. Talk there is of a letter to come from Holland, desiring a place of treaty; but I do doubt it. This day I observe still, in many places, the smoking remains of the late fire: the ways mighty bad and dirty. This night Sir R. Ford told me how this day, at Christ Church Hospital, they have given a living of £200 per annum to Mr. Sanchy, my old acquaintance, which I wonder at, he commending him mightily; but am glad of it. He tells me, too, how the famous Stillingfleete[1] was a Blue-coat boy.

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[1] Presented by Mr. Gauden: see 28th July, 1664.

[2] "The Indian Emperor," by J. Dryden, intended as a sequel to "The Indian Queen."

18th. This morning come Captain Cocke to me, and tells me that the King comes to the House this day to pass the Poll Bill and the Irish Bill; and that, though the Faction is very froward in the House, yet all will end well there. But he says that one had got a Bill ready to present in the House against Sir W. Coventry, for selling of places, and says he is certain of it, and how he was withheld from doing it. He says, that the Vice-chamberlaine is now one of the greatest men in England again, and was he that did prevail with the King to let the Irish Bill go with the word "Nuisance." He told me, that Sir G. Carteret's declaration of giving double to any man that will prove that any of his people have demanded or taken any thing for forwarding the payment of the wages of any man, of which he sent us a copy yesterday, which we approved of, is set up, among other places, upon the House of Lords door. I do not know how wisely this is done. This morning, also, there come to the office a letter from the Duke of York, commanding overpayment of no wages to any of the muster-masters of the

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[1] See 16th April, 1665.

Fleete the last year, but only two, my brother Balty, taking notice that he had taken pains therein, and one Ward, who, though he had not taken so much as the other, yet had done more than the rest. At night I, by appointment, home, where W. Batelier and his sister Mary, and the two Mercers, to play at cards and sup, and did cut our great cake lately given us by Russell: a very good one. Here very merry late. Sir W. Pen told me this night how the King did make them a very sharp speech in the House of Lords to-day, saying that he did expect to have had more Bills; that he purposes to prorogue them on Monday come se'nnight; that whereas they have unjustly conceived some jealousys of his making a peace, he declares he knows of no such thing or treaty: and so left them. But with so little effect, that as soon as he came into the House, Sir W. Coventry moved, that now the King hath declared his intention of proroguing them, it would be loss of time to go on with the thing they were upon, when they were called to the King, which was the calling over the defaults of Members appearing in the House; for that, before any person could now come or be brought to town, the House would be up. Yet the Faction did desire to delay time, and contend so as to come to a division of the House; where, however, it was carried, by a few voices, that the debate should be laid by. But this shows that they are not pleased, or that they have not any awe over them from the King's displeasure.

19th. Sir W. Batten tells me, that at his coming to my Lord Ashly, yesterday morning, to tell him what prize-goods he would have saved for the Navy, and not sold, according to the King's order on the 17th, he fell quite out with him in high terms; and he says, too, that they did go on with the sale yesterday, even of the very hemp, and other things, at which I am astonished, and will never wonder at the ruine of the King's affairs, if this be suffered.

20th. (Lord's day.) I was sorry to hear of the heat the House was in yesterday, about the ill management of the Navy; though I think they were well answered, both by Sir G. Carteret and Sir W. Coventry, as he informs me of the substance of their speeches. I to church, and there, beyond expectation, find our seat, and all the church crammed, by twice as many people as used to be: and to my great joy find Mr. Frampton[1] in the pulpit; and I think the best sermon, for goodness and oratory, without affectation or study, that ever I heard in my life. The truth is, he preaches the most like an apostle that ever I heard man; and it was much the best time that I ever spent in my life at church. His text, Ecclesiastes xi., verse 8th—"But if a man live many years, and rejoice in them all, yet let him remember the days of darkness, for they shall be many. All that cometh is vanity." To Whitehall, and there walked in the Park, and a little to my Lord Chancellor's, where the King and Cabinet met, and there met Mr. Brisband, with whom good discourse, and there he did lend me "The Third Advice to a Paynter," a bitter satyre upon the service of the Duke of Albemarle the last year.[1] I took it home with me, and will copy it, having the former.

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[1] See *ante*, 10th October, 1666.

21st. To the Swede's-Resident's[2] in the Piazza, to discourse with him about two of our prizes. A cunning fellow. He lives in one of the great houses there, but ill-furnished; and come to us out of bed in his furred mittens and furred cap. Up to the Lords' House, and there come mighty seasonably to hear the Solicitor about my Lord Buckingham's pretence to the title of Lord Rosse.[3] Mr. Atturny Montagu is also a good man, and so is old Sir P. Ball;[4] but the Solicitor[5] and Scroggs[6] after him are excellent men. To Deptford, and walked home, and there come into my company three drunken seamen, but one especially, who told me such stories, calling me Captain, as made me mighty merry, and they would leap and skip, and kiss what maids they met all the way. I did at first give them money to drink, lest they should know who I was, and so become troublesome to me. This night, at supper, comes from Sir W. Coventry the Order of Councill[1] for my Lord Brouncker to do all the Comptroller's part relating to the Treasurer's accounts, and Sir W. Pen, all relating to the Victualler's, and Sir J. Minnes to do the rest. This, I hope, will do much better for the King, and, I think, will give neither of them ground to over-top me, as I feared they would; which pleases me mightily. This evening, Mr. Wren and Captain Cocke called upon me at the office, and there told me how the House was in better temper to-day, and hath passed the Bill for the remainder of the money, but not to be passed finally till they have done some other things which they will have passed with it; wherein they are very open, what their meaning is, which was but doubted before, for they do in all respects doubt the King's pleasing them.

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[1] Sir John Denham's name is put to these poems, but they were supposed to have been written by Andrew Marvel; the printer being discovered, was sentenced to the pillory.

[2] Sir James Barkman Leyenburg, many years the Swedish Resident in this country. He is the person mentioned in the note to Nov. 26, 1660, as having in 1671 married the widow of Sir W. Batten.

[3] The ancient barony of De Ros, created by writ in 1264, was carried, with Belvoir Castle and other great possessions, into the family of Manners, by the marriage of Eleanor, sister and heir of Edmund Lord de Ros, (who died in 1508) to Sir Robert Manners. Katharine, only daughter and heir of Francis, sixth Earl of Rutland, married, first, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and secondly, Randal Macdonnel, Marquis of Antrim. On her death, the barony of De Ros was claimed by her son, the second Duke of Buckingham. He died without issue in 1687, and the barony remained in abeyance until the year 1806, when it was determined by the Crown in favour of Lady Henry Fitzgerald, the mother of the late and the present Lords de Ros.

[4] Sir Peter Ball, the Queen's Attorney-General.

[5] Sir Edward Turner.

[6] Sir William Scroggs, King's Serjeant, 1669; afterwards Chief Justice of the King's Bench.

23d. To St. James's, to see the organ Mrs. Turner told me of the other night, of my late Lord Aubigney's; and I took my Lord Brouncker with me, he being acquainted with my present Lord Almoner, Mr. Howard,[2] brother to the Duke of Norfolke; so he and I did see the organ, but I do not like it, it being but a bauble, with a virginal joining to it: so I shall not meddle with it. The Almoner seems a good-natured gentleman: here I observed the deske which he hath, [made] to remove, and is fastened to one of the armes of his chayre. I do also observe the counterfeit windows there was, in the form of doors with looking-glasses instead of windows, which makes the room seem both bigger and lighter, I think; and I have some thoughts to have the like in one of my rooms. He discoursed much of the goodness of the musique in Rome, but could not tell me how long musique had been in any perfection in that church, which I would be glad to know. He speaks much of the great buildings that this Pope,[3] whom, in mirth to us, he calls Antichrist, hath done in his time. Away, and my Lord and I walking into the Park, I did observe the new buildings: and my Lord, seeing I had a desire to see them, they being the place for the priests and fryers, he took me back to my Lord Almoner; and he took us quite through the whole house and chapel, and the new monastery, showing me most excellent pieces in wax-worke: a crucifix given by a Pope to Mary Queen of Scotts, where a piece of the Cross is;[1] two bits set in the manner of a cross in the foot of the crucifix: several fine pictures, but especially very good prints of holy pictures. I saw the dortoire[2] and the cells of the priests, and we went into one; a very pretty little room, very clean, hung with pictures, set with books. The Priest was in his cell, with his hair clothes to his skin, bare-legged, with a sandall only on, and his little bed without sheets, and no feather-bed; but yet, I thought, soft enough. His cord about his middle; but in so good company, living with ease, I thought it a very good life. A pretty library they have. And I was in the refectoire, where every man his napkin, knife, cup of earth, and basin of the same; and a place for one to sit and read while the rest are at meals. And into the kitchen I went, where a good neck of mutton at the fire, and other victuals boiling. I do not think they fared very hard. Their windows all looking into a fine garden and the Park; and mighty pretty rooms all. I wished myself one of the Capuchins. So away with the Almoner in his coach, talking merrily about the difference in our religions, to White Hall, and there we left him. To take up my wife and Mercer, and to Temple Bar to the Ordinary, and had a dish of meat for them, they having not dined, and thence to the King's house, and there saw "The Humerous Lieutenant:" a silly play, I think; only the Spirit in it that grows very tall, and then sinks again to nothing, having two heads breeding upon one, and then Knipp's singing, did please us. Here, in a box above, we spied Mrs. Pierce; and, going out, they called us, and so we staid for them; and Knipp took us all in, and brought to us Nelly,[1] a most pretty woman, who acted the great part of Cœlia to-day very fine, and did it pretty well: I kissed her, and so did my wife; and a mighty pretty soul she is. We also saw Mrs. Hall,[2] which is my little Roman-nose black girl, that is mighty pretty: she is usually called Betty. Knipp made us stay in a box and see the dancing preparatory to to-morrow for "The Goblins," a play of Suckling's,[3] not acted these twenty-five years; which was pretty; and so away thence, pleased with this sight also, and specially kissing of Nell. In our way home, we find the Guards of horse in the street, and hear the occasion to be news that the seamen are in a mutiny; which put me into a great fright; and, when I come home, I hear of no disturbance there of the seamen, but that one of them, being arrested to-day, others do go and rescue him.

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[1] Dated 16th January, 1666-7, and printed in *Memoirs relating to the Conduct of the Navy*, 8vo, 1729, p. 59.

[2] Philip Howard, Lord Almoner to Queen Catherine, and third son of Henry Howard, Earl of Arundel, who died in 1652. He was made a Cardinal by Clement X. in 1675, and died at Rome in 1694. He was generally styled the Cardinal of Norfolk.

[3] Alexander VII., by name Fabio Chigi: see 25th Jan., 1662-3, *ante*.

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[1] Pieces of "the Cross" were formerly held in such veneration, and were so common, that it has been often said enough existed to build a ship. Most readers will remember the distinction which Sir W. Scott represents Louis XI., (with great appreciation of that monarch's character) as drawing between an oath taken on a false piece and one taken on a piece of the true cross. Sir Thomas More, a very devout believer in relics, says (*Works*, p. 119) that, "Luther wished, in a sermon of his, that he had in his hand all the pieces of the Holy Cross; and said that if he so had, he would throw them there as never sun should shine on them;—and for what worshipful reason would the wretch do such villany to the cross of Christ? Because, as he saith, that there is so much gold now bestowed about the garnishing of the pieces of the Cross, that there is none left for poore folke. Is not this a high reason? As though all the gold that is now bestowed about the pieces of the Holy Cross would not have failed to have been given to poor men, if they had not been bestowed about the garnishing of the Cross! and as though there were nothing lost, but what is bestowed about Christ's Cross!" Wolsey, says Cavendish, on his fall, gave to Norris, who brought him a ring of gold as a token of good will from Henry, "a little chaine of gold, made like a bottle chain, with a cross of gold, wherein was a piece of the Holy Cross, which he continually wore about his neck, next his body; and said, furthermore, 'Master Norris, I assure you, when I was in prosperity, although it seem but small in value, yet I would not gladly have departed with the same for a thousand pounds.'"—*Life*, ed. 1852, p. 167. Evelyn mentions, *Diary*, 17th Nov., 1664, that he saw in one of the chapels in St. Peter's a crucifix with a piece of the true cross in it. Among the jewels of Mary Queen of Scots was a cross of gold, which had been pledged to Hume of Blackadder for £1,000.—Chalmer's *Life*, vol. i., p. 31.

[2] Dormitory.

24th. At the office, we were frighted with news of fire at Sir W. Batten's by a chimney taking fire, and it put me into much fear and trouble, but with a great many hands and pains it was soon stopped. I home, where most of my company come of this end of the town—Mercer and her sister, Mr. Batelier and Pembleton, my Lady Pen, and Pegg, and Mr. Lowther, but did not stay long and I believe it was by Sir W. Pen's order; for they had a great mind to have staid, and also Captain Rolt. And anon, at about seven or eight o'clock, comes Mr. Harris, of the Duke's playhouse, and brings Mrs. Pierce with him, and also one dressed like a country-maid with a straw hat on; and, at first, I could not tell who it was, though I expected Knipp: but it was she coming off the stage just as she acted this day in "The Goblins"; a merry jade. Now my house is full, and four fiddlers that play well. Harris I first took to my closet; and I find him a very curious and understanding person in all pictures and other things, and a man of fine conversation; and so is Rolt. So away with all my company down to the office, and there fell to dancing, and continued at it an hour or two, there coming Mrs. Anne Jones, a merchant's daughter hard by, who dances well, and all in mighty good humour, and danced with great pleasure; and then sung and then danced, and then sung many things of three voices—both Harris and Rolt singing their parts excellently. Among other things, Harris sung his Irish song—the strangest in itself, and the prettiest sung by him, that ever I heard. Then to supper in the Office, a cold, good supper, and wondrous merry. Here was Mrs. Turner, also, and Mrs. Markham: after supper to dancing again and singing, and so continued till almost three in the morning, and then, with extraordinary pleasure, broke up—only towards morning, Knipp fell a little ill, and so my wife home with her to put her to bed, and we continued dancing and singing; and, among other things, our Mercer unexpectedly did happen to sing an Italian song I know not, of which they two sung the other two parts—two that did almost ravish me, and made me in love with her more than ever with her singing. As late as it was, yet Rolt and Harris would go home to-night, and walked it, though I had a bed for them; and it proved dark, and a misty night, and very windy. The company being all gone to their homes, I up with Mrs. Pierce to Knipp, who was in bed; and we waked her, and sung a song, and then left my wife to see Mrs. Pierce in bed to her, in our best chamber, and so to bed myself, my mind mightily satisfied: only the musique did not please me, they not being contented with less than 30*s.*

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[1] Nell Gwynne.

[2] Betty Hall. She was Sir Philip Howard's mistress. Compare 30th March, 1667, and 19th Dec., 1668.

[3] Sir John Suckling, the poet.

25th. This afternoon I saw the Poll Bill, now printed; wherein I do fear I shall be very deeply concerned, being to be taxed for all my offices, and then for my money that I have, and my title, as well as my head. It is a very great tax; but yet I do think it is so perplexed, it will hardly ever be collected duly. The late invention of Sir G. Downing's is continued of bringing all the money into the Exchequer; and Sir G. Carteret's three pence is turned for all the money of this act into but a penny per pound, which I am sorry for. This day, the House hath passed the Bill for the Assessment; which I am glad of; and also our little Bill, for giving any of us in the office the power of justice of peace, is done as I would have it.

27th. (Lord's day.) To Sir Philip Warwick, by appointment, to meet Lord Bellassis, and up to his chamber, but find him unwilling to discourse of business on Sundays: so did not enlarge. Went down and sat in a low room, reading "Erasmus de Scribendis Epistolis," a very good book, especially one letter of advice to a courtier most true and good, which made me once resolve to tear out the two leaves that it was writ in, but I forbore it. Roger Pepys and I to walk in the Pell Mell. I find by him that the House of Parliament continues full of ill humours; and do say how, in their late Poll Bill, which cost so much time, the yeomanry, and indeed two-thirds of the nation, are left out to be taxed, that there is not effectual provision enough made for collection of the money; and then, that after a man his goods are distrained and sold, and the overplus returned, I am to have ten days to make my complaints of being over-rated if there be cause, when my goods are sold, and that is too late. These things they are resolved to look into again, and mend them before they rise, which they expect at furthest on Thursday next. Here we met with Mr. May,[1] and he and we to talk of several things, of building, and such like matters. Walked to White Hall, and there I showed my cozen Roger the Duchess of York sitting in state, while her own mother stands by her; and my Lady Castlemaine, whom he approves to be very handsome, and wonders that she cannot be as good within as she is fair without. Her little black boy come by him; and, a dog being in his way, the little boy swore at the dog: "How," says he, blessing himself, "would I whip this child till the blood come, if it were my child!" and I believe he would. But he do by no means like the liberty of the Court, and did come with expectation of finding them playing at cards to-night, though Sunday; for such stories he is told, but how true I know not.[2] My wife tells me Mr. Frampton[3] is gone to sea, and so she lost her labour to-day in thinking to hear him preach.

28th. To Westminster, where I spent the morning at the Lords' House door, to hear the conference between the two Houses about my Lord Mordaunt, of which there was great expectation, many hundreds of people coming to hear it. But, when they come, the Lords did insist upon my Lord Mordaunt's having leave to sit upon a stool uncovered within their barr, and that he should have counsel, which the Commons would not suffer, but desired leave to report their Lordships' resolution to the House of Commons; and so parted for this day, which troubled me, I having by this means lost the whole day. Here I hear from Mr. Hayes that Prince Rupert is very bad still, and so bad, that he do now yield to be trepanned. Much work I find there is to do in the two Houses in a little time, and much difference there is between them in many things to be reconciled; as in the Bill for examining our accounts, Lord Mordaunt's Bill for building the city, and several others. The goldsmith home with me, and I paid him £15 15*s.* for my silver standish. He tells me gold holds up its price still, and did desire me to let him have what old 20*s.* pieces I have, and he would give me 3*s.* 2*d.* change for each.[1] Comes Mr. Gauden at my desire to me, and to-morrow I shall pay him some money, and shall see what present he will make me, the hopes of which do make me part with my money out of my chest, which I should not otherwise do. After supper and reading a little, and my wife's cutting off my hair short, which is grown too long upon my crown of my head, I to bed.

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[1] Hugh May.

[2] There is little reason to doubt that it was such as Evelyn describes it at a later time. "I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and prophaneness, gaming and all dissoluteness, and, as it were, total forgetfulness of God (it being Sunday evening) which this day se'nnight I was witness of: the King sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland [*Castlemaine*], Mazarin, &c. A French boy singing love songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least £2,000 in gold before them; upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflexions with astonishment. Six days after was all in the dust." —*Diary*, Feb., 1685.

[3] See note, Jan. 20, 1666-7, *ante*.

29th. To the office, where Sir W. Pen and I look much askewe one upon another, though afterward business made us speak friendly enough, but yet we hate one another. Sir W. Batten come to me, and tells me that there is news upon the Exchange to-day, that my Lord Sandwich's coach and the French Embassador's at Madrid, meeting and contending for the way, they shot my Lord's postillion and another man dead;[2] and that we have killed 25 of theirs, and that my Lord is well. How true this is I cannot tell. Comes Mrs. Turner to me, to make her complaint of her sad usage from my Lord Brouncker, that he thinks much she hath not already got another house, though he himself hath employed her night and day ever since his first naming of the matter, to make part of her house ready for him, as he ordered, and promised she should stay till she had fitted herself; by which I perceive he is a rotten-hearted, false man, and, therefore, I must beware of him accordingly. I did pity the woman, and gave her the best council I could; and so, falling to other discourse, I made her laugh and merry, as sad as she come to me; so that I perceive no passion in a woman can be lasting long.[1]

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[1] The editor can remember when a guinea was worth 27*s.*

[2] Intended as retaliation, perhaps for the humiliation experienced by Dr. Estrades in London. See 4th October, 1661, *ante.*

30th. Fast-day for the King's death. At night, it being a little moonshine and fair weather, into the garden, and with Mercer sang till my wife put me in mind of its being a fast-day; and so I was sorry for it, and stopped, and home to cards.[2]

31st. Mr. Osborne comes from Mr. Gauden, and takes money and notes for £4,000, and leaves me acknowledgment for £4,800 and odd; implying as if D. Gauden would give the £800 between Povy and myself, but how he will divide it I know not. The Parliament is not yet up, being finishing some bills. Thus the month ends: myself in very good health and content of mind in my family. All our heads full in the office at this dividing of the Comptroller's duty. Parliament, upon breaking up, having given the King money with much ado, and great heats, and neither side pleased, neither King nor them. The imperfection of the Poll Bill, which must be mended before they rise, there being several horrible oversights to the prejudice of the King, is a certain sign of the care anybody hath of the King's business. Nobody knows who commands the fleete next year, or, indeed, whether we shall have a Fleete or no. Great preparations in Holland and France, and the French have lately taken Antigo (Antigua) from us, which vexes us.[3]

February 1st. Much surprised to hear this day at Deptford that Mrs. Batters is going already to be married to him, that is now the Captain of her husband's ship. She seemed the most passionate mourner in the world.

2d. This night comes home my new silver snuffe-dish, which I do give myself for my closet. I am very well pleased this night with reading a poem I brought home with me last night from Westminster Hall, of Dryden's,[4] upon the present war; a very good poem.

3d. (Lord's day.) To White Hall, and there to Sir W. Coventry's chamber, and there staid till he was ready, talking, and among other things of the Prince's being trepanned, which was in doing just as we passed through the Stone Gallery, we asking at the door of his lodgings, and were told so. We are full of wishes for the good success; though I dare say but few do really concern ourselves for him in our hearts. With others into the House, and there hear that the work is done to the Prince[1] in a few minutes without any pain at all to him, he not knowing when it was done. It was performed by Moulins. Having cut the outward table, as they call it, they find the inner all corrupted,[2] so as it come out without any force; and their fear is, that the whole inside of his head is corrupted like that, which do yet make them afraid of him; but no ill accident appeared in the doing of the thing, but all with all imaginable success, as Sir Alexander Frazier did tell me himself, I asking him, who is very kind to me. To Sir G. Carteret's to dinner; and before dinner he tells me that he believes the Duke of York will go to sea with the fleete, which I am sorry for in respect to his person, but yet there is no person in condition to command the fleete, now the Captains are grown so great, but him. By and by to dinner, where very good company Among other discourse, we talked much of Nostradamus[3] his prophecy of these times, and the burning of the City of London,[4] some of whose verses are put into Booker's[1] Almanack this year: and Sir G. Carteret did tell a story, how at his death he did make the town swear that he should never be dug up, or his tomb opened, after he was buried; but they did after sixty years do it, and upon his breast they found a plate of brasse, saying what a wicked and unfaithful people the people of that place were, who after so many vows should disturb and open him such a day and year and hour; which, if true, is very strange. Then we fell to talking of the burning of the City; and My Lady Carteret herself did tell us how abundance of pieces of burnt papers were cast by the wind as far as Cranborne;[2] and among others she took up one, or had one brought her to see, which was a little bit of paper that had been printed, whereon there remained no more nor less than these words: "Time is, it is done."[3] Away home, and received some letters from Sir W. Coventry, touching the want of victuals to Kempthorne's[4] fleete going to the Streights and now in the Downes: which did trouble me, he saying that this disappointment might prove fatal; and the more, because Sir W. Coventry do intend to come to the office upon business to-morrow morning, and I shall not know what answer to give him. Fell to read a little in Hakewill's apology,[5] and did satisfy myself mighty fair in the truth of the saying that the world do not grow old at all, but is in as good condition in all respects as ever it was as to nature.

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[1] Pepys might be thinking of Francis I.'s

"Souvent femme varie
Bien fol est qui s'y fie."

[2] The distinctions without a difference which Pepys draws, are often very ludicrous.

[3] It is now not only English, but also the seat of a colonial bishoprick.

[4] *Annus Mirabilis.*

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[1] Rupert. [2] See 15th Jan., 1665.

[3] Michael Nostradamus, a physician and astrologer, born in the diocese of Avignon, 1503. Amongst other predictions, one was interpreted as foreshewing the singular death of Hen. II. of France, by which his reputation was increased. In the 49th quatrain of his 9th century, the lines—

> "Gand et Bruxelles marcheront contre Anvers,
> *Sénat de Londres mettront à mort leur roi,*"

may well be applied to the death of Charles I. Some coincidences in modern times are also curious. He speaks of the "renovation de siècle," in 1792, in which year, in fact, the French revolutionary kalender took its rise. The landing of Bonaparte from Elba, at Fréjus, was supposed to be predicted in cent. x. quatrain xxiii.—

> "Au peuple ingrat faites les remonstrances,
> Par lors l'armée se saisera d'Antibe,
> Dans l'arc Monech feront les doléances
> Et à Frejus l'un l'autre prenda ribe."

Jodelle's clever distich on Nostradamus is worthy of a place,—

> "Nostra damus, cum falsa damus, nam fallere nostrum est,
> Et cum falsa damus, nil nisi nostra damus;"

as well as the reply by Nostradamus' followers,—

> "Nostra damus, cum verba damus, quæ Nostradamus dat,
> Nam quæcumque dedit, nil nisi vera dedit."

He succeeded too in rendering assistance to the inhabitants of Aix, during the plague, by a powder of his own invention. He died at Salon, July, 1566.

[4] Roger L'Estrange, whose office it was to license the Almanacks, told Sir Edward Walker, "that most of them did foretel the fire of London last year, but hee caused itt to bee put out."—Ward's *Diary*, p. 94.

4th. D. Gauden did give me a good cordiall this morning, by telling me that he do give me five of the eight hundred pounds on his account remaining in my hands to myself, for the service I do him in my victualling business, and £100 for my particular share of the profits of my Tangier employment as Treasurer. When Sir W. Coventry did come, and the rest met, I did appear unconcerned, and did give him answer pretty satisfactory what he asked me; so that I did get off this meeting without any ground lost. Soon as dined, my wife and I out to the Duke's playhouse, and there saw "Heraclius,"[1] an excellent play, to my extraordinary content; and the more from the house being very full, and great company; among others, Mrs. Stewart, very fine, with her locks done up with puffes, as my wife calls them: and several other great ladies had their hair so, though I do not like it; but my wife do mightily—but it is only because she sees it is the fashion. Here I saw my Lord Rochester and his lady, Mrs. Mallet, who hath after all this ado married him; and, as I hear some say in the pit, it is a great act of charity, for he hath no estate. But it was pleasant to see how every body rose up when my Lord John Butler, the Duke of Ormond's son,[2] come into the pit towards the end of the play, who was a servant to Mrs. Mallet,[3] and now smiled upon her, and she on him. I had sitting next to me a woman, the likest my Lady Castlemaine that ever I saw anybody like another; but she is acquainted with every fine fellow, and called them by their name, Jacke, and Tom, and before the end of the play frisked to another place. Home, and to my chamber, and there finished my Catalogue of my books with my own hand.

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[1] John Booker, an eminent astrologer and writing-master at Hadley. The words quoted by him from Nostradamus are (cent ii., quatrain li.)—

"Le sang du juste à Londres fera faute
*Bruslez par foudre de vingt trois les six*,
La dame antique cherra de place haute,
De mesme sute plusieurs seront occis."

[2] In Windsor Forest.

[3] Sir C. Wren, it is well known, took up a stone from the ruins of St. Paul's having the word "Resurgam" inscribed, which he adopted.

[4] John Kempthorne, a distinguished naval officer, afterwards knighted and made Commissioner at Portsmouth, which place he represented in Parliament. Ob. 1679.

[5] "An Apology or Declaration of the Power and Providence of God in the Government of the World," by George Hakewill, a learned divine. Oxford, 1627. The work was frequently reprinted.

5th. Heard this morning that the Prince is much better, and hath good rest. All the talk is that my Lord Sandwich hath perfected the peace with Spain; which is very good, if true. Sir H. Cholmly was with me this morning, and told me of my Lord Bellassis's base dealings with him by getting him to give him great gratuities to near £2000 for his friendship in the business of the Mole, and hath been lately underhand endeavouring to bring another man into his place as Governor, so as to receive his money of Sir H. Cholmly for nothing. To the King's house, to see "The Chances."[4] A good play I find it, and the actors most good in it; and pretty to hear Knipp sing in the play very properly, "All night I weepe;"[5] and sung it admirably. The whole play pleases me well: and most of all, the sight of many fine ladies—among others, my Lady Castlemaine and Mrs. Middleton: the latter of the two hath also a very excellent face and body, I think. Thence by coach to the New Exchange, and there laid out money, and I did give Betty Michell two pair of gloves and a dressing-box; and so home in the dark, over the ruins, with a link, to the office. There come to me Mr. Young and Whistler, flagg-makers, and with mighty earnestness did present me with, and press me to take a box, wherein I could not guess there was less than £100 in gold; but I do wholly refuse it, and did not at last take it. The truth is, not thinking them safe men to receive such a gratuity from, nor knowing any considerable courtesy that ever I did do them, but desirous to keep myself free from their reports, and to have it in my power to say I had refused their offer.

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[1] See note to 8th March, 1664.

[2] Lord John Butler was born in 1643, and in January, 1676, married Anne, only daughter of Arthur Chichester, Earl of Donegal. In April, 1676, he was created Earl of Gowran. Ob. *s. p.* 1677: see 25th Nov., *ante*.

[3] See 25th Nov., *ante*.

[4] A Comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, of which an alteration was afterwards, in 1682, brought out by the Duke of Buckingham.

[5] This song is not in Beaumont and Fletcher as printed, nor in the alteration of the play by the Duke.

6th. To Westminster Hall, and walked up and down, and hear that the Prince do still rest well by day and night, and out of pain; so as great hopes are conceived of him: though I did meet Dr. Clerke and Mr. Pierce, and they do say they believe he will not recover it, they supposing that his whole head within is eaten by this corruption, which appeared in this piece of the inner table. To White Hall, to attend the Council; but they sat not to-day. So to Sir W. Coventry's chamber, and find him within, and with a letter from the Downes in his hands, telling the loss of the St. Patricke coming from Harwich in her way to Portsmouth; and would needs chase two ships, she having the Malago fire-ship in company, which from English colours put up Dutch, and he would clap on board the Vice-Admirall; and after long dispute the Admirall comes on the other side of him, and both together took him. Our fire-ship (Seely)[1] not coming in to fire all three, but come away, leaving her in their possession, and carried away by them: a ship[2] built at Bristoll the last year, of fifty guns and upwards, and a most excellent good ship.

7th. Talking with my brother upon matters relating to his journey to Brampton to-morrow, I looking another way, heard him fall down, and turned my head, and he was fallen down all along upon the ground dead, which did put me into a great fright; and, to see my brotherly love! I did presently lift him up from the ground, he being as pale as death; and, being upon his legs, he did presently come to himself, and said he had something come into his stomach very hot. He knew not what it was, nor ever had such a fit before. To the office, late doing business, and then home, and find my brother pretty well. I did this night give him 20*s.* for books, and as much for his pocket, and 15*s.* to carry him down. Poor fellow! he is so melancholy, and withal, my wife says, harmless, that I begin to love him, and would be loth he should not do well.

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[1] "Captain Seely, captain of the fireship that deserted the Patrick, was this day (March 7th) shot to death on board his own vessel."—*Pointer*, vol. i., p. 216.

[2] The Patrick.

8th. This morning my brother John come up to my bedside, and took his leave of us. He gone, I up, and to the office. Sir W. Batten come this morning from the House, where the King hath prorogued this Parliament to October next. I am glad they are up. The Bill for Accounts was not offered, the party being willing to let it fall; but the King did tell them he expected it. They are parted with great heart-burnings, one party against the other. Pray God bring them hereafter together in better temper! It is said that the King do intend himself in this interval to take away Lord Mordaunt's government,[1] so as to do something to appease the House against they come together, and let them see he will do that of his own accord which is fit, without their forcing him; and that he will have his Commission for Accounts go on: which will be good things. At dinner we talked much of Cromwell; all saying he was a brave fellow, and did owe his crowne he got to himself as much as any man that ever got one.

9th. Read a piece of a play, "Every Man in his Humour,"[2] wherein is the greatest propriety of speech that ever I read in my life: and so to bed. This noon come my wife's watchmaker, and received £12 of me for her watch; but Captain Rolt coming to speak with me about a little business, he did judge of the work to be very good, and so I am well contented.

10th. (Lord's day.) To church, where Mr. Mills made an unnecessary sermon upon Original Sin, neither understood by himself nor the people. Home, where come Mr. Carter,[3] my old acquaintance of Magdalene College, who hath not been here of many years. He hath spent his time in the country with the Bishop of Carlisle[4] much. He is grown a very comely person, and of good discourse, and one that I like very much. We had much talk of all our old acquaintance of the College concerning their various fortunes; wherein, to my joy, I met not with any that have sped better than myself. Mrs. Turner

[1] Windsor Castle.

[2] Ben Jonson's well-known play.

[3] Thomas Carter, S.T.P., 1669.

[4] Dr. Rainbow.

do tell me very odde stories how Mrs. Williams[1] do receive the applications of people, and hath presents, and she is the hand that receives all, while my Lord Brouncker do the business.

11th. With Creed to Westminster Hall, and there up and down, and hear that Prince Rupert is still better and better; and that he did tell Dr. Troutbecke expressly that my Lord Sandwich is ordered home. I hear, too, that Prince Rupert hath begged the having of all the stolen prize-goods which he can find, and that he is looking out anew after them, which at first troubled me; but I do see it cannot come to anything, but is done by Hayes, or some of his little people about him. Here, among other news, I bought the King's speech at proroguing the House the other day, wherein are some words which cannot but import some prospect of a peace, which God send us!

12th. With my Lord Brouncker by coach to his house, there to hear some Italian musique: and here we met Tom Killigrew, Sir Robert Murray, and the Italian Signor Baptista,[2] who hath proposed a play in Italian for the Opera, which T. Killigrew do intend to have up; and here he did sing one of the acts. He himself is the poet as well as the musician; which is very much, and did sing the whole from the words without any musique prickt, and played all along upon a harpsicon most admirably, and the composition most excellent. The words I did not understand, and so know not how they are fitted, but believe very well, and all in the recitativo very fine. But I perceive there is a proper accent in every country's discourse, and that do reach in their setting of notes to words, which, therefore, cannot be natural to any body else but them; so that I am not so much smitten with it as, it may be, I should be, if I were acquainted with their accent. But the whole composition is certainly most excellent; and the poetry, T. Killigrew and Sir R. Murray, who understood the words, did say most excellent. I confess I was mightily pleased with the musique. He pretends not to voice, though it be good, but not excellent. This done, T. Killigrew and I to talk: and he tells me how the audience at his house is not above half so much as it used to be before the late fire. That Knipp is like to make the best actor that ever come upon the stage, she understanding so well: that they are going to give her £30 a-year more. That the stage is now by his pains a thousand times better and more glorious than ever heretofore. Now, wax-candles, and many of them; then, not above 3lbs. of tallow: now, all things civil, no rudeness anywhere; then, as in a bear-garden: then, two or three fiddlers; now, nine or ten of the best: then, nothing but rushes upon the ground, and every thing else mean; now, all otherwise: then, the Queen seldom and the King never would come; now, not the King only for state, but all civil people do think they may come as well as any. He tells me that he hath gone several times, eight or ten times, he tells me, hence to Rome, to hear good musique; so much he loves it, though he never did sing or play a note. That he hath ever endeavoured in the late King's time, and in this, to introduce good musique, but he never could do it, there never having been any musique here better than ballads. And says, "Hermitt poore" and "Chiny Chese"[1] was all the musique we had; and yet no ordinary fiddlers get so much money as our's do here, which speaks our rudenesse still. That he hath gathered our Italians from several Courts in Christendome, to come to make a concert for the King, which he do give £200 a-year a-piece to: but badly paid, and do come in the room of keeping four ridiculous gundilows,[2] he having got the King to put them away, and lay out money this way; and indeed I do commend him for it, for I think it is a very noble undertaking. He do intend to have some times of the year these operas to be performed at the two present theatres, since he is defeated in what he intended in Moorefields on purpose for it; and he tells me plainly that the City audience was as good as the Court, but now they are most gone. Baptista tells me that Giacomo Charissimi is still alive at Rome, who was master to Vinnecotio, who is one of the Italians that the King hath here, and the chief composer of them. My great wonder is, how this man do to keep in memory so perfectly the musique of the whole act, both for the voice and the instrument too. I confess I do admire it: but in recitativo the sense much helps him, for there is but one proper way of discoursing and giving the accents. Having done our discourse, we all took coaches, my Lord's and T. Killigrew's, and to Mrs. Knipp's chamber, where this Italian is to teach her to sing her part. And so we all thither, and there she did sing an Italian song or two very fine, while he played the bass upon a harpsicon there; and exceedingly taken I am with her singing, and believe that she will do miracles at that and acting. Her little girl is mighty pretty and witty.

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[1] Granger describes an engraved portrait by Cooper, after Lely, of the Lady (Mrs.) Williams, which, probably, represents the person so often mentioned in the *Diary*.

[2] Giovanni Baptista Draghi, an Italian musician in the service of Queen Catherine, and a composer of merit.—Hawkins's *History of Music*.

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[1] Chevy Chase.

[2] The gondolas mentioned before, as sent by the Doge of Venice. See 12th Sept., 1661, *ante*.

13th. To the Duke of York, and there did our usual business; but troubled to see that, at this time, after our declaring a debt to the Parliament of £900,000, and nothing paid since; but the debt increased, and now the fleete to set out, to hear that the King hath ordered but £35,000 for the setting out of the fleete, out of the Poll Bill, to buy all provisions, when five times as much had been little enough to have done any thing to purpose. They have, indeed, ordered more for paying off of seamen and the Yards to some time, but not enough for that neither. The Prince, I hear, is every day better and better. To Dr. Clerke's, by invitation. Here was his wife painted, and her sister Worshipp, a widow now, and mighty pretty, in her mourning. Here was also Mr. Pierce and Mr. Floyd, Secretary to the Lords Commissioners of Prizes, and Captain Cooke to dinner, an ill and little mean one, with foul cloth and dishes, and everything poor. Discoursed most about plays and the Opera, where, among other vanities, Captain Cooke had the arrogance to say that he was fain to direct Sir W. Davenant in the breaking of his verses into such and such lengths, according as would be fit for musick, and how he used to swear at Davenant, and command him that way, when W. Davenant would be angry, and find fault with this or that note—a vain coxcomb he is, though he sings and composes so well. Dr. Clerke did say that Sir W. Davenant is no good judge of a dramatick poem, finding fault with his choice of Henry the 5th, and others, for the stage, when I do think, and he confesses, "The Siege of Rhodes," as good as ever was writ. Cooke gone, Dr. Clerke fell to reading a new play, newly writ, of a friend's of his; but, by his discourse and confession afterwards, it was his own. Some things, but very few, moderately good, but infinitely far from the conceit, wit, design, and language of very many plays that I know; so that, but for compliment, I was quite tired with hearing it. There was a very great disorder this day at the Ticket Office, to the beating and bruising of the face of Carcasse very much. A foul evening this was to-night, and I mightily troubled to get a coach home; and, which is now my common practice, going over the ruins in the night, I rid with my sword drawn in the coach.

14th. To the office, where Carcasse comes with his plaistered face, and called himself Sir W. Batten's martyr, which made W. Batten mad almost, and mighty quarrelling there was. By coach to my Lord Chancellor's, and there a meeting: the Duke of York, Duke of Albemarle, and several other Lords of the Commission of Tangier. And there I did present a state of my accounts, and managed them well; and my Lord Chancellor did say, though he was, in other things, in an ill humour, that no man in England was of more method, nor made himself better understood, than myself. But going, after the business of money was over, to other businesses, of settling the garrison, he did fling out, and so did the Duke of York, two or three severe words touching my Lord Bellassis: that he would have no Governor come away from thence in less than three years; no, though his lady were with child. "And," says the Duke of York, "there should be no Governor continue so, longer than three years."—"And," says Lord Arlington, "when our rules are once set, and upon good judgment declared, no Governor should offer to alter them." "We must correct the many things that are amiss there; for," says the Lord Chancellor, "you must think we do hear of more things amiss than we are willing to speak before our friends' faces." My Lord Bellassis would not take notice of their reflecting on him, and did wisely. H. Cholmly and I to the Temple, and there walked in the dark in the walks talking of news; and he surprises me with the certain news that the King did last night in Council declare his being in treaty with the Dutch: that they had sent him a very civil letter, declaring that, if nobody but themselves were concerned, they would not dispute the place of treaty, but leave it to his choice; but that, being obliged to satisfy therein a Prince of equal quality with himself, they must except any place in England or Spain. Also the King hath chosen the Hague, and thither hath chosen my Lord Hollis and Harry Coventry[1] to go Embassadors to treat; which is so mean a thing as all the world will believe, that we do go to beg a peace of them, whatever we pretend. And it seems all our Court are mightily for a peace, taking this to be the time to make one while the King hath money, that he may save something of what the Parliament hath given him to put him out of debt, so as he may need the help of no more Parliaments, as to the point of money: but our debt is so great, and expence daily so encreased, that I believe little of the money will be saved between this and the making of the peace up. But that which troubles me most is, that we have chosen a son of Secretary Morris,[1] a boy never used to any business, to go Secretary to the Embassy. This morning come up to my wife's bedside, I being up dressing myself, little Will Mercer to be her Valentine; and brought her name writ upon blue paper in gold letters, done by himself, very pretty; and we were both well pleased with it. But I am also this year my wife's Valentine, and it will cost me £5; but that I must have laid out if we had not been Valentine.

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[1] Henry, third son of Thomas, first Lord Coventry; after the Restoration made a Groom of the Bedchamber, and elected M.P. for Droitwich. In 1664 he was sent Envoy extraordinary to Sweden, where he remained two years, and was again employed on an embassy to the same Court in 1671. He also succeeded in negociating the peace of Breda here alluded to, and in 1672 became Secretary of State, which office he resigned in 1679, on account of ill health. He died unmarried, December 7, 1686.

15th. Pegg Pen is married [2] this day privately: no friends, but two or three relations of his and her's. Borrowed many things of my kitchen for dressing their dinner. This wedding, being private, is imputed to its being just before Lent, and so in vain to make new clothes till Easter, that they might see the fashions as they are like to be this summer; which is reason good enough. Mrs. Turner tells me she hears Sir W. Pen gives £4,500, or £4,000, with her.

16th. To my Lord Brouncker's, and there was Sir Robert Murray, a most excellent man of reason and learning, and understands the doctrine of musique, and everything else I could discourse of, very finely. Here come Mr. Hooke, Sir George Ent, Dr. Wren, and many others; and by and by the musique, that is to say, Signior Vincentio,[3] who is the master-composer, and six more, whereof two eunuches, so tall, that Sir T. Harvy said well that he believes they do grow large as our oxen do, and one woman very well dressed and handsome enough, but would not be kissed, as Mr. Killigrew, who brought the company in, did acquaint us. They sent two harpsicons before; and by and by, after tuning them, they began; and, I confess, very good musique they made; that is, the composition exceeding good, but yet not at all more pleasing to me than what I have heard in English by Mrs. Knipp, Captain Cooke, and others. Their justness in keeping time by practice much before any that we have, unless it be a good band of practised fiddlers. I find that Mrs. Pierce's little girl is my Valentine, she having drawn me: which I was not sorry for, it easing me of something more that I must have given to others. But here I do first observe the fashion of drawing of mottos as well as names; so that Pierce, who drew my wife, did draw also a motto, and this girl drew another for me. What mine was I have forgot; but my wife's was, "Most courteous and most fair;" which, as it may be used, or an anagram made upon each name, might be very pretty. One wonder I observed to-day, that there was no musique in the morning to call up our new-married people; which is very mean, methinks.

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[1] Sir William Morris. He had several sons.

[2] To Anthony Lowther.

[3] Perhaps, the person called Vinnecotia, Feb. 12, 1666-7, *ante*.

17th. (Lord's day.) To my Lord Chancellor's, where I met with, and had much pretty discourse with, one of the Rogers's that knew me; and it was pretty to hear him tell me, of his own accord, as a matter of no shame, that in Spain he had a pretty woman, his mistress, whom, when money grew scarce with him, he was forced to leave, and afterwards heard how she and her husband lived well, she being kept by an old fryer; but this, says he, is better than as our ministers do, who have wives that lay up their estates, and do no good nor relieve any poor—no, not our greatest prelates. Staid till the Council was up, and attended the King and Duke of York round the Park, and was asked several questions by both; but I was in pain lest they should ask me what I could not answer; as the Duke of York did the value of the hull of the St. Patrick lately lost, which I told him I could not presently answer; though I might have easily furnished myself to answer all those questions. They stood a good while to see the ganders and geese in the water. At home, by appointment, comes Captain Cocke to me, to talk of State matters and about the peace; who told me that the whole business is managed between Kevet, Burgomaster, of Amsterdam, and my Lord Arlington, who hath, through his wife[1] there, some interest. We have proposed the Hague, but know not yet whether the Dutch will like it; or, if they do, whether the French will. We think we shall have the help of the information of their affairs and state, and the helps of the Prince of Orange his faction: but, above all, that De Witt, who hath all this while said he cannot get peace, his mouth will now be stopped, so that he will be forced to offer fit terms, for fear of the people; and, lastly, if France or Spain do not please us, we are in a way presently to clap up a peace with the Dutch, and secure them. But we are also in treaty with France, as he says: but it must be to the excluding our alliance with the King of Spain or House of Austria: which we do not know presently what will be determined in. He tells me the Vice Chamberlaine is so great with the King that, let the Duke of York, and Sir W. Coventry, and this Office, do or say what they will, while the King lives, Sir G. Carteret will do what he will; and advises me to be often with him, and eat and drink with him; and tells me that he doubts he is jealous of me, and was mighty mad to-day at our discourse to him before the Duke of York. But I did give him my reasons that the office is concerned to declare that, without money, the King's work cannot go on. He assures me that Henry Brouncker is one of the shrewdest fellows for parts in England, and a dangerous man: that, while we want money so much in the Navy, the Officers of the Ordnance have at this day £300,000 good in tallies, which they can command money upon: that Harry Coventry, who is to go upon this treaty with Lord Hollis, who, he confesses, to be a very wise man, into Holland, is a mighty quick, ready man; but not so weighty as he should be, he knowing him so well in his drink as he do: that, unless the King do something against my Lord Mordaunt and the Patents for the Canary Company before the Parliament next meets, he do believe there will be a civil war before there will be any more money given, unless it may be at their perfect disposal; and that all things are now ordered to the provoking of the Parliament against they come next, and the spending the King's money, so as to put him into a necessity of having it at the time it is prorogued for, or sooner. This evening, going to the Queen's side[1] to see the ladies, I did find the Queen, the Duchess of York, and another or two, at cards, with the room full of great ladies and men; which I was amazed at to see on a Sunday, having not believed it; but, contrarily, flatly denied the same a little while since to my cozen Roger Pepys.[2] Going by water, read the answer to "The Apology for Papists,"[3] which did like me mightily.

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[1] See *ante*, Nov. 15, 1666.

18th. To the King's house, to "The Mayd's Tragedy;" but vexed all the while with two talking ladies and Sir Charles Sedley; yet pleased to hear their discourse, he being a stranger. And one of the ladies would, and did sit with her mask on, all the play, and, being exceeding witty as ever I heard woman, did talk most pleasantly with him; but was, I believe, a virtuous woman, and of quality. He would fain know who she was, but she would not tell; yet did give him many pleasant hints of her knowledge of him, by that means setting his brains at work to find out who she was, and did give him leave to use all means to find out who she was, but pulling off her mask.

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[1] Her Majesty's apartments, at Whitehall Palace.

[2] See 27th Jan., *ante*.

[3] See Dec. 1, 1666, *ante*.

He was mighty witty, and she also making sport with him very inoffensively, that a more pleasant rencontre I never heard. But by that means lost the pleasure of the play wholly, to which now and then Sir Charles Sedley's exceptions against both words and pronouncing were very pretty.

19th. At noon home, and there find old Mr. Michell and Howlett come to desire mine and my wife's company to dinner to their son's, and so away by coach with them, it being Betty's wedding-day a year, as also Shrove Tuesday. Here I made myself mighty merry, and a mighty pretty dinner we had in this little house, to my exceeding great content, and my wife's, and my heart pleased to see Betty. After dinner, I fell to read the Acts about the building of the city again; and indeed the laws seem to be very good, and I pray God I may live to see it built in that manner! This morning, I hear that our discourse of peace is all in the dirt; for the Dutch will not like of the peace, or at least the French will not agree to it; so that I do wonder what we shall do, for carry on the war we cannot.

20th. To White Hall, by the way observing Sir W. Pen's carrying a favour to Sir W. Coventry, for his daughter's wedding, and saying that there was others for us, when we will fetch them, which vexed me, and I am resolved not to wear it when he orders me one. His wedding hath been so poorly kept, that I am ashamed of it; for a fellow that makes such a flutter as he do. When we come to the Duke of York here, I heard discourse how Harris of his play-house is sick, and everybody commends him, and, above all things, for acting the Cardinall. They talked how the King's viallin, Bannister,[1] is mad that the King hath a Frenchman[2] come to be chief of some part of the King's musique, at which the Duke of York made great mirth. Then withdrew to his closet, where all our business, lack of money and prospect of the effects of it, such as made Sir W. Coventry say publickly before us all, that he do heartily wish that his Royal Highness had nothing to do in the Navy, whatever become of him; and much dishonour, he says, is likely to fall under the management of it. The Duke of York was angry, as much he could be, or ever I saw him, with Sir G. Carteret, for not paying the masters of some ships on Monday last, according to his promise. With the 'Chequer men, to the Leg, in King Street, and there had wine for them; and there was one in company with them, that was the man that got the vessel to carry over the King from Bredhemson,[1] who hath a pension of £200 per annum,[2] but ill paid, and the man is looking after getting of a prize-ship to live by; but the trouble is, that this poor man, who hath received no part of his money these four years, and is ready to starve almost, must yet pay to the Poll Bill for this pension. He told me several particulars of the King's coming thither, which was mighty pleasant, and shows how mean a thing a king is, how subject to fall, and how like other men he is in his afflictions. I with Lord Bellassis, to the Lord Chancellor's. Lord Bellassis tells me how the King of France hath caused the stop to be made to our proposition of treating in the Hague; that he being greater than they, we may better come and treat at Paris: so that God knows what will become of the peace! He tells me, too, as a grand secret, that he do believe the peace offensive and defensive between Spain and us is quite finished, but must not be known, to prevent the King of France's presents falling upon Flanders. He do believe the Duke of York will be made General of the Spanish armies there, and Governor of Flanders, if the French should come against it, and we assist the Spaniard: that we have done the Spaniard abundance of mischief in the West Indys, by our privateers at Jamaica, which they lament mightily, and I am sorry for it to have it done at this time. By and by, come to my Lord Chancellor, who heard mighty quietly my complaints for lack of money, and spoke mighty kind to me, but little hopes of help therein.

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[1] John Banister, who had been bred up, under his father, one of the Waits in St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, was sent by Charles II. to France, for improvement; but, soon after his return, was dismissed the King's service, for saying that the English violins were better than the French. He afterwards kept a music school in Whitefriars, and died in 1679.—Hawkins's *Hist. of Music.*

[2] Louis Grabu: see 1st October, 1667, and North's *Memoirs of Musick*, by Rimbault, p. 110.

21st. To the Office, where sat all the morning, and there a most furious conflict between Sir W. Pen and I, in few words, and on a sudden occasion, of no great moment, but very bitter and smart on one another, and so broke off, and to our business, my heart as full of spite as it could hold, for which God forgive me and him! At the end come witnesses on behalf of Mr. Carcasse; but, instead of clearing him, I find they were brought to recriminate Sir W. Batten, and did it by oath very highly, that made the old man mad, and, I confess, me ashamed, so that I caused all but ourselves to withdraw, being sorry to have such things declared in the open office, before 100 people. But it was done home, and I believe true, though W. Batten denies all, but is cruel mad, and swore one of them, he or Carcasse, should not continue in the Office, which is said like a fool.

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[1] Brighthelmstone.

[2] Nicholas Tettersell, the master of a coal-brig, on board of which Charles II. embarked, and was safely landed at Fecamp, in Normandy. The Captain, after the Restoration, brought the vessel up the Thames, and moored her opposite Whitehall, and procured an annuity of £100 by this expedient. He lies buried in the churchyard of St. Nicholas, Brighton, where an inscription to his memory may still be seen.

22d. All of us, that is to say, Lord Brouncker, J. Minnes, W. Batten, T. Harvy, and myself, to Sir W. Pen's house, where some other company. It is instead of a wedding dinner for his daughter, whom I saw in palterly clothes, nothing new but a bracelet that her servant[1] had given her, and ugly she is, as heart can wish. A sorry dinner, not anything handsome or clean, but some silver plates they borrowed of me. My wife was here too. We had favours given us all, and we put them in our hats, I against my will, but that my Lord and the rest did.

23d. This day I am, by the blessing of God, 34 years old, in very good health and mind's content, and in condition of estate much beyond whatever my friends could expect of a child of their's, this day 34 years. The Lord's name be praised! and may I be thankful for it.

24th. (Lord's day.) My Lady Pen did, going out of church, ask me whether we did not make a great show at Court today, with all our favours in our hats. To White Hall, and there meeting my Lord Arlington, he, by I know not what kindness, offered to carry me along with him to my Lord Treasurer's, whither, I told him, I was going. I believe he had a mind to discourse of some Navy businesses, but Sir Thomas Clifford coming into the coach to us, we were prevented; which I was sorry for, for I had a mind to begin an acquaintance with him. He speaks well, and hath pretty slight superficial parts, I believe. He, in our going, talked much of the plain habit of the Spaniards; how the King and Lords themselves wear but a cloak of Colchester bayze,[2] and the ladies mantles, in cold weather, of white flannell: and that the endeavours frequently of setting up the manufactory of making these stuffs there, have only been prevented by the Inquisition: the English and Dutchmen that have been sent for to work, being taken with a Psalm-book or Testament, and so clapped up, and the house pulled down by the Inquisitors; and the greatest Lord in Spain dare not say a word against it, if the word Inquisition be but mentioned. Captain Cocke did tell me what I must not forget: that the answer of the Dutch, refusing the Hague for a place of treaty, and proposing Boysse,[1] Bredah, Bergen-op-Zoome, or Mastricht, was seemingly stopped by the Swede's Embassador (though he did show it to the King, but the King would take no notice of it, nor does not) from being delivered to the King; and he hath wrote to desire them to consider better of it: so that, though we know their refusal of the place, yet they know not that we know it, nor is the King obliged to show his sense of the affront. That the Dutch are in very great straits, so as to be said to be not able to set out their fleete this year. By and by comes Sir Robert Viner and my Lord Mayor to ask the King's direction about measuring out the streets according to the New Act[2] for building of the City, wherein the King is to be pleased.[3] But he says that the way proposed in Parliament, by Colonel Birch, would have been the best, to have chosen some persons in trust, and sold the whole ground, and let it be sold again by them, with preference to the old owner, which would have certainly caused the City to be built where these Trustees pleased; whereas now, great differences will be, and the streets built by fits, and not entire till all differences be decided. This, as he tells it, I think would have been the best way. I enquired about the Frenchman that was said to fire the City, and was hanged for it, by his own confession, that he was hired for it by a Frenchman of Roane, and that he did with a stick reach in a fire-ball in at a window of the house: whereas the master of the house, who is the King's baker, and his son, and daughter, do all swear there was no such window, and that the fire did not begin thereabouts. Yet the fellow, who, though a mopish besotted fellow, did not speak like a madman, did swear that he did fire it: and did not this like a madman; for, being tried on purpose, and landed with his keeper at the Town Wharf, he could carry the keeper to the very house. Asking Sir R. Viner what he thought was the cause of the fire, he tells me, that the baker, son, and his daughter, did all swear again and again, that their oven was drawn by ten o'clock at night: that, having occasion to light a candle about twelve, there was not so much fire in the bakehouse as to light a match for a candle, so that they were fain to go into another place to light it: that about two in the morning they felt themselves almost choked with smoke, and rising, did find the fire coming up stairs; so they rose to save themselves; but that, at that time, the bavins[1] were not on fire in the yard. So that they are, as they swear, in absolute ignorance how this fire should come; which is a strange thing, that so horrid an effect should have so mean and uncertain a beginning. By and by called into the King and Cabinet, and there had a few insipid words about money for Tangier, but to no purpose. Going through bridge by water, my waterman told me how the mistress of the Beare tavern, at the bridge-foot, did lately fling herself into the Thames, and drowned herself; which did trouble me the more, when they tell me it was she that did live at the White Horse tavern in Lumbard Street, which was a most beautiful woman, as most I have seen. It seems she hath had long melancholy upon her, and hath endeavoured to make away with herself often.

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[1] Anthony Lowther, before the marriage.

[2] *Bays*, and *says*, and *serges*, and several sorts of stuffs, which I neither can nor do desire to name, are made in and about Colchester.—*Fuller's Worthies.*

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[1] Bois-le-Duc.

[2] Entitled An Act for Rebuilding the City of London, 19th Car. II., cap. 3.

[3] See Sir Christopher Wren's Proposals for rebuilding the City of London after the great fire, with an engraved Plan of the Principal Streets and Public Buildings, in Elmes's *Memoirs of Sir Christopher Wren*, Appendix, p. 61. The originals are in All Souls' College Library, Oxford.

25th. Lay long in bed, talking with pleasure with my poor wife, how she used to make coal fires, and wash my foul clothes with her own hand for me, poor wretch! in our little room at my Lord Sandwich's; for which I ought for ever to love and admire her, and do; and persuade myself she would do the same thing again, if God should reduce us to it. At my goldsmith's did observe the King's new medall, where, in little, there is Mrs. Stewart's face as well done as ever I saw anything in my whole life, I think: and a pretty thing it is, that he should choose her face to represent Britannia by.

27th. Up by candle-light, about six o'clock, and by water down to Woolwich, I being at leisure this day, the King and Duke of York being gone down to Sheerenesse to lay out the design for a fortification there to the river Medway;[2] and so we do not attend the Duke of York as we should otherwise have done. To the Dock Yard, and went into Mr. Pett's; and there, beyond expectation, he did present me with a Japan cane, with a silver head, and his wife sent me by him a ring, with a Woolwich stone,[1] now much in request; which I accepted, the values not being great: and then, at my asking, did give me an old draught of an ancient-built ship, given him by his father, of the Beare, in Queen Elizabeth's time. Mr. Hunt, newly come out of the country, tells me the country[2] is much impoverished by the greatness of taxes: the farmers do break every day almost, and £1,000 a year become not worth £500. He told me some ridiculous pieces of thrift of Sir G. Downing's, who is his countryman, in inviting some poor people, at Christmas last, to charm the country people's mouths; but did give them nothing but beef, porridge, pudding, and pork, and nothing said all dinner, but only his mother[3] would say, "It's good broth, son." He would answer, "Yes, it is good broth." Then, says his lady, "Confirm all, and say, Yes, very good broth." By and by she would begin and say, "Good pork:" "Yes," says the mother, "good pork." Then he cries, "Yes, very good pork." And so they said of all things; to which nobody made any answer, they going there not out of love or esteem of them, but to eat his victuals, knowing him to be a niggardly fellow; and with this he is jeered now all over the country. Comes Captain Story, of Cambridge, to me, about a bill for prest money;[4] but, Lord! to see the natures of men; how this man, hearing my name, did ask me of my country, and told me of my cozen Roger, that he was not so wise a man as his father; for that he do not agree in Parliament with his fellow burgesses and knights of the shire, whereas I know very well the reason; for he is not so high a flyer as Mr. Chichley and others, but loves the King better than any of them, and to better purpose. But yet, he says that he is a very honest gentleman, and thence runs into a hundred stories of his own services to the King, and how he at this day brings in the taxes before anybody here thinks they are collected: discourse very absurd to entertain a stranger with. Met Mr. Cooling, who tells me of my Lord Duke of Buckingham's being sent for last night, by a Serjeant at Armes,[1] to the Tower, for treasonable practices, and that the King is infinitely angry with him, and declared him no longer one of his Council. I know not the reason of it, or occasion. Took up my wife to the Exchange, and there bought things for Mrs. Pierce's little daughter, my Valentine, and so to her house, where we find Knipp, who also challengeth me for her Valentine. She looks well, sang well, and very merry we were for half an hour. Tells me Harris is well again, having been very ill. To Sir W. Pen's, and sat with my Lady, and the young couple[2] (Sir William out of town) talking merrily; but they make a very sorry couple, methinks, though rich.

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[1] Faggots.

[2] The first fortification at Sheerness was erected by Sir Bernard de Gomme. The original draft is in the British Museum: see *post*, March 24, 1667, note.

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[1] Woolwich stones, still collected in that locality, are simply water-worn pebbles of flint, which when broken with a hammer, exhibit on the smooth surface some resemblance to the human face; and their possessors are thus enabled to trace likenesses of friends, or eminent public characters. Mr. Tenant, the geologist, of the Strand, has a collection of such stones. In the British Museum is a nodule of globular, or Egyptian jaspar, which, in its fracture, bears a striking resemblance to the well-known portrait of Chaucer. It is engraved in Rymsdyk's *Museum Britannicum*, tab. xxviii. A flint, showing Mr. Pitt's face, used once to be exhibited at the meetings of the Pitt Club.

[2] Cambridgeshire.

[3] Sir George Downing's mother was Margaret, daughter and co-heir of Robert Brett, D.D. His wife, Lady Downing, was Frances, fourth daughter of William Howard, of Naworth, and sister of Charles Howard, the first Earl of that family.

[4] Earnest money, given to a soldier who is enlisted.—BAILEY.

28th. Mr. Holliard dined with us, and pleasant company he is. I love his company, and he secures me against ever having the stone again. He gives it me, as his opinion, that the City will never be built again together, as is expected, while any restraint is laid upon them. He hath been a great loser, and would be a builder again, but, he says, he knows not what restricting there will be, so as it is unsafe for him to begin. I did within these six days see smoke still remaining of the late fire in the City; and it is strange to think how, to this very day, I cannot sleep at night without great terrors of fire. Mr. Gauden[3] tells me more than I knew before—that he hath orders to get all the victuals he can to Plymouth, and the Western ports, and other out-ports, and some to Scotland, so that we do intend to keep but a flying fleete this year; which, it may be, may preserve us a year longer, but the end of it must be ruin. Sir J. Minnes this night tells me, that he hears for certain, that ballads are made of us in Holland for begging of a peace; which I expected, but am vexed at. So ends this month, with nothing of weight upon my mind, but for my father and mother, who are both very ill, and have been so for some weeks: whom God help! but I do fear my poor father will hardly be ever naturally well again.

March 1st. In Mark Lane I do observe, it being St. David's day, the picture of a man dressed like a Welchman, hanging by the neck upon one of the poles that stand out at the top of one of the merchants' houses, in full proportion, and very handsomely done; which is one of the oddest sights I have seen a good while. Being returned home, I find Greeting, the flageolet-master, come, and teaching my wife; and I do think my wife will take pleasure in it, and it will be easy for her, and pleasant. So to the office, and then before dinner making my wife to sing. Poor wretch! her ear is so bad that it made me angry, till the poor wretch cried to see me so vexed at her, that I think I shall not discourage her so much again, but will endeavour to make her understand sounds, and do her good that way; for she hath a great mind to learn, only to please me. Tom Woodall, the known chyrurgeon, is killed at Somerset House by a Frenchman, in a drunken quarrel.

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[1] Bearcroft: see 3d March, *post*.

[2] Anthony Lowther and his wife Margaret Penn.

[3] The victualler.

2d. After dinner, with my wife, to the King's house to see "The Maiden Queene," a new play of Dryden's, mightily commended for the regularity of it, and the strain and wit; and, the truth is, there is a comical part done by Nell, which is Florimell, that I never can hope ever to see the like done again, by man or woman. The King and Duke of York were at the play. But so great performance of a comical part was never, I believe, in the world before as Nell do this, both as a mad girle, then most and best of all when she comes in like a young gallant; and hath the motions and carriage of a spark the most that ever I saw any man have. It makes me, I confess, admire her.

3d. (Lord's day.) To White Hall, where, walking in the gallerys, I met Mr. Pierce, who tells me the story of Tom Woodall, the surgeon, killed in a drunken quarrel, and how the Duke of York hath a mind to get him [Mr. Pierce] one of his places in St. Thomas's Hospitall. It is believed that the Dutch will yield to have the treaty at London or Dover, neither of which will get our King any credit, we having already consented to have it at the Hague; which, it seems, De Witt opposed, as a thing wherein the King of England must needs have some profound design, which in my conscience he hath not. They do also tell me that news is this day come to the King, that the King of France is come with his army to the frontiers of Flanders, demanding leave to pass through their country towards Poland, but is denied, and thereupon that he is gone into the country. How true this is I dare not believe till I hear more. I walked into the Park, it being a fine but very cold day; and there took two or three turns the length of the Pell Mell; and there I met Serjeant

Bearcroft, who was sent for the Duke of Buckingham, to have brought him prisoner to the Tower. He come to town this day, and brings word that, being overtaken and outrid by the Duchess of Buckingham within a few miles of Westhorp,[1] he believes she got thither about a quarter of an hour before him, and so had time to consider; so that, when he come, the doors were kept shut against him. The next day, coming with officers of the neighbour market-town to force open the doors, they were open for him, but the Duke gone; so he took horse presently, and heard upon the road that the Duke of Buckingham was gone before him for London: so that he believes he is this day also come to town before him; but no news is yet heard of him. This is all he brings. Thence to my Lord Chancellor's, and there, meeting Sir H. Cholmly, he and I walked in my Lord's garden, and talked; and, among other things, of the treaty: and he says there will certainly be a peace, but I cannot believe it. He tells me that the Duke of Buckingham his crimes, as far as he knows, are his being of a caball with some discontented persons of the late House of Commons, and opposing the desires of the King in all his matters in that House; and endeavouring to become popular, and advising how the Commons' House should proceed, and how he would order the House of Lords. And that he hath been endeavouring to have the King's nativity calculated; which was done, and the fellow now in the Tower about it: which itself hath heretofore, as he says, been held treason, and people died for it; but by the Statute of Treason, in Queen Mary's times and since, it hath been left out. He tells me that this silly Lord hath provoked, by his ill carriage, the Duke of York, my Lord Chancellor, and all the great persons; and therefore, most likely, will die. He tells me, too, many practices of treachery against this King; as betraying him in Scotland, and giving Oliver an account of the King's private councils; which the King knows very well, and yet hath pardoned him.

6th. To White Hall; and here the Duke of York did acquaint us, and the King did the like also, afterwards coming in, with his resolution of altering the manner of the war this year; that is, we shall keep what fleete we have abroad in several squadrons; so that now all is come out; but we are to keep it as close as we can, without hindering the work that is to be done in preparation to this. Great preparations there are to fortify Sheernesse and the yard at Portsmouth, and forces are drawing down to both those places, and elsewhere by the seaside; so that we have some fear of an invasion; and the Duke of York himself did declare his expectation of the enemy's blocking us up here in the River, and therefore directed that we should send away all the ships that we have to fit out hence. Sir W. Pen told me, going with me this morning to White Hall, that for certain the Duke of Buckingham is brought into the Tower, and that he hath had an hour's private conference with the King before he was sent thither. Every body complains of the dearness of coals, being at £4 per chaldron, the weather, too, being become most bitter cold, the King saying to-day that it was the coldest day he ever knew in England. Thence by coach to my Lord Crewe's, where very welcome. Here I find they are in doubt where the Duke of Buckingham is; which makes me mightily reflect on the uncertainty of all history, when, in a business of this moment, and of this day's growth, we cannot tell the truth. Here dined my old acquaintance, Mr. Borfett, that was my Lord Sandwich's chaplain, and my Lady Wright and Dr. Boreman, who is preacher at St. Gyles's in the Fields, who, after dinner, did give my Lord an account of two papist women lately converted, whereof one wrote her recantation, which he showed under her own hand mighty well drawn, so as my Lord desired a copy of it, after he had satisfied himself from the Dr., that, to his knowledge, she was not a woman under any necessity. To Deptford, and then by water home, wondrous cold, and reading a ridiculous ballad, made in praise of the Duke of Albemarle, to the tune of St. George, the tune being printed, too; and I observe that people have great encouragement to make ballads of him of this kind. There are so many, that hereafter he will sound like Guy of Warwicke. To Sir H. Cholmly's, a pretty house, and a fine, worthy, well-disposed gentleman he is. He tells me, among other things, that he hears of little hopes of a peace, their demands being so high as we shall never grant, and could tell me that we shall keep no fleete abroad this year, but only squadrons. So to the 'Change, and there bought 32*s.* worth of things for Mrs. Knipp, my Valentine, which is pretty to see how my wife is come to convention with me, that, whatever I do give to anybody else, I shall give her as much.

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[1] Westhorpe, in Suffolk, originally the magnificent residence of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk: it was probably afterwards granted by the Crown to the Duke of Buckingham. The house has long since been demolished.

7th. Hearing that Knipp is at my house, I home, and it is about a ticket for a friend of her's. I do love the humour of the jade very well. To Devonshire House,[1] to a burial of a kinsman of Sir R. Viner's; and there I received a ring. To the Duke's playhouse, and saw "The English Princesse, or Richard the Third;"[2] a most sad, melancholy play, and pretty good; but nothing eminent in it, as some tragedys are; only little Miss Davis[3] did dance a jig after the end of the play, and there telling the next day's play; so that it come in by force only to please the company to see her dance in boy's clothes; and, the truth is, there is no comparison between Nell's dancing the other day[4] at the King's house in boy's clothes and this, this being infinitely beyond the other. This day, Commissioner Taylor come to me for advice, and would force me to take ten pieces in gold of him, which I had no mind to, he being become one of our number at the Board. This day was reckoned by all people the coldest day that ever was remembered in England; and, God knows! coals at a very great price.[5]

8th. To Westminster Hall, where I saw Mr. Martin, the purser, come through with a picture in his hand, which he had bought, and observed how all the people of the Hall did fleer and laugh upon him, crying, "there is plenty grown upon a sudden;" and, the truth is, I was a little troubled that my favour should fall on so vain a fellow as he, and the more because, methought, the people do gaze upon me as the man that had raised him, and as if they guessed whence my kindness to him springs. To White Hall, where I find all met at the Duke of York's chamber; and, by and by, the Duke of York comes, and Carcasse is called in; and I read the depositions and his answers, and he added with great confidence and good words, even almost to persuasion, what to say; and my Lord Brouncker, like a very silly solicitor, argued against me, and all for him; and, being asked first by the Duke of York his opinion, did give it for his being excused. I next did answer the contrary very plainly, and had, in this dispute, which vexed and will never be forgot by my Lord, many occasions of speaking severely, and did against his bad practices. Commissioner Pett, like a fawning rogue, sided with my Lord, but to no purpose; and Sir W. Pen, like a cunning rogue, spoke mighty indifferently, and said nothing in all the fray, like a knave, as he is. But Sir W. Batten spoke out, and did come off himself by the Duke's kindness very well; and then Sir G. Carteret, and Sir W. Coventry, and the Duke of York himself flatly, as I said; and so he[1] was declared unfit to continue in, and therefore to be presently discharged the office, which, among other good effects, I hope, will make my Lord Brouncker not *alloquer* so high. Sir H. Cholmly and I to the Temple, and there parted, he telling me of my Lord Bellassis's want of generosity, and that he [Bellassis] will certainly be turned out of his government, and he [Cholmley] thinks himself stands fair for it.

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[1] Devonshire House was in Bishopsgate Street, where Devonshire Square stands.

[2] A tragedy, by J. Caryl.

[3] Mary Davis, sometime a comedian in the Duke of York's troop, and one of those actresses who boarded with Sir W. Davenant, was, according to Pepys, a natural daughter of Thomas Howard, first Earl of Berkshire. She captivated the King by the charming manner in which she sung a ballad, beginning, "My lodging is on the cold ground," when acting Celania, a shepherdess mad for love, in the play of "The Rivals." Charles took her off the stage, and she had by him a daughter named Mary Tudor, married to Francis, second Earl of Derwentwater; and their son James, the third Earl, was attainted and beheaded for high treason. Miss Davis was also a fine dancer: see Hawkins's *History of Music*, vol. iv., p. 525, where the ballad alluded to will be found; which, as Downes quaintly observes, "raised the fair songstress from her bed on the cold ground to the bed royal." According to another account, she was the daughter of a blacksmith at Charlton, in Wiltshire, where a family of the name of Davis had exercised that calling for many generations, and has but lately become extinct. There is a beautiful whole length portrait of Mary Davis, by Kneller, at Audley End, in which she is represented as a tall, handsome woman; and her general appearance ill accords with the description given of her by our Journalist.

[4] As Florimel, in "The Maiden Queen."

[5] £4 the chaldron. On Nov. 26th, *post*, he speaks of them as being £5 10*s*. In 1812, "Napoleon's winter," £6 6*s*. were paid in the suburbs of London; an extraordinary price, but the difference of money considered, cheap, when compared with 1667.

9th. Captain Cocke, who was here to-night, did tell us that he is certain that yesterday a proclamation was voted at the Council touching the proclaiming of my Lord Duke of Buckingham a traytor, and that it will be out on Monday.

10th. (Lord's day.) Yesterday the King did publicly talk of the King of France's dealing with all the Princes of Christendome. As to the States of Holland, he [the King of France] hath advised them, on good grounds, to refuse to treat with us at the Hague, because of having opportunity of spies, by reason of our interest in the House of Orange; and then, it being a town in one particular province, it would not be fit to have it, but in a town wherein the provinces have equal interest, as at Mastricht and other places named. That he advises them to offer no terms, nor accept of any, without his privity and consent, according to agreement; and tells them, if not so, he hath in his power to be even with them, the King of England being come to offer any terms he pleases: and that my Lord St. Albans is now at Paris, Plenipotentiary, to make what peace he pleases; and so he can make it, and exclude them, the Dutch, if he sees fit. A copy of this letter of the King of France's the Spanish Ambassador here gets, and comes and tells all to our King; which our King denies, and says the King of France only uses his power of saying any thing. At the same time, the King of France writes to the Emperor, that he is resolved to do all things to express affection to the Emperor, having it now in his power to make what peace he pleases between the King of England and him, and the states of the United Provinces; and, therefore, that he would not have him to concern himself in a friendship with us; and assures him that, on that regard, he will not offer anything to his disturbance, in his interest in Flanders, or elsewhere. He writes, at the same time, to Spain, to tell him that he wonders to hear of a league almost ended between the Crown of Spain and England, by my Lord Sandwich, and all without his privity, while he was making a peace upon what terms he pleased with England: that he is a great lover of the Crown of Spain, and would take the King and his affairs, during his minority, into his protection, nor would offer to set his foot in Flanders, or any where else, to disturb him; and, therefore, would not have him to trouble himself to make peace with any body; only he hath a desire to offer an exchange, which he thinks may be of moment to both sides: that is, that he [France] will enstate the King of Spain in the kingdom of Portugall, and he and the Dutch will put him into possession of Lisbon; and, that being done, he [France] may have Flanders: and this, they say, do mightily take in Spain, which is sensible of the fruitless expence Flanders, so far off, gives them; and how much better it would be for them to be master of Portugall; and the King of France offers, for security herein, that the King of England shall be bond for him, and that he will counter-secure the King of England with Amsterdam; and, it seems, hath assured our King, that if he will make a league with him, he will make a peace exclusive to the Hollander. These things are almost romantique, but yet true, as Sir H. Cholmley tells me the King himself did relate it all yesterday; and it seems as if the King of France did think other princes fit for nothing but to make sport for him: but simple princes they are, that are forced to suffer this from him.

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[1] Carcasse's dismissal from office is clearly alluded to in his verses. See *ante*, Sept. 2, 1666, note.

11th. The proclamation is this day come out against the Duke of Buckingham, commanding him to come in to one of the Secretaries, or to the Lieutenant of the Tower. A silly, vain man to bring himself to this: and there be many hard circumstances in the proclamation of the causes of this proceeding of the King's, which speak great displeasure of the King's, and crimes of his.

12th. Up and to the Office, where all the morning. At noon home, and there find Mr. Goodgroome, whose teaching of my wife only by singing over and over again to her, and letting her sing with him, not by herself, to correct her faults, I do not like at all, but was angry at it; but have this content, that I do think she will come to sing pretty well, and to trill in time, which pleases me well. This day a poor seaman, almost starved for want of food, lay in our yard a-dying. I sent him half-a-crown, and we ordered his ticket to be paid.

13th. Having done our usual business with the Duke of York, I away; and meeting Mr. D. Gauden in the presence-chamber, he and I to talk; and among other things he tells me, and I do find every where else, also, that our masters do begin not to like of their councils in fitting out no fleete, but only squadrons, and are finding out excuses for it; and, among others, he tells me a Privy-Councillor did tell him that it was said in Council that a fleete could not be set out this year, for want of victuals, which gives him and me great alarme, but me especially; for, had it been so, I ought to have represented it; and therefore it put me in policy presently to prepare myself to answer this objection, if ever it should come about, by drawing up a state of the Victualler's stores, which I will presently do. The Duke of Buckingham is concluded gone over sea, and, it is thought, to France.

14th. To my Lord Treasurer's. Here we fell into discourse with Sir Stephen Fox, and, among other things, of the Spanish manner of walking, when three together, and showed me how, which was pretty, to prevent differences. By and by comes the King and Duke of York, and presently the officers of the Ordnance were called; my Lord Berkeley, Sir John Duncomb, and Mr. Chichly; then my Lord Brouncker, W. Batten, W. Pen, and myself; where we find only the King and Duke of York, and my Lord Treasurer, and Sir G. Carteret; when I only did speak, laying down the state of our wants, which the King and Duke of York seemed very well pleased with, and we did get what we asked, £500,000, signed upon the eleven months' tax: but that is not so much ready-money, or what will raise £40,000 per week, which we desired, and the business will want. The King did prevent my offering any thing by and by as Treasurer for Tangier, telling me that he had ordered us £30,000 on the same tax; but that is not what we would have to bring our payments to come within a year. So we gone out, in went others; viz., one after another, Sir Stephen Fox for the Army, Captain Cocke for sick and wounded, Mr. Ashburnham[1] for the household. Thence Sir W. Batten, Sir W. Pen, and I, back again; I mightily pleased with what I had said and done, and the success thereof.

15th. Letters this day come to Court do tell us that we are not likely to agree, the Dutch demanding high terms, and the King of France the like, in a most braving manner. This morning I was called up by Sir John Winter, poor man! come in a sedan from the other end of the town, about helping the King in the business of bringing down his timber to the sea-side, in the forest of Deane.

16th. The weather is now grown warm again, after much cold; and it is observable that within these eight days I did see smoke remaining, coming out of some cellars from the late great fire, now above six months since.

17th. (Lord's day.) To White Hall Chapel. There I put my wife in the pew below, but it was pretty to see, myself being but in a plain band, and every way else ordinary, how the verger took me for her man, and I was fain to tell him she was a kinswoman of my Lord Sandwich's, he saying that none under knights-baronets' ladies are to go into that pew. I to the Duke of York's lodging, where in his dressing-chamber, he talking of his journey to-morrow or next day to Harwich, to prepare some fortifications there; so that we are wholly upon the defensive part this year. I to walk in the Parke, where to the Queen's chapel, and there heard a fryer preach with his cord about his middle, in Portuguese, something I could understand, showing that God did respect the meek and humble, as well as the high and rich. He was full of action, but very decent and good, I thought, and his manner of delivery very good. Then I went back to White Hall, and there up to the closet, and spoke with several people till sermon was ended, which was preached by the Bishop of Hereford,[2] an old good man, that they say made an excellent sermon. He was by birth a Catholique, and a great gallant, having £1500 per annum, patrimony, and is a Knight Baronet: was turned from his persuasion by the late Archbishop Laud. He and the Bishop of Exeter, Dr. Ward, are the two Bishops that the King do say he cannot have bad sermons from. Here I met with Sir H. Cholmly, who tells me, that undoubtedly my Lord Bellassis do go no more to Tangier, and that he do believe he do stand in a likely way to go Governor; though he sees, and showed me, a young silly lord, one Lord Allington,[1] who hath offered a great sum of money to go, and will put hard for it, he having a fine lady,[2] and a great man would be glad to have him out of the way. The King is very kind to my Lord Sandwich, and did himself observe to Sir G. Carteret how those very people, meaning the Prince and Duke of Albemarle, are punished in the same kind as they did seek to abuse my Lord Sandwich.

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[1] Wm. Ashburnham, the Cofferer.

[2] Bishop Herbert Croft, who was previously Dean of Hereford, (1644) was not a Romanist by birth, but entangled by the Jesuits while on his travels, and converted to Popery. It would appear, from Godwin, (*De Præsulibus*) that his return to the Protestant faith is not attributable to

18th. Comes my old good friend, Mr. Richard Cumberland,[3] to see me, being newly come to town, whom I have not seen almost, if not quite, these seven years. In a plain country-parson's dress. I could not spend much time with him, but prayed him to come with his brother, who was with him, to dine with me to-day; which he did do: and I had a great deal of his good company; and a most excellent person he is as any I know, and one that I am sorry should be lost and buried in a little country town, and would be glad to remove him thence; and the truth is, if he would accept of my sister's fortune, I should give £100 more with him than to a man able to settle her four times as much as, I fear, he is able to do; and I will think of it, and a way how to move it, he having in discourse said he was not against marrying, nor yet engaged. Comes

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Laud, but to the efforts of another prelate. "In patriam vero redux et in Thomæ Mortoni Episcopi Dunelmensis familiaritatem adductus melioribus consiliis adhibitis ad se quoque rediit, et Ecclesiam Anglicanam." Croft, says Burnet, was a devout man, but of no discretion in his conduct. He was born in 1603, and survived his elevation to the See of Hereford, in 1661, thirty years. The Bishop's father, Sir Herbert, was a knight, and his son, of the same name, a baronet. (See Sir Walter Scott's preface to "The Naked Truth," in Somers's *Tracts*, vol. vii., p. 268.)

[1] William Alington, second Baron Alington, of Killard, Ireland, created an English Baron 1682, by the title of Baron Alington of Wymondley, Hertfordshire; which title became extinct in 1692.

[2] His second wife, Juliana, daughter of Baptist Noel, Viscount Camden. She died the September following.

[3] Richard Cumberland, educated at St. Paul's School, and Magdalene College, Cambridge, made Bishop of Peterborough 1691. Ob. 1718, aged 86.

Captain Jenifer to me, a great servant of my Lord Sandwich's, who tells me that he do hear for certain, though I do not yet believe it, that Sir W. Coventry is to be Secretary of State, and my Lord Arlington Lord Treasurer. I only wish that the latter were as fit for the latter office as the former is for the former, and more fit than my Lord Arlington. Anon Sir W. Pen come and talked with me in the garden, and tells me that for certain the Duke of Richmond is to marry Mrs. Stewart, he having this day brought in an account of his estate and debts to the King on that account. My father's letter this day do tell me of his own continued illness, and that my mother grows so much worse, that he fears she cannot long continue, which troubles me very much. This day, Mr. Cæsar told me a pretty experiment of his, of angling with a minnikin, a gut-string varnished over, which keeps it from swelling, and is beyond any hair for strength and smallness. The secret I like mightily.

19th. It comes in my mind this night to set down how a house was the other day in Bishopsgate Street blowed up with powder; a house that was untenanted; but, thanks be to God, it did no more hurt; and all do conclude it a plot. This afternoon I am told again that the town do talk of my Lord Arlington's being to be Lord Treasurer, and Sir W. Coventry to be Secretary of State; and that for certain the match is concluded between the Duke of Richmond and Mrs. Stewart, which I am well enough pleased with: and it is pretty to consider how his quality will allay people's talk; whereas, had a meaner person married her, he would for certain have been derided at first dash.

20th. To our church to the vestry, to be assessed by the late Poll Bill, where I am rated as an Esquire,[1] and for my office, all will come to about £50. But not more than I expected, nor so much by a great deal as I ought to be, for all my offices. The Duke of Richmond and Mrs. Stewart were betrothed last night. It is strange how "Rycaut's[2] Discourse of Turky," which before the fire I was asked but 8*s.* for, there being all but twenty-two or thereabouts burned, I did now offer 20*s.*, and he demands 50*s.*, and I think I shall give it him, though it be only as a monument of the fire. I met with a sad letter from my brother, who tells me my mother is declared by the doctors to be past recovery, and that my father is also very ill: so that I fear we shall see a sudden change there. God fit them and us for it!

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[1] See March 26, 1660, note.

[2] Sir Paul Rycaut.

21st. To the Duke of York's playhouse, where unexpectedly I come to see only the young men and women of the house act; they having liberty to act for their own profit on Wednesdays and Fridays this Lent: and the play they did yesterday, being Wednesday, was so well taken, that they thought fit to venture it publickly to-day; a play of my Lord Falkland's[1] called "The Wedding Night," a kind of a tragedy, and some things very good in it, but the whole together, I thought, not so. I confess I was well enough pleased with my seeing it; and the people did do better, without the great actors, than I did expect, but yet far short of what they do when they are there. Our trial for a good prize came on to-day, "The Phœnix, worth two or £3000"[2] when by and by Sir W. Batten told me we had got the day, which was mighty welcome news to me and us all. But it is pretty to see what money will do. Yesterday, Walker[3] was mighty cold on our behalf, till Sir W. Batten promised him, if we sped in this business of the goods, a coach; and if at the next trial we sped for the ship, we would give him a pair of horses. And he hath strove for us to-day like a prince, though the Swedes' Agent was there with all the vehemence he could to save the goods, but yet we carried it against him.

22d. My wife having dressed herself in a silly dress of a blue petticoat uppermost, and a white satin waistcoat and white hood, though I think she did it because her gown is gone to the tailor's, did, together with my being hungry, which always makes me peevish, make me angry. The Duke of York, instead of being at sea as Admirall, is now going from port to port, as he is this day at Harwich, and was the other day with the King at Sheernesse, and hath ordered at Portsmouth how fortifications shall be made to oppose the enemy, in case of invasion, which is to us a sad consideration, and shameful to the nation, especially for so many proud vaunts as we have made against the Dutch, and all from the folly of the Duke of Albemarle, who did throw us into this war.

23d. At the office, where Sir W. Pen come, being returned from Chatham, from considering the means of fortifying the river Medway, by a chain at the stakes, and ships laid there with guns to keep the enemy from coming up to burn our ships; all our care now being to fortify ourselves against their invading us. Vexed with our maid Luce, our cookmaid, who is a good drudging servant in everything else, and pleases us, but that she will be drunk, and hath been so last night and all this day, that she could not make clean the house. My fear is only fire.

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[1] Henry Carey, third Viscount Falkland, M.P. for Arundell, 1661. Ob. 1664.

[2] In 1689, the House of Commons appointed a Committee to investigate the conduct of Pepys and Sir Josiah Child in the business of the Phœnix. The proceedings are to be found in Rawlinson, A 170.

[3] Sir W. Walker.

24th. (Lord's day.) With Sir G. Carteret and Sir J. Minnes; and they did talk of my Lord Brouncker,[1] whose father, it seems, did give Mr. Ashburnham and the present Lord Bristoll £1200 to be made an Irish lord, and swore the same day that he had not 12*d.* left to pay for his dinner: they made great mirth at this, my Lord Brouncker having lately given great matter of offence both to them and us all, that we are at present mightily displeased with him. By and by to the Duke of York, where we all met, and there was the King also; and all our discourse was about fortifying of the Medway and Harwich, which is to be entrenched quite round, and Portsmouth: and here they advised with Sir Godfry Lloyd[2] and Sir Bernard de Gunn,[3] the two great engineers, and had the plates drawn before them; and indeed all their care they now take is to fortify themselves, and are not ashamed of it; for when by and by my Lord Arlington come in with letters, and seeing the King and Duke of York give us and the officers of the Ordnance directions in this matter, he did move that we might do it as privately as we could, that it might not come into the Dutch Gazette presently, as the King's and Duke of York's going down the other day to Sheernesse was, the week after, in the Harlem Gazette. The King and Duke of York both laughed at it, and made no matter, but said, "Let us be safe, and let them talk, for there is nothing will trouble them more, nor will prevent them coming more, than to hear that we are fortifying ourselves." And the Duke of York said further, "What said Marshal Turenne, when some in vanity said that the enemies were afraid, for they entrenched themselves? 'Well,' says he, 'I would they were not afraid, for then they would not entrench themselves, and so we could deal with them the better.'" Away thence, and met with Sir H. Cholmly, who tells me that he do believe the government of Tangier is bought by my Lord Allington for a sum of money to my Lord Arlington, and something to Lord Bellassis. I did this night give the waterman who uses to carry me 10*s.* at his request, for the painting of his new boat, on which shall be my arms.

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[1] Sir William Brouncker had been Commissary-General of the Musters in the Scotch expedition in 1639, Vice-Chamberlain to Prince Charles, and one of the Gentlemen of his Privy Chamber to Charles I. He was the son of Sir Henry Brouncker, President of Munster, by Anne, Sister to Henry Lord Morley, and was created Viscount Brouncker, of Castle Lyons, in Ireland, and Baron Brouncker, of Newcastle, co. Dublin, 12th Sept., 1645. He died in November following, and was buried in the Cathedral of Christ Church, Oxford, leaving issue by his wife Winifred, daughter of Sir William Leigh, of Newenham, Warwickshire, two sons, William, before-mentioned, and Henry, third and last Viscount Brouncker, who died in 1688, and was buried in Richmond Church, leaving no issue by his wife Rebecca, widow of the Hon. Thomas Jermyn, mother, by her first husband, of the Lords Jermyn and Dever. Henry Brouncker, who had been Groom of the Bed-Chamber to the Duke of York, had succeeded to the office of Cofferer on the death of William Ashburnham, in 1671. The Lords Brouncker were descended from Henry Brouncker, who in 1544 bought lands at Melksham and Erlestoke, in Wilts; and his arms, and those of his two wives, are described by Aubrey as being on the window of a house at Erlestoke. *Ex. Inform. Miss Henrietta Brouncker*, whose eldest brother, Richard Brouncker, considers himself as the representative of the family. He has two young sons; and his estate is at Boveridge, Dorset, on the borders of Wilts. See 13th Aug., 1662.

[2] Sir Godfrey Lloyd had been a Captain in Holland, and was knighted by Charles at Brussels in 1657.

[3] Sir Bernard de Gomme was born at Lille, in 1620. When young, he served in the campaigns of Henry Frederic, Prince of Orange, and afterwards entered the service of Charles I., by whom he was knighted. Under Charles II. and James II., he filled the offices of Chief Engineer, Quarter Master General, and Surveyor of the Ordnance. He died November 23,

25th. Went over Mr. Povy's house, which lies in the same good condition as ever, which is most extraordinary fine, and he was now at work with a cabinet-maker, making of a new inlaid table. Called at Mr. Lilly's, who was working; and indeed his pictures are without doubt much beyond Mr. Hales's, I think I may say I am convinced: but a mighty proud man he is, and full of state. To the King's playhouse; and by and by comes Mr. Lowther and his wife and mine, and into a box, forsooth, neither of them being dressed, which I was almost ashamed of. Sir W. Pen and I in the pit, and here saw "The Mayden Queene" again; which indeed the more I see the more I like, and is an excellent play, and so done by Nell, her merry part, as cannot be better done in nature.

26th. I have cause to be joyful this day, for my being cut of the stone this day nine years. The condition I am in, in reference to my mother, makes it unfit for me to keep my usual feast. To Exeter House, where the Judge was sitting, and

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1685, and is buried in the Tower of London. He first fortified Sheerness, Liverpool, &c., and he strengthened Portsmouth. His plans of these places and others, and of some of Charles I.'s battles, are in the British Museum, where also is preserved a miniature portrait of him in oil.

there heard our cause pleaded; Sir —— Turner,[1] Sir W. Walker, and Sir Ellis Layton being our counsel against only Sir Robert Wiseman[2] on the other. The second of our three counsel was the best, and indeed did speak admirably, and is a very shrewd man. Nevertheless, as good as he did make our case, and the rest, yet when Wiseman come to argue, nay, and though he did begin so sillily that we laughed in scorn in our sleeves at him, he did so state the case, that the Judge[3] did not think fit to decide the cause to-night, but took to to-morrow, and did stagger us in our hopes, so as to make us despair of the success. I am mightily pleased with the Judge, who seems a very rational, learned, and uncorrupt man, though our success do shake me.

27th. I heard from Sir John Bankes, though I cannot fully conceive the reason of it, that it will be impossible to make the Exchequer ever a true bank to all intents, unless the Exchequer stood nearer the Exchange, where merchants might with ease, while they are going about their business, at all hours, and without trouble or loss of time, have their satisfaction, which they cannot have now without much trouble, and loss of half a day, and no certainty of having the offices open. To the Castle Taverne, by Exeter House; and there Sir Ellis Layton, whom I found a wonderful witty, ready man for sudden answers and little tales, and sayings very extraordinary witty. He did give me a full account, upon my demand, of this Judge of the Admiralty, Judge Jenkins; who, he says, is a man never practised in this Court, but taken merely for his merit and ability's sake from Trinity Hall, where he had always lived; only by accident the business of the want of a Judge being proposed, the present Archbishop of Canterbury sent for him up: and here he is, against the *gré* and content of the old Doctors, made Judge, but is a very excellent man both for judgment and temper, yet majesty enough, and by all men's report, not to be corrupted. After dinner to the Court, where Sir Ellis Layton did make a very silly motion in our behalf, but did neither hurt nor good. After him Walker and Wiseman; and then the Judge did pronounce his sentence; for some—a part of the goods and ship, and the freight of the whole, to be free, and returned and paid by us; and the remaining, which was the greater part, to be ours. The loss of so much troubles us; but we have got a pretty good part, thanks be to God! Received from my brother the news of my mother's dying on Monday, about five or six o'clock in the afternoon, and that the last time she spoke of her children was on Friday last, and her last words were, "God bless my poor Sam!" The reading hereof did set me a-weeping heartily. Found it necessary to go abroad with my wife to look after the providing mourning to send into the country—some to-morrow, and more against Sunday, for my family, being resolved to put myself and wife, and Barker and Jane, W. Hewer and Tom, in mourning, and my two under-maids, to give them hoods and scarfs and gloves. So to my tailor's, and up and down, and then home, and to bed, my heart sad, though my judgment at ease.

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[1] Sir Edward Turner, Solicitor-General.

[2] D.C.L., King's Advocate, 1669.

[3] Sir Leoline Jenkins, Principal of Jesus College, Oxford, and afterwards made Judge of the Admiralty and the Prerogative Court. He was subsequently employed on several embassies, and succeeded Henry Coventry as Secretary of State. Ob. 1685, aged 62. His State Papers have been published.

28th. I down by water to our prize, part of whose goods were condemned yesterday—"The Lindeboome"—and there we did drink some of her wine, very good. But it did grate my heart to see the poor master come on board, and look about into every corner, and find fault that she was not so clean as she used to be, though methought she was very clean; and to see his new masters come in, that had nothing to do with her, did trouble me to see him.

29th. The great streets in the City are marked out with piles drove into the ground; and if ever it be built in that form with so fair streets, it will be a noble sight. To a periwigg-maker's, and there bought two periwiggs, mighty fine; indeed, too fine, I thought, for me; but he persuaded me, and I did buy them for £4 10*s.* the two. To the Bull-Head Taverne, whither was brought my French gun; and one Truelocke, the famous gunsmith, that is a mighty ingenious man, did take my gun in pieces, and made me understand the secrets thereof: and upon the whole I do find it a very good piece of work, and truly wrought; but for certain not a thing to be used much with safety: and he do find that this very gun was never yet shot off. Balty tells me strange stories of his mother. Among others, how she, in his absence in Holland, did pawne all the things that he had got in his service under Oliver, and run of her own accord, without her husband's leave, into Flanders, and that his purse, and 4*s.* a week which his father receives of the French church, is all the subsistence his father and mother have, and that about £20 a year maintains them;[1] which, if it please God, I will find one way or other to provide for them, to remove that scandal away.

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[1] This seems to prove that Mrs. Pepys's mother had married again.

30th. To see the silly play of my Lady Newcastle's,[1] called "The Humourous Lovers;" the most silly thing that ever came upon a stage. I was sick to see it, but yet would not but have seen it, that I might the better understand her. Here I spied Knipp and Betty,[2] of the King's house, and sent Knipp oranges, but, having little money about me, did not offer to carry them abroad.

31st. (Lord's day.) To church; and with my mourning, very handsome, and new periwigg, make a great show. Walked to my Lord Treasurer's, where the King, Duke of York, and the Caball, and much company without; and a fine day. Anon come out from the Caball my Lord Hollis and Mr. H. Coventry,[3] who, it is conceived, have received their instructions from the King this day; they being to begin their journey towards their treaty at Bredah speedily, their passes being come. Here I saw the Lady Northumberland[4] and her daughter-in-law, my Lord Treasurer's daughter, my Lady Piercy,[5] a beautiful lady indeed. The month shuts up only with great desires of peace in all of us, and a belief that we shall have a peace, in most people, if it can be had on any terms, for there is a necessity of it; for we cannot go on with the war, and our masters are afraid to come to depend upon the good will of the Parliament any more, as I do hear.

April 1st. To White Hall, and there had the good fortune to walk with Sir W. Coventry into the garden, and there read our melancholy letter to the Duke of York, which he likes. And so to talk: and he flatly owns that we must have a peace, for we cannot set out a fleete;[6] and, to use his own words, he fears that we shall soon have enough of fighting in this new way, that we have thought on for this year. He bemoans the want of money, and discovers himself jealous that Sir G. Carteret do not look after, or concern himself for getting, money; and did further say, that he [Carteret] and my Lord Chancellor do at this very day labour all they can to vilify this new way of raising money, and making it payable, as it now is, into the Exchequer; and that in pursuance hereof my Lord Chancellor hath prevailed with the King, in the close of his speech to the House, to say, that he did hope to see them come to give money as it used to be given, without so many provisos, meaning this new method of the Act. While we were talking, there come Sir Thomas Allen[1] with two ladies, one of which was Mrs. Rebecca Allen, that I knew heretofore, the clerk of the rope-yard's daughter at Chatham, poor heart! come to desire favour for her husband, who is clapt up, being a Lieutenant [Jewkes], for sending a challenge to his Captain, in the most saucy, base language that could be writ. I perceive Sir W. Coventry is wholly resolved to bring him to punishment; for, "bear with this," says he, "and no discipline shall ever be expected." Sir J. Minnes did tell of the discovery of his own great-grandfather's murder, fifteen years after he was murdered. Mrs. Turner come to my office, and did walk an hour with me in the garden, telling me stories how Sir Edward Spragge hath lately made love to our neighbour, a widow, Mrs. Hollworthy, who is a woman of estate, and wit and spirit, and do contemn him the most, and sent him away with the greatest scorn, in the world: also odd stories how the parish talks of Sir W. Pen's family, how poorly they clothe their daughter so soon after marriage, and do say that Mr. Lowther was married once before, and some such thing there hath been, whatever the bottom of it is. But to think of the clatter they make with his coach, and his own fine cloathes, and yet how meanly they live within doors, and nastily, and borrowing everything of neighbours.

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[1] Margaret, daughter of Thomas Lucas, of Colchester, and sister to John Lord Lucas, married William Cavendish, Marquis of Newcastle, created a Duke 1664.

[2] Betty Hall. See 23rd January, 1666-7.

[3] See 14th February, 1666-7, *ante*.

[4] Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of Theophilus Howard, second Earl of Suffolk, wife of Algernon, tenth Earl of Northumberland.

[5] Lady Elizabeth Wriothesley, daughter and co-heir to the last Earl of Southampton, married to Joscelin Lord Percy.

[6] Evelyn (*Diary*, July 29, 1667) says that it was owing to Sir William Coventry that no fleet was fitted out in 1667. His unpopularity after the burning of the fleet at Chatham by the Dutch was great. "Those who advised His Majesty to prepare no fleet this spring, deserved—I know what—but!"—Evelyn's *Diary*, 28th June, 1667.

2d. Mr. Deane hath promised me a very fine draught of the Rupert, which I will make one of the beautifullest things that ever was seen of the kind, she being a ship that will deserve it.

3d. To the Duke of York, where Sir G. Carteret did say that he had no funds to raise money on; and being asked by Sir W. Coventry whether the eleven months' tax was not a fund, he answered "No, that the bankers would not lend money upon it." Then Sir W. Coventry burst out and said he did supplicate His Royal Highness, and would do the same to the King, that he would remember who they were that did persuade the King from parting with the Chimney-money to the

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[1] Elsewhere called Captain Allen.

Parliament, and taking that in lieu which they would certainly have given, and which would have raised infallibly ready-money; meaning the bankers and the farmers of the Chimney-money, whereof Sir G. Carteret, I think, is one; saying plainly, that whoever did advise the King to that, did, as much as in them lay, cut the King's throat, and did wholly betray him: to which the Duke of York did assent; and remembered that the King did say again and again at the time, that he was assured, and did fully believe, the money would be raised presently upon a land-tax. This put us all into a stound; and Sir W. Coventry went on to declare, that he was glad he was come to have so lately[1] concern in the Navy as he hath, for he cannot now give any good account of the Navy business; and that all his work now was to be able to provide such orders as would justify his Royal Highness in business, when it shall be called to account; and that he do do, not concerning himself whether they are or can be performed, or no: and that when it comes to be examined, and falls on my Lord Treasurer, he cannot help it, whatever the issue of it shall be. One thing more Sir W. Coventry did say to the Duke of York, when I moved again, that of about £9,000 debt to Lanyon[2] at Plymouth, he might pay £3,700 worth of prize-goods, that he bought lately at the candle, out of this debt due to him from the King; and the Duke of York, and Sir G. Carteret, and Lord Barkeley, saying, all of them, that my Lord Ashly would not be got to yield it, who is Treasurer of the Prizes, Sir W. Coventry did plainly desire that it might be declared whether the proceeds of the prizes were to go to the helping on of the war, or no; and, if it were, how then this could be denied? which put them all into another stound; and it is true, God forgive us! Thence to the chapel, and there, by chance, hear that Dr. Crewe[3] is to preach; and so into the organ-loft, where I met Mr. Carteret, and my Lady Jemimah, and Sir Thomas Crewe's two daughters, and Dr. Childe playing: and Dr. Crewe did make a very pretty, neat, sober, honest sermon; and delivered it very readily, decently, and gravely, beyond his years: so as I was exceedingly taken with it, and I believe the whole chapel, he being but young; but his manner of his delivery I do like exceedingly. His text was, "But seeke ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." The Dutch letters are come, and say that the Dutch have ordered a passe to be sent for our Commissioners, and that it is now upon the way, coming with a trumpeter blinded, as is usual. But I perceive every body begins to doubt the success of the treaty, all their hopes being only that if it can be had on any terms, the Chancellor will have it; for he dare not come before a Parliament, nor a great many more of the courtiers, and the King himself do declare he do not desire it, nor intend but on a strait; which God defend him from! Here I hear how the King is not so well pleased of this marriage between the Duke of Richmond and Mrs. Stewart, as is talked; and that he [the Duke] by a wile did fetch her to the Beare, at the Bridge-foot, where a coach was ready, and they are stole away into Kent[1] without the King's leave; and that the King hath said he will never see her more: but people do think that it is only a trick. This day I saw Prince Rupert abroad in the Vane-Room, pretty well as he used to be, and looks as well, only something appears to be under his periwigg on the crown of his head.

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[1] Little (?).

[2] One of the contractors for victualling Tangier.

[3] Nathanael Crewe, afterwards Bishop of Durham, and last Lord Crewe. He was the founder of the noble Bamborough charities. Ob. 1721.

4th. I find the Duke of Albemarle at dinner with sorry company, some of his officers of the Army: dirty dishes, and a nasty wife at table, and bad meat, of which I made but an ill dinner. Pretty to hear how she talked against Captain Du Tell,[2] the Frenchman, that the Prince and her husband put out the last year; and how, says she, the Duke of York hath made him, for his good services, his Cupbearer, yet he fired more shot into the Prince's ship, and others of the King's ships, than of the enemy. And the Duke of Albemarle did confirm it, and that somebody in the fight did cry out that a little Dutchman, by his ship, did plague him more than any other; upon which they were going to order him to be sunk, when they looked and found it was Du Tell, who, as the Duke of Albemarle says, had killed several men in several of our ships. He said, but for his interest, which he knew he had at Court, he had hanged him at the yard's-arm, without staying for a Court-martiall. One Colonel Howard,[3] at the table, magnified the Duke of Albemarle's fight in June last, as being a greater action than ever was done by Cæsar. The Duke of Albemarle did say it had been no great action, had all his number fought, as they should have done, to have beat the Dutch; but of his 55 ships, not above 25 fought. He did give an account that it was a fight he was forced to: the Dutch being come in his way, and he being ordered to the buoy of the Nore, he could not pass by them without fighting, nor avoid them without great disadvantage and dishonour; and this Sir G. Carteret, I afterwards giving him an account of what he said, says is true, that he was ordered up the Nore. But I remember he said, had all his captains fought, he would no more have doubted to have beat the Dutch, with all their number, than to eat the apple that lay on his trencher. My Lady Duchess, among other things, discoursed of the wisdom of dividing the fleete;[1] which the General said nothing to, though he knew well that it come from themselves in the fleete, and was brought up hither by Sir Edward Spragge. Colonel Howard, asking how the Prince did, the Duke of Albemarle answering, "Pretty well," the other replied, "But not so well as to go to sea again."—"How!" says the Duchess, "what should he go for, if he were well, for there are no ships for him to command? And so you have brought your hogs to a fair market," said she. It was pretty to hear the Duke of Albemarle himself to wish that they would come on our ground, meaning the French, for that he would pay them, so as to make them glad to go back to France again; which was like a general, but not like an admiral. One at the table told an odd passage in this late plague: that at Petersfield, I think, he said, one side of the street had every house almost infected through the town, and the other, not one shut up. Dinner being done, Balty and I to the Park, and, out of pity to his father, told him what I had in my thoughts to do for him about the money—that is, to make him Deputy Treasurer to the fleete, which I have done, by getting Sir G. Carteret's consent, and an order from the Duke of York for £1,500 to be paid to him. He promises the whole profit to be paid to my wife, to be disposed of, as she sees fit, for her father and mother's relief. I made Sir G. Carteret merry, with telling him how many land-admirals we are to have this year: Allen at Plymouth, Holmes at Portsmouth, Spragge for Medway, Teddiman at Dover, Smith to the Northward, and Harman to the Southward. My Lady Carteret was on the bed to-day, having been let blood, and tells me of my Lady Jemimah's being big-bellied. With Sir Stephen Fox, talking of the sad condition of the King's purse, and affairs thereby; and how sad the King's life must be, to pass by his officers every hour, that are four years behind-hand unpaid. My Lord Barkeley [of Stratton], I met with there, and fell into talk with him on the same thing, wishing to God that it might be remedied, to which he answered, with an oath, that it was as easy to remedy it as anything in the world; saying, that there is himself and three more would venture their carcases upon it to pay all the King's debts in three years, had they the managing his revenue, and putting £300,000 in his purse, as a stock. But, Lord! what a thing is this to me, that do show how likely a man my Lord Barkeley of all the world is, to do such a thing as this. Sir W. Coventry tells me plainly, that to all future complaints of lack of money he will answer but with the shrug of the shoulder; which methought did come to my heart, to see him to begin to abandon the King's affairs, and let them sink or swim. My wife had been to-day at White Hall to the Maundy,[1] it being Maundy Thursday; but the King did not wash the poor people's feet himself, but the Bishop of London did it for him. To Hackney, where good neat's tongue, and things to eat and drink, and very merry, the weather being mighty pleasant; and here I was told, that at their church they have a fair pair of organs, which play while the people sing, which I am mighty glad of, wishing the like at our church at London, and would give £50 towards it.

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[1] To Cobham Hall, near Gravesend: see 26th April, *post.*

[2] See note, July 27, 1666, *ante.*

[3] Son of the Earl of Berkshire.

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[1] See Nov. 1, 1667, *post*.

5th. In the street met with Mr. Sanchy, my old acquaintance at Cambridge, reckoned a great minister here in the City, and by Sir Richard Ford particularly, which I wonder at; for methinks, in his talk, he is but a mean man. Mr. Young was talking about the building of the City again: and he told me that those few churches that are to be built are plainly not chosen with regard to the convenience of the City; they stand a great many in a cluster about Cornhill: but that all of them are either in the gift of the Lord Archbishop, or Bishop of London, or Lord Chancellor, or gift of the City. Thus all things, even to the building of churches, are done in this world! And then he says, which I wonder at, that he should not in all this time see, that Moorefields have houses two stories high in them, and paved streets, the City having let leases for seven years, which he do conclude will be very much to the hindering the building of the City; but it was considered that the streets cannot be passable in London till the whole street be built; and several that had got ground of the City for charity, to build sheds on, had got the trick presently to sell that for £60, which did not cost them £20, to put up; and so the City, being very poor in stock, thought it as good to do it themselves, and therefore let leases for seven years of the ground in Moorefields; and a good deal of this money, thus advanced, hath been employed for the enabling them to find some money for Commissioner Taylor, and Sir W. Batten, towards the charge of "The Loyall London,"[1] or else, it is feared, it had never been paid. This morning come to me the Collectors for my Poll-money; for which I paid for my title as Esquire and place of Clerk of Acts, and my head and wife's, and servants', and their wages, £40, 17*s.*; and though this be a great deal, yet it is a shame I should pay no more: that is, that I should not be assessed for my pay, as in the victualling business and Tangier; and for my money, which, of my own accord, I had determined to charge myself with £1000 money, till coming to the Vestry, and seeing nobody of our ablest merchants, as Sir Andrew Rickard, to do it, I thought it not decent for me to do it.

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[1] Alms are still annually distributed to a certain number of poor persons in the royal chapel at Whitehall, in the name of the Sovereign, on Maundy Thursday, the day preceding Good Friday. The word is derived from the baskets, or *maunds*, in which the gift is contained. Formerly, the Kings and Queens of England, besides bestowing their maunds on as many poor men and women as they were years old, washed their feet. James II. was probably the last of our monarchs who performed this ceremony. Of the ceremonial of the Maundy as practised in George III.'s time, some engravings were published in 1773, after drawings by S. H. Grimm. It is the custom to give the royal alms in small silver coinage, struck especially for the occasion, and called Maundy money.

6th. To the Tower wharfe, to attend the shipping of soldiers, to go down to man some ships going out, and pretty to see how merrily some, and most go, and how sad others—the leave they take of their friends, and the terms that some wives, and other wenches asked to part with then: a pretty mixture. Away to the Exchange, and mercers and drapers, up and down, to pay all my scores occasioned by this mourning for my mother; and emptied a £50 bag, and it was a joy to me to see that I am able to part with such a sum, without much inconvenience: at least, without any trouble of mind.

7th. (Lord's day.) To walk in the Park, and heard the Italian musick at the Queen's chapel, whose composition is fine, but yet the voice of eunuchs I do not like. To White Hall, and there saw the King come out of chapel after prayers in the afternoon, which he is never at but after having received the Sacrament: and the Court, I perceive, is quite out of mourning; and some very fine; among others, my Lord Gerard, in a very rich vest and coat. Here I met with my Lord Bellassis: and it is pretty to see what a formal story he tells me of his leaving his place upon the death of my Lord Cleveland,[2] by which he is become Captain of the Pensioners; and that the King did leave it to him to keep the other or take this; whereas, I know the contrary, that they had a mind to have him away from Tangier. Into Moor Fields, and did find houses built two stories high, and like to stand; and it must become a place of great trade, till the City be built; and the street is already paved as London streets used to be.

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[1] The ship given by the City to the King. See 10th June, 1666, *ante*.

[2] Thomas Wentworth, fourth Lord Wentworth of Nettlested, advanced,

8th. Away to the Temple, to my new bookseller's; and there I did agree for Rycaut's[1] late History of the Turkish Policy, which cost me 55*s.*; whereas it was sold plain before the late fire for 8*s.*, and bound and coloured as this is, for 20*s.*; for I have bought it finely bound and truly coloured, all the figures, of which there was but six books done so, whereof the King and Duke of York, and Duke of Monmouth, and Lord Arlington, had four. The fifth was sold, and I have bought the sixth. Home, and there find all things in readiness for a good dinner. By and by come my guests, Dr. Clerke and his wife, and Mrs. Worshipp,[2] and her daughter; and then Mr. Pierce and his wife, and boy, and Betty; and then I sent for Mercer; so that we had, with my wife and I, twelve at table, and very good and pleasant company, and a most neat and excellent, but dear dinner; but, Lord! to see with what way they looked upon all my fine plate was pleasant; for I made the best show I could, to let them understand me and my condition, to take down the pride of Mrs. Clerke, who thinks herself very great. We sat long; and, after dinner, went out by coaches, thinking to have seen a play, but come too late to both houses, and then they had thoughts of going abroad somewhere; but I thought all the charge ought to be mine, and therefore I endeavoured to part the company; and so ordered it to set them all down at Mrs. Pierce's; and there my wife and I and Mercer left them in good humour, and we three to the King's house, and saw the latter end of "The Surprisall,"[3] wherein was no great matter. Thence away to Polichinello,[4] and there had three times more sport than at the play, and so home.

9th. Towards noon, I to the Exchange, and there do hear mighty cries for peace, and that otherwise we shall be undone; and yet I do suspect the badness of the peace we shall make.

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in 1625-6, to the Earldom of Cleveland, and in 1662 made Captain of the Band of Pensioners. He died in 1667, *s. p. m.*, when the Barony devolved upon his daughter, Henrietta, Baroness Wentworth, afterwards mistress of the Duke of Monmouth.

[1] This book is in the Pepysian Library. It was soon afterwards reprinted.

[2] The sister of Mrs. Clerke.

[3] A Comedy, by Sir Robert Howard.

[4] In Moorfields: see 22d August, 1666, *ante*.

Several do complain of abundance of land flung up by tenants out of their hands for want of ability to pay their rents; and by name, that the Duke of Buckingham hath £6000 so flung up. And my father writes, that Jasper Trice,[1] upon this pretence of his tenants' dealing with him, is broke up housekeeping, and gone to board with his brother, Naylor, at Offord; which is very sad. To the King's house, and there saw "The Tameing of a Shrew," which hath some very good pieces in it, but generally is but a mean play; and the best part, "Sawny,"[2] done by Lacy; and hath not half its life, by reason of the words, I suppose, not being understood, at least by me. Sir W. Batten tells me how he hath found his lady's jewels again, which have been so long lost, and a servant imprisoned and arraigned, and they were in her closet under a china cup; but Mrs. Turner and I, and others, do believe that they were only disposed of by my Lady, in case she had died, to some friends of hers, and now laid there again.

10th. I begun to discourse with Sir W. Coventry the business of Tangier, which, by the removal of my Lord Bellassis, is now to have a new Governor; and did move him, that at this season all the business of reforming the garrison might be considered, while nobody was to be offended; and I told him it is plain that we do overspend our revenue: that it is of no more profit to the King than it was the first day, nor in itself of better credit; no more people of condition willing to live there, nor any thing like a place likely to turn his Majesty to account: that it hath been hitherto, and, for aught I see, likely only to be used as a job to do a kindness to some Lord, or he that can get to be Governor. Sir W. Coventry agreed with me, so as to say, that unless the King hath the wealth of the Mogull, he would be a beggar to have his businesses ordered in the manner they now are: that his garrisons must be made places only of convenience to particular persons: that he hath moved the Duke of York in it; and that it was resolved to send no Governor thither till there had been Commissioners sent to put the garrison in order, so as that he that goes may go with limitations and rules to follow, and not to do as he please, as the rest have hitherto done. That he is not afraid to speak his mind, though to the displeasure of any man; and that I know well enough; but that, when it is come, as it is now, that to speak the truth in behalf of the King plainly do no good, but all things bore down by other measures than by what is best for the King, he hath no temptation to be perpetually fighting of battles, it being more easy to him on those terms to suffer things to go on without giving any man offence, than to have the same thing done, and he contract the displeasure of all the world, as he must do, that will be for the King. To the King's little chapel; and afterwards to see the King heal the King's Evil, wherein no pleasure, I having seen it before:[1] and then to see him and the Queen, and Duke of York and his wife, at dinner in the Queen's lodgings; and so with Sir G. Carteret to his lodgings to dinner; where very good company; and after dinner he and I to talk alone how things are managed, and to what ruin we must come if we have not a peace. He did tell me one occasion, how Sir Thomas Allen, whom I took for a man of known courage and service on the King's side, was tried for his life in Prince Rupert's fleete, in the late times, for cowardice, and condemned to be hanged, and fled to Jersey; where Sir G. Carteret received him, not knowing the reason of his coming thither: and that thereupon Prince Rupert wrote to the Queen-Mother his dislike of Sir G. Carteret's receiving a person that stood condemned; and so Sir G. Carteret was forced to bid him betake himself to some other place. This was strange to me. Our Commissioners are preparing to go to Bredah to the treaty, and do design to be going the next week. Blessed be God! I hear that my father is better and better, and will, I hope, live to enjoy some cheerful days; but it is strange what he writes me, that Mr. Weaver of Huntingdon, who was a lusty, likely, and but a youngish man, should be dead.

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[1] Jasper Trice, gent., died 27th October, 1675.—*Monumental Inscription in Brampton Church, Hunts.*

[2] In 1698, was printed a drama called "Sawney the Scot, or the Taming of *a* Shrew," which was a clumsy alteration of Shakespeare's play, the work of Lacy, for the purpose of affording him an opportunity of distinguishing himself as an actor. This is the piece which Pepys saw; as, in the old anonymous copy of "The Taming of *a* Shrew," which was the foundation of Shakespeare's drama, *Sawney* had been called *Sander;* and no doubt the notion of representing Grumio as a Scotchman arose out of the circumstance of his having been called Sander before Shakespeare availed himself of the story. The old "Taming of *a* Shrew" was reprinted in 1844, from the unique copy of 1594, in the library of the Duke of Devonshire, for the Shakespeare Society, and edited by the late Thomas Amyot, Esq., F.A.S.

11th. I to the 'Change, and there hear of the loss of a little East Indiaman, valued at about £20,000, coming home alone, and safe to within ten leagues of Scilly, and there snapt by a French Caper.[2] With Balty to Sir G. Carteret's office, and there with Mr. Fenn despatched the business of Balty's £1500 he received for the contingencies of the fleete, whereof he received about £253 in pieces of eight at a goldsmith's there hard by, which did puzzle me and him to tell; for I could not tell the difference by sight, only by bigness, and that is not always discernible, between a whole and half piece and quarter-piece. To White Hall, thinking there to have seen the Duchess of Newcastle's coming this night to Court, to make a visit to the Queen, the King having been with her yesterday, to make her a visit since her coming to town. The whole story of this lady is a romance, and all she does is romantic. Her footmen in velvet coats, and herself in an antique dress, as they say; and was the other day at her own play, "The Humourous Lovers;" the most ridiculous thing that ever was wrote, but yet she and her Lord mightily pleased with it; and she, at the end, made her respects to the players from her box, and did give them thanks. There is as much expectation of her coming to Court, that so people may come to see her, as if it were the Queen of Sheba:[1] but I lost my labour, for she did not come this night. There have been two fires in the City within this week.

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[1] See 23d June, 1660.

[2] A Dutch word, signifying a pirate, a *capiendo*.—Skinner's *Etymol. Dict.*

12th. Coming home, saw my door and hatch open, left so by Luce, our cookmaid, which so vexed me, that I did give her a kick in our entry, and offered a blow at her, and was seen doing so by Sir W. Pen's footboy, which did vex me to the heart, because I know he will be telling their family of it. By water to White Hall, and there did our usual business before the Duke of York: but it fell out that, discoursing of matters of money, it rose to a mighty heat, very high words arising between Sir G. Carteret and Sir W. Coventry, the former in his passion saying that the other should have helped things if they were so bad; and the other answered, so he would, and things should have been better, had he been Treasurer of the Navy. I was mightily troubled at this heat, and it will breed ill blood between them, I fear; but things are in that bad condition, that I do daily expect we shall all fly in one another's faces, when we shall be reduced, every one, to answer for himself. We broke up; and I soon after to Sir G. Carteret's chamber, where I find the poor man telling his lady privately, and she weeping. I went in to them, and did seem, as indeed I was, troubled for this; and did give the best advice I could, which, I think, did please them: and they do apprehend me their friend, as indeed I am, for I do take the Vice-chamberlain for a most honest man. He did assure me that he was not, all expences and things paid, clear in estate £15,000 better than he was when the King come in; and that the King and Lord Chancellor did know that he was worth, with the debt the King owed him,

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[1] The word may be Sweden in the manuscript.

£50,000, I think, he said, when the King come into England.

13th. Wrote to my father, who, I am glad to hear, is at some ease again, and I long to have him in town, that I may see what can be done for him here; for I would fain do all I can, that I may have him live, and take pleasure in my doing well in the world.

14th. (Lord's day.) Took out my wife, and the two Mercers, and two of our maids, Barker and Jane, and over the water to the Jamaica House,[1] where I never was before, and there the girls did run for wagers over the bowling-green; and there, with much pleasure, spent little, and so home.

15th. Called up by Sir H. Cholmly, who tells me that my Lord Middleton is for certain chosen Governor of Tangier; a man of moderate understanding, not covetous, but a soldier of fortune, and poor. To the King's house by chance, where a new play: so full as I never saw it; I forced to stand all the while close to the very door till I took cold, and many people went away for want of room. The King, and Queen, and Duke of York and Duchess there, and all the Court, and Sir W. Coventry. The play called "The Change of Crownes;"[2] a play of Ned Howard's,[3] the best that I ever saw at that house, being a great play and serious; only Lacy did act the country-gentleman come up to Court, who do abuse the Court with all the imaginable wit and plainness about selling of places, and doing everything for money. The play took very much. Thence I to my new bookseller's, and there bought "Hooker's Polity,"[4] the new edition, and "Dugdale's History of the Inns of Court," of which there was but a few saved out of the fire, and Playford's new Catch-book, that hath a great many new fooleries in it.

16th. Home to dinner, and in haste to carry my wife to see the new play I saw yesterday, she not knowing it. But there, contrary to expectation, find "The Silent Woman." However, in; and there Knipp come into the pit. I took her by me, and here we met with Mrs. Horsly, the pretty woman—an acquaintance of Mercer's, whose house is burnt. Knipp tells me the King was so angry at the liberty taken by Lacy's part[5] to abuse him to his face, that he commanded they should act no more, till Moone[1] went and got leave for them to act again, but not this play. The King mighty angry; and it was bitter indeed, but very fine and witty. I never was more taken with a play than I am with this "Silent Woman," as old as it is, and as often as I have seen it. There is more wit in it than goes to ten new plays. Thence took them all to the Cake-house, in Southampton Market-place.[2] Pierce told us the story how, in good earnest, the King is offended with the Duke of Richmond's marrying, and Mrs. Stewart's sending the King his jewels again. As he tells it, it is the noblest romance, and example of a brave lady that ever I read in my life. Pretty to hear them talk of yesterday's play, and I durst not own to my wife that I had seen it.

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[1] The site of the house here alluded to was probably in Jamaica Street, Rotherhithe.

[2] This play was never printed, nor is it known to exist.

[3] A younger son of the first Earl of Berkshire, and brother to Sir Robert Howard.

[4] The edition of 1666, containing *eight* books instead of *five*, with a Life by Izaak Walton.

[5] In "The Change of Crownes."

17th. In our way, in Tower Street, we saw Desbrough[3] walking on foot; who is now no more a prisoner, and looks well, and just as he used to do heretofore. To the King's playhouse, and saw a piece of "Rollo," a play I like not much, but much good acting in it: the house very empty.

18th. With my wife to the Duke of York's house, and there saw "The Wits," a play I formerly loved, and is now corrected and enlarged: but, though I like the acting, yet I like not much in the play now. The Duke of York and W. Coventry gone to Portsmouth, makes me thus to go to plays.

19th. To the play-house, where saw "Macbeth," which, though I have seen it often, yet is it one of the best plays for a stage, and variety of dancing and musick, that ever I saw. My wife tells me that she finds by W. Hewer that my people do observe my minding my pleasure more than usual, which I confess, and am ashamed of, and so from this day take upon me to leave it till Whit-Sunday. Some talk of Sir W. Pen's being to buy Wansted House of Sir Robert Brookes; and I dare be hanged if ever he could mean to buy that great house, that knows not how to furnish one that is not the tenth part so big.

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[1] Michael Mohun, the actor, mentioned Nov. 20, 1660. He is described as Major, in the Dram. Pers. of Dryden's "Assignation," as late as 1673.

[2] Afterwards called Bloomsbury Market. The following advertisement was inserted in *The Intelligencer* of 23d May, 1664:—"These are to give notice to all persons, that the King's most excellent Majesty hath granted to the Right Hon. the Earl of Southampton, one market to be held by the said Earl, his heirs, and assignes for ever, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, in every week, at Bloomsbury, in the parish of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, in the county of Middlesex."

[3] Major-General John Desborough, Cromwell's brother-in-law, and one of his Council of State, who had been promoted to the Chancellorship of Ireland by his nephew Richard.

20th. Met Mr. Rolt, who tells me the reason of no play to-day at the King's house. That Lacy had been committed to the porter's lodge for his acting his part in the late new play, and being thence released to come to the King's house, he there met with Ned Howard, the poet of the play, who congratulated his release; upon which Lacy cursed him as that it was the fault of his nonsensical play that was the cause of his ill usage. Mr. Howard did give him some reply; to which Lacy answered him, that he was more a fool than a poet; upon which Howard did give him a blow on the face with his glove; on which Lacy, having a cane in his hand, did give him a blow over the pate. Here Rolt and others that discoursed of it in the pit did wonder that Howard did not run him through, he being too mean a fellow to fight with. But Howard did not do any thing but complain to the King of it; so the whole house is silenced, and the gentry seem to rejoice much at it, the house being become too insolent. Home, having brought with me from Fenchurch Street a hundred of sparrowgrass,[1] cost 18*d.* We had them and a little bit of salmon, which my wife had a mind to, cost 3*s.* So to supper.

21st. (Lord's day.) I have a mind to buy enough ground to build a coach-house and stable; for I have had it much in my thoughts lately that it is not too much for me now, in degree or cost, to keep a coach, but contrarily, that I am almost ashamed to be seen in a hackney. To Hackney church, where very full, and found much difficulty to get pews, I offering the sexton money, and he could not help me. So my wife and Mercer ventured into a pew, and I into another. A knight and his lady very civil to me when they came, being Sir George Viner,[2] and his lady—rich in jewells, but most in beauty—almost the finest woman that ever I saw. That which I went chiefly to see was the young ladies of the schools, whereof there is great store, very pretty; and also the organ, which is handsome, and tunes the psalms, and plays with the people; which is mighty pretty, and makes me mighty earnest to have a pair at our church, I having almost a mind to give them a pair, if they would settle á maintenance on them for it.

22d. To the Lord Chancellor's house, the first time I have been therein; and it is very noble, and brave pictures of the ancient and present nobility. The King was vexed the other day for having no paper laid for him at the Council-table, as was usual; and Sir Richard Browne[1] did tell his Majesty he would call the person[2] whose work it was to provide it: who being come, did tell his Majesty that he was but a poor man, and was out £400 or £500 for it, which was as much as he is worth; and that he cannot provide it any longer without money, having not received a penny since the King's coming in. So the King spoke to my Lord Chamberlain; and many such mementos the King do now-a-days meet withall, enough to make an ingenuous man mad.

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[1] Still cockney for asparagus.

[2] Sir George Viner, in 1665, succeeded his father, Sir Thomas, who had been Lord Mayor in 1653, and created a Baronet in 1660. Sir George died in 1673. His wife was Abigail, daughter of Sir John Laurence, Lord Mayor in 1665.

23d. (St. George's-day.) The feast being kept at White Hall, out of design, as it is thought, to make the best countenance we can to the Swede's Embassadors,[3] before their leaving us to go to the treaty abroad, to show some jollity.

24th. To St. James's, and there the Duke of York was preparing to go to some farther ceremonies about the Garter, that he could give us no audience. To Sir John Duncomb's[4] lodging in the Pell Mell, in order to the money spoken of in the morning; and there awhile sat and discoursed: and I find that he is a very proper man for business, being very resolute and proud, and industrious. He told me what reformation they had made in the office of the Ordnance, taking away Legg's[5] fees: and have got an order that no Treasurer after him shall ever sit at the Board; and it is a good one: that no master of the Ordnance here shall ever sell a place. He tells me they have not paid any increase of price for any thing during this war, but in most have paid less; and at this day have greater stores than they know where to lay, if there should be peace, and than ever was any time this war. Then to talk of news: that he thinks the want of money hath undone the King, for the Parliament will never give the King more money without calling all people to account, nor, as he believes, will ever make war again, but they will manage it themselves: unless, which I proposed, he would visibly become a severer inspector into his own business and accounts, and that would gain upon the Parliament yet: which he confesses and confirms as the only lift to set him upon his legs, but says that it is not in his nature ever to do. He thinks that much of our misfortune hath been for want of an active Lord Treasurer, and that such a man as Sir W. Coventry would do the business thoroughly.

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[1] Clerk of the Council.

[2] Wooly.

[3] See 15th Nov., 1666.

[4] Sir John Duncomb, burgess for Bury St. Edmunds, a Privy-Councillor, and made a Commissioner of the Treasury in 1667. At this time he was in the Ordnance.

[5] Colonel William Legge, father of the first Lord Dartmouth.

26th. To White Hall, and there saw the Duke of Albemarle, who is not well, and do grow crazy. While I was waiting in the matted Gallery, a young man was working in Indian inke the great picture of the King and Queen[1] sitting, by Van Dyke; and did it very finely. Met with Ned Pickering, who tells me the ill news of his nephew Gilbert, who is turned a very rogue. Then I took a turn with Mr. Evelyn, with whom I walked two hours, till almost one of the clock: talking of the badness of the Government, where nothing but wickedness, and wicked men and women command the King: that it is not in his nature to gainsay any thing that relates to his pleasures; that much of it arises from the sickliness of our Ministers of State, who cannot be about him as the idle companions are, and therefore he gives way to the young rogues; and then, from the negligence of the Clergy, that a Bishop shall never be seen about him, as the King of France hath always: that the King would fain have some of the same gang to be Lord Treasurer, which would be yet worse, for now some delays are put to the getting gifts of the King, as Lady Byron,[2] who had been, as he called it, the King's seventeenth mistress abroad, did not leave him till she had got him to give her an order for £4000 worth of plate to be made for her; but by delays, thanks be to God! she died before she had it. He tells me mighty stories of the King of France, how great a prince he is.[3] He hath made a code to shorten the law; he hath put out all the ancient commanders of castles that were become hereditary; he hath made all the fryers subject to the bishops, which before were only subject to Rome, and so were hardly the King's subjects, and that none shall become *religieux* but at such an age, which he thinks will in a few years ruin the Pope, and bring France into a patriarchate. He confirmed to me the business of the want of paper at the Council-table the other day, which I have observed; Wooly being to have found it, and did, being called, tell the King to his face the reason of it; and Mr. Evelyn tells me of several of the menial servants of the Court lacking bread, that have not received a farthing wages since the King's coming in. He tells me the King of France hath his mistresses, but laughs at the foolery of our King, that makes his bastards princes,[1] and loses his revenue upon them, and makes his mistresses his masters: and the King of France did never grant Lavalliere[2] any thing to bestow on others, and gives a little subsistence, but no more, to his bastards. He told me the whole story of Mrs. Stewart's going away from Court, he knowing her well; and believes her, up to her leaving the Court, to be as virtuous as any woman in the world: and told me, from a Lord that she told it to but yesterday, with her own mouth, and a sober man, that when the Duke of Richmond did make love to her, she did ask the King, and he did the like also; and that the King did not deny it, and [she] told this Lord that she was come to that pass as to have resolved to have married any gentleman of £1500 a-year that would have had her in honour; for it was come to that pass, that she could not longer continue at Court without prostituting herself to the King,[3] whom she had so long kept off, though he had liberty more than any other had, or he ought to have, as to dalliance.[4] She told this Lord that she had reflected upon the occasion she had given the world to think her a bad woman, and that she had no way but to marry and leave the Court, rather in this way of discontent than otherwise, that the world might see that she sought not any thing but her honour; and that she will never come to live at Court more than when she comes to town to kiss the Queen her Mistress's hand: and hopes, though she hath little reason to hope, she can please her Lord so as to reclaim him, that they may yet live comfortably in the country on his estate. She told this Lord that all the jewells she ever had given her at Court, or any other presents, more than the King's allowance of £700 per annum out of the Privy-purse for her clothes, were, at her first coming, the King did give her a necklace of pearl of about £1100;[1] and afterwards, about seven months since, when the King had hopes to have obtained some courtesy of her, the King did give her some jewells, I have forgot what, and I think a pair of pendants. The Duke of York, being once her Valentine, did give her a jewell of about £800; and my Lord Mandeville, her Valentine this year, a ring of about £300; and the King of France would have had her mother,[2] who, he says, is one of the most cunning women in the world, to have let her stay in France, saying that he loved her not as a mistress, but as one that he could marry as well as any lady in France; and that, if she might stay, for the honour of his Court he would take care she should not repent. But her mother, by command of the Queen-mother, thought rather to bring her into England; and the King of France did give her a jewell: so that Evelyn believes she may be worth in jewells about £6000, and that, that is all she hath in the world: and a worthy woman; and in this hath done as great an act of honour as ever was done by woman. That now the Countess Castlemaine do carry all before her: and among other arguments to prove Mrs. Stewart to have been honest to the last, he says that the King's keeping in still with my Lady Castlemaine do show it; for he never was known to keep two mistresses in his life, and would never have kept to her had he prevailed any thing with Mrs. Stewart. She is gone yesterday with her Lord to Cobham.[3] He did tell me of the ridiculous humour of our King and Knights of the Garter the other day, who, whereas heretofore their robes were only to be worn during their ceremonies and service, these, as proud of their coats, did wear them all day till night, and then rode into the Park with them on. Nay, and he tells me he did see my Lord Oxford and Duke of Monmouth in a hackney-coach with two footmen in the Park, with their robes on; which is a most scandalous thing, so as all gravity may be said to be lost among us. By and by we discoursed of Sir Thomas Clifford,[1] whom I took for a very rich and learned man, and of the great family of that name. He tells me he is only a man of about seven-score pounds a-year, of little learning more than the law of a justice of peace, which he knows well: a parson's son, got to be burgess in a little borough in the West, and here fell into the acquaintance of my Lord Arlington, whose creature he is, and never from him; a man of virtue, and comely, and good parts enough; and hath come into his place with a great grace, though with a great skip over the heads of a great many, as Chichly and Denham, and some Lords that did expect it. By the way, he tells me, that of all the great men of England there is none that endeavours more to raise those that he takes into favour than my Lord Arlington; and that, on that score, he is much more to be made one's patron than my Lord Chancellor, who never did, nor never will do, any thing, but for money.[2] Certain news of the Dutch being abroad on our coast with twenty-four great ships. Met my Lady Newcastle going with her coachmen and footmen all in velvet: herself, whom I never saw before, as I have heard her often described, for all the town-talk is now-a-days of her extravagancies, with her velvet-cap, her hair about her ears; many black patches, because of pimples about her mouth; naked-necked, without any thing about it, and a black just-au-corps. She seemed to me a very comely woman: but I hope to see more of her on May-day.

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[1] Charles I. and Henrietta Maria.

[2] Eleanor, daughter of Robert Needham, Viscount Kilmurrey, and widow of Peter Warburton, became in 1644 the second wife of John Byron, first Lord Byron. Ob. 1663.

[3] All these assertions respecting the King of France must be received cautiously. Pepys was very ignorant of foreign matters, and very credulous.

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[1] Louis made his own bastards dukes and princes, and legitimatized them as much as he could, connecting them by marriage with the real blood-royal.

[2] Louise Françoise de la Beaume le Blanc de la Vallière had four children by Louis XIV., of whom only two survived—Marie Anne de Bourbon, called Mademoiselle de Blois, born in 1666, afterwards married to the Prince de Conti, and the Comte de Vermandois, born in 1667. In that year, (the very year in which Evelyn was giving this account to Pepys) the Duchy of Vaujour and two Baronies were created in favour of La Vallière and her daughter, who, in the deed of creation, was legitimatized, and styled Princess. So much for Pepys's informant.

[3] Even at a much later time, Mrs. Godolphin well resolved "not to talk foolishly to men, *more especially* THE KING"—"be sure *never to talk to* THE KING."—*Life*, by Evelyn. These expressions speak volumes as to Charles's character.

[4] Evelyn evidently believed the Duchess of Richmond to be innocent; and her own declaration ought to weigh down all the scandal which Pepys reports from other sources.

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[1] Which she returned to the King.

[2] This lady's name nowhere appears. She was the wife of the Hon. Walter Stuart, M.D., third son of Walter, first Lord Blantyre. The Duchess of Richmond, Frances Teresa, was her elder daughter. The younger, Sophia, married the Hon. Henry Bulkeley, master of the household to Charles II. and James II.

[3] Cobham Hall, in Kent, after the attainder of Henry Lord Cobham, was granted by James I. to Ludovic Stuart, Duke of Lennox, and his brother George, Lord Aubigney, from whom it descended to Charles Stuart, Duke of Richmond and Lenox, in 1660. This Duke dying, *s. p.*, in 1672, when ambassador to Denmark, the estates, together with the English barony of Clifton, passed, through his sister, Lady Catherine O'Brien, to the ancestor of the Earl of Darnley, the present possessor. Lady Catherine O'Brien married Sir Joseph Williamson, who re-purchased the Cobham estates, when sold, and preserved them to the family.

27th. This afternoon I got in some coals at 23*s*. per chaldron, a good hearing, I thank God—having not been put to buy a coal all this dear time, that during this war poor people have been forced to give 45*s*. and 50*s*., and £3. My wife and people busy these late days, and will be for some time, making of shirts and smocks. With Mr. Moore, discoursing of my Lord Sandwich's family, which he tells me is in very bad condition, for want of money and management, my Lord's charging them with bills, and nobody, nor any thing provided to answer them.

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[1] Sir Thomas Clifford was the eldest son of Hugh Clifford of Ugbrook, in Devonshire, who had been intrusted with the command of a regiment of foot for the King, in the beginning of the Rebellion. Sir Thomas attended the Duke of York in the great sea-fight with the Dutch, 3d June, 1665. On the 20th April, 1672, he was created Baron Clifford, of Chudleigh, co. Devon; and on 28th November following appointed Lord High Treasurer. Ob. 1673.—Lodge's *Portraits*.

[2] See 9th Sept., 1665, *ante*.

28th. (Lord's day.) After dinner, by water—the day being mighty pleasant, and the tide serving finely, reading in Boyle's book of colours, as high as Barne Elmes, and there took one turn alone, and then back to Putney Church, where I saw the girls of the schools, few of which pretty; and there I come into a pew, and met with little James Pierce, which I was much pleased at, the little rogue being very glad to see me: his master, Reader to the church. Here was a good sermon and much company, but I sleepy, and a little out of order, at my hat falling down through a hole beneath the pulpit, which, however, after sermon, by a stick, and the help of the clerk, I got up again. And so by water, the tide being with me again, down to Deptford, and there I walked down the Yard, Shish [1] and Cox with me, and discoursed about cleaning of the wet docke, and heard, which I had before, how, when the docke was made, a ship of near 500 tons was there found; a ship supposed of Queen Elizabeth's time, and well wrought, with a great deal of stone-shot in her, of eighteen inches diameter, which was shot then in use: and afterwards meeting with Captain Perriman and Mr. Castle at Half-way Tree, they tell me of stone-shot of thirty-six inches diameter, which they shot out of mortar-pieces.[2]

29th. I hear that the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of York's son, is very sick; and my Lord Treasurer very bad of the stone, and hath been so some days. Sir G. Carteret tells me my Lord Arlington hath done like a gentleman by him in all things. He says, if my Lord [Sandwich] were here, he were the fittest man to be Lord Treasurer of any man in England; and he thinks it might be compassed; for he confesses that the King's matters do suffer through the inability of this man, who is likely to die, and he will propound him to the King. It will remove him from his place at sea, and the King will have a good place to bestow. He says to me, that he could wish, when my Lord comes, that he would think fit to forbear playing, as a thing below him, and which will lessen him, as it do my Lord St. Albans, in the King's esteem: and as a great secret tells me that he hath made a match for my Lord Hinchingbroke to a daughter[1] of my Lord Burlington's, where there is great alliance, £10,000 portion; a civil family, and relation to my Lord Chancellor, whose son hath married one of the daughters:[2] and that my Lord Chancellor do take it with very great kindness, so that he do hold himself obliged by it. My Lord Sandwich hath referred it to my Lord Crewe, Sir G. Carteret, and Mr. Montagu, to end it. My Lord Hinchingbroke and the ladies know nothing yet of it. It will, I think, be very happy. Home, where I settled to my chamber about my accounts till twelve at night, when news is brought me that there is a great fire in Southwarke: so we up to the leads, and then I and the boy down to the end of our lane, and there saw it, it seeming pretty great, but nothing to the fire of London, that it made me think little of it. We could at that distance see an engine play—that is, the water go out, it being moonlight. By and by, it begun to slacken, and then I home and to bed.

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[1] On 13th June, 1680, Evelyn attended the funeral of old Mr. Jonas Shish, master shipwright of the King's yard at Deptford, whom he describes as a remarkable man, and his death a public loss (although altogether illiterate), and for breeding up so many of his children to be able artists. He was born 1605. Evelyn adds, "I held up the pall with three knights, who did him that honour, and he was worthy of it." See *Diary*, vol. ii., p. 142, edit. 1850.

[2] At the passage of the Dardanelles, in 1807, a stone shot, fired by the Turks from the Castle of Sestos, entered the Lion, of sixty-four guns, and killed and wounded a great many men. It weighed 770 pounds.

30th. Sir John Winter to discourse with me about the forest of Deane, and then about my Lord Treasurer, and asking me whether, as he had heard, I had not been cut for the stone, I took him to my closet, and there showed it to him, of which he took the dimensions, and I believe will show my Lord Treasurer it. I met with Mr. Pierce, and he tells me the Duke of Cambridge is very ill and full of spots about his body, that Dr. Frazier knows not what to think of it.

May 1st. To Westminster; in the way meeting many milkmaids with their garlands upon their pails, dancing with a fiddler before them; and saw pretty Nelly[3] standing at her lodgings' door in Drury-lane in her smock sleeves and bodice, looking upon one: she seemed a mighty pretty creature. My Lord Crewe walked with me, giving me an account of the meeting of the Commissioners for Accounts, whereof he is one. How some of the gentlemen, Garraway, Littleton, and others, did scruple at their first coming there, being called thither to act, as Members of Parliament, which they could not do by any authority but that of the Parliament, and therefore desired the King's direction in it, which was sent for by my Lord Bridgewater,[1] who brought answer, very short, that the King expected they should obey his Commission. Then they went on, and observed upon a power to be given them of administering and framing an oath, which they thought they could not do by any power but Act of Parliament; and the whole Commission did think fit to have the Judges' opinion in it; and so, drawing up their scruples in writing, they all attended the King, who told them he would send to the Judges to be answered, and did so; who have, my Lord tells me, met three times about it, not knowing what answer to give it; and they have met this week, doing nothing but expecting the solution of the Judges in this point. My Lord tells me he do believe this Commission will do more hurt than good; it may undo some accounts, if these men shall think fit; but it can never clear an account, for he must come into the Exchequer for all this. Besides, it is a kind of inquisition that hath seldom ever been granted in England; and he believes it will never, besides, give any satisfaction to the People or Parliament, but be looked upon as a forced, packed business of the King, especially if these Parliament-men that are of it shall not concur with them: which he doubts they will not, and, therefore, wishes much that the King would lay hold of this fit occasion, and let the Commission fall. Then to talk of my Lord Sandwich, whom my Lord Crewe hath a great desire might get to be Lord Treasurer if the present Lord should die, as it is believed he will, in a little time; and thinks he can have no competitor but my Lord Arlington, who, it is given out, desires it: but my Lord thinks not, for that the being Secretary do keep him a greater interest with the King than the other would do: at least, do believe, that if my Lord would surrender him his Wardrobe place, it would be a temptation to Arlington to assist my Lord in getting the Treasurer's. I did object to my Lord [Crewe] that it would be no place of content, nor safety, nor honour for my Lord, the State being so indigent as it is, and the King so irregular, and those about him, that my Lord must be forced to part with any thing to answer his warrants; and that, therefore, I do believe the King had rather have a man that may be one of his vicious caball, than a sober man that will mind the publick, that so they may sit at cards and dispose of the revenue of the kingdom. This my Lord was moved at, and said he did not indeed know how to answer it, and bid me think of it; and so said he himself would also do. He do mightily cry out of the bad management of our monies, the King having had so much given him; and yet, when the Parliament do find that the King should have £900,000 in his purse by the best account of issues they have yet seen, yet we should report in the Navy a debt due from the King of £900,000; which, I did confess, I doubted was true in the first, and knew to be true in the last, and did believe that there was some great miscarriages in it: which he owned to believe also, saying, that at this rate it is not in the power of the kingdom to make a war, nor answer the King's wants. Thence away to the King's play-house, and saw "Love in a Maze:"[1] but a sorry play: only Lacy's clowne's part, which he did most admirably indeed; and I am glad to find the rogue at liberty again. Here was but little, and that ordinary, company. We sat at the upper bench next the boxes; and I find it do pretty well, and have the advantage of seeing and hearing the great people, which may be pleasant when there is good store. Now was only Prince Rupert and my Lord Lauderdale, and my Lord ——,[2] the naming of whom puts me in mind of my seeing, at Sir Robert Viner's, two or three great silver flagons, made with inscriptions as gifts of the King to such and such persons of quality as did stay in town the late great plague, for the keeping things in order in the town. But here was neither Hart, Nell, nor Knipp; therefore, the play was not likely to please me. Thence Sir W. Pen and I in his coach, Tiburne way, into the Park, where a horrid dust, and number of coaches, without pleasure or order. That which we, and almost all went for, was to see my Lady Newcastle; which we could not, she being followed and crowded upon by coaches all the way she went, that nobody could come near her; only I could see she was in a large black coach, adorned with silver instead of gold, and so white curtains, and every thing black and white, and herself in her cap. But that which I did see, and wonder at with reason, was to find Pegg Pen in a new coach, with only her husband's pretty sister[3] with her, both patched and very fine, and in much the finest coach in the park, and I think that ever I did see one or other, for neatness and richness in gold, and every thing that is noble. My Lady Castlemaine, the King, my Lord St. Albans, Mr. Jermyn, have not so neat a coach, that ever I saw. And, Lord!

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[1] Lady Anne Boyle.

[2] Lawrence Hyde, afterwards Earl of Rochester, married Lady Henrietta Boyle.

[3] Nell Gwynne.

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[1] John Egerton, second Earl of Bridgewater, Lord-Lieutenant of the counties of Bucks and Hertford. Ob. 1686.

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[1] "The Changes": see note to 22d May, 1662.

[2] Probably Craven.

[3] Margaret Lowther, afterwards the wife of Sir John Holmes.

to have them have this, and nothing else that is correspondent is to me one of the most ridiculous sights that ever I did see, though her present dress was well enough; but to live in the condition they do at home, and be abroad in this coach, astonishes me. When we had spent half an hour in the Park, we went out again, weary of the dust, and despairing of seeing my Lady Newcastle; and to St. James's. But we staying by the way to drink, she got home a little before us: so we lost our labours, and then home; where we find the two young ladies come home, and their patches off; I suppose Sir W. Pen do not allow of them in his sight. Sir W. Pen did give me an account this afternoon of his design of buying Sir Robert Brookes's fine house at Wansted; which I so wondered at, and did give him reasons against it, which he allowed of: and told me that he did intend to pull down the house and build a less, and that he should get £1500 by the old house, and I know not what fooleries. But I will never believe he ever intended to buy it, for my part;[1] though he troubled Mr. Gauden to go and look upon it, and advise him in it.

2d. To my Lord Treasurer's, who continues so ill as not to be troubled with business.

3d. To the Duke of York's chamber, which, as it is now fretted at the top, and the chimney-piece made handsome, is one of the noblest and best-proportioned rooms that ever, I think, I saw. Among other things, we had a proposition of Mr. Pierce's, for being continued in pay, or something done for him, in reward of his pains as Chyrurgeon-Generall; forasmuch as Troutbecke,[2] that was never a doctor before, hath got £200 a year settled on him for nothing but that one voyage with the Duke of Albemarle. The Duke and the whole company did show most particular kindness to Mr. Pierce, every body moving for him, and the Duke himself most, that he is likely to be a very great man, I believe. To Westminster by coach; the Cofferer[3] telling us odd stories how he was dealt with by the men of the Church at Westminster in taking a lease of them at the King's coming in,[4] and particularly the devilish covetousness of Dr. Busby.[1] Sir Stephen Fox, in discourse, told him how he is selling some land he hath, which yields him not above three per cent., if so much, and turning it into money, which he can put out at ten per cent.; and, as times go, if they be like to continue, it is the best way for me to keep money going so, for aught I see. Took a turn with my old acquaintance Mr. Pechell, whose red nose makes me ashamed to be seen with him, though otherwise a good-natured man. This day the news is come that the fleete of the Dutch, of about 20 ships, which come upon our coasts upon design to have intercepted our colliers, but by good luck failed, is gone to the Frith, and there lies, perhaps to trouble the Scotch privateers, which have galled them of late very much, it may be more than all our last year's fleete.

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[1] Pepys's conjecture proved right. The house was not sold till Sir R. Brookes's death, when his heirs alienated it to Sir Josiah Child.

[2] See Nov. 4, 1666, *ante.*

[3] William Ashburnham.

[4] The lease here mentioned was of one of the prebendal mansions in the Cloisters, known as Ashburnham House. The Cottonian Library was deposited in it at a later period; and in 1731 the disastrous fire occurred there, which consumed so many treasures and injured others. It was the residence of the Rev. H. H. Milman, one of the Canons of Westminster,

4th. To the office, where a great conflict I had with Sir W. Warren, he bringing a letter to the Board, flatly in words charging them with their delays in passing his accounts, which have been with them these three years, part of which I said was not true, and the other indecent. So I writ in the margin of the letter, 'Returned as untrue,' and, by consent of the Board, did give it him again.

5th. (Lord's day.) Sir John Robinson tells me he hath now got a street ordered to be continued, forty feet broad, from Paul's through Cannon Street to the Tower,[2] which will be very fine. He and others this day, where I was in the afternoon, do tell me of at least six or eight fires within these few days; and continually stirs of fires, and real fires there have been, in one place or other, almost ever since the late great fire, as if there was a fate sent people for fire. I walked over the Park to Sir W. Coventry's. We talked of Tangier, of which he is ashamed; also that it should put the King to this charge for no good in the world: and now a man going over that is a good soldier, but a debauched man, which the place need not to have. And so used these words: 'That this place was to the King as my Lord Carnarvon[3] says of wood,

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until his elevation to the Deanery of St. Paul's in 1849. A view of the fine staircase, still existing in old Ashburnham House, is given in Britton and Brayley's *Public Buildings*.

[1] Richard Busby, D.D., Master of Westminster School, and in 1660 made a Prebendary of Westminster: he proved, at all events, a liberal benefactor to Christ Church, Oxford, and Lichfield Cathedral. Ob. 1695, aged 89.

[2] Now only (June, 1853) being carried into execution.

[3] Charles Dormer, second Earl of Carnarvon. Ob. *s. p.* 1709. His father was killed at the battle of Newbury, fighting under the royal banner.

that it is an excrescence of the earth provided by God for the payment of debts.' This day Sir W. Coventry tells me the Dutch fleete shot some shot, four or five hundred, into Burnt Island in the Frith, but without any hurt; and so are gone.

6th. To dinner, where Creed come, whom I vexed devilishly with telling him a wise man, and good friend of his and mine, did say that he lately went into the country to Hinchingbroke; and, at his coming to town again, had shifted his lodgings, only to avoid paying to the Poll Bill, which is so true that he blushed, and could not in words deny it.

7th. To St. James's; but there find Sir W. Coventry gone out betimes this morning, on horseback, with the King and Duke of York, to Putney-heath, to run some horses.

8th. To enquire about the ground behind our house, of which I have a mind to buy enough to make a stable and coach-house; for I do see that my condition do require it, as well that it is more charge to my purse to live as I do than to keep one.

9th. Sir W. Coventry tells me he hears stories of Commissioner Pett, of selling timber to the Navy under other names, which I told him I believe is true, and did give him an instance. He told me also how his clerk Floyd he hath put away for his common idlenesse and ill company, and particularly that yesterday he was found not able to come and attend him, by being run into the arme in a squabble, though he pretends it was done in the streets by strangers, at nine at night, by the Maypole in the Strand. Sir W. Coventry did write to me this morning to recommend him another, which I could find in my heart to do W. Hewer for his good; but do believe he will not part with me, nor have I any mind to let him go. I would my brother were fit for it, I would adventure him there. He insists upon an unmarried man, that can write well, and hath French enough to transcribe it only from a copy, and may write short-hand, if it may be. To my Lord Chancellor at Clarendon House.[1] Mightily pleased with the noblenesse of this house, and the brave furniture and pictures, which indeed is very noble. With Sir G. Carteret in his coach into Hide Park, telling me all his concernments, and how he is gone through with the purchase for my Lady Jemimah and her husband; how the Treasury is like to come into the hands of a Committee; but that not that, nor anything else, will do our business, unless the king himself will mind his business, and how his servants do execute their parts: that the King is very kind to him, and to my Lord Sandwich, and that he doubts not but at his coming home, which he expects about Michaelmas, he will be very well received. My Lady Jemimah looks to lie down about two months hence. In our street, at the Three Tuns' Tavern, I find a great hubbub: and what was it but two brothers had fallen out, and one killed the other. And who should they be but the two Fieldings; one whereof, Bazill, was page to my Lady Sandwich; and he hath killed the other,[1] himself being very drunk, and so is sent to Newgate.

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[1] It stood on the north side of Piccadilly, between Berkeley Street and Bond Street, and fronting St. James's Palace. "One unpopular act of his [Clarendon] is not to be forgot, because it had a great influence in a short time, and this was the building a very stately large house by the *Park*, called *Clarendon House*, which, in a little time, obtained the name of *Dunkirk House*, as though it had been built by the money taken for the sale of that place. This house was built in the Chancellor's absence in the plague year, principally at the charge of the Vinters' Company, who, designing to monopolize his favour, made it abundantly more large and magnificent than ever he intended or desired. And I have been

10th. At noon to Kent's, at the Three Tuns' Tavern: and there the constable of the parish did show us the picklocks and dice that were found in the dead man's pocket, and but 18*d.* in money; and a table-book, wherein were entered the names of several places where he was to go; and among others Kent's house, where he was to dine, and did dine yesterday; and after dinner went into the church, and there saw his corpse with the wound in his left breast; a sad spectacle, and a broad wound, which makes my hand now shake to write of it. His brother intending, it seems, to kill the coachman, who did not please him, this fellow stepped in, and took away his sword; who thereupon took out his knife, which was of the fashion, with a falchion blade, and a little cross at the hilt like a dagger; and with that stabbed him. Drove hard towards Clerkenwell,[2] thinking to have overtaken my Lady Newcastle, whom I saw before us in her coach, with 100 boys and girls running looking upon her: but I could not: and so she got home before I could come up to her. But I will get a time to see her.

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assured by an unquestionable hand, that when he came to see the case of that house, he rather submitted than consented, and, with a sigh, said, 'This house will one day be my ruin.'"—*Echard*, vol. iii., p. 192. See 20th Feb., 1664-5, and 31st Jan., 1665-6.

[1] It was Basil who was killed. He was the fourth son of George Fielding, Earl of Desmond, who died *v. p.*, and whose eldest son, on the death of his grandfather, succeeded to the Earldom of Denbigh.

[2] Where part of old Newcastle House still exists.

11th. My wife being dressed this day in fair hair did make me so mad, that I spoke not one word to her, though I was ready to burst with anger. After that, Creed and I into the Park, and walked, a most pleasant evening, and so took coach, and took up my wife, and in my way home discovered my trouble to my wife for her white locks, swearing several times, which I pray God forgive me for, and bending my fist, that I would not endure it. She, poor wretch, was surprized with it, and made me no answer all the way home; but there we parted, and I to the office late, and then home, and without supper to bed, vexed.

12th. (Lord's day.) Up, and to my chamber, to settle some accounts there, and by and by down comes my wife to me in her night-gown, and we begun calmly, that, upon having money to lace her gown for second mourning, she would promise to wear white locks no more in my sight, which I, like a severe fool, thinking not enough, begun to except against, and made her fly out to very high terms and cry, and in her heat, told me of keeping company with Mrs. Knipp, saying, that if I would promise never to see her more—of whom she hath more reason to suspect than I had heretofore of Pembleton—she would never wear white locks more. This vexed me, but I restrained myself from saying any thing, but do think never to see this woman—at least, to have her here more; and so all very good friends as ever. My wife and I bethought ourselves to go to a French house to dinner, and so enquired out Monsieur Robins, my perriwigg-maker, who keeps an ordinary, and in an ugly street in Covent Garden, did find him at the door, and so we in; and in a moment almost had the table covered, and clean glasses, and all in the French manner, and a mess of potage first, and then a piece of bœuf-a-la-mode, all exceeding well seasoned, and to our great liking; at least it would have been anywhere else but in this bad street, and in a perriwigg-maker's house; but to see the pleasant and ready attendance that we had, and all things so desirous to please, and ingenious in the people, did take me mightily. Our dinner cost us 6*s*. Walked over the fields to Kingsland, and back again; a walk, I think, I have not taken these twenty years; but puts me in mind of my boy's time, when I boarded at Kingsland, and used to shoot with my bow and arrows in these fields. A very pretty place it is; and little did any of my friends think I should come to walk in these fields in this condition and state that I am. Then took coach again, and home through Shoreditch; and at home my wife finds Barker to have been abroad, and telling her so many lies about it, that she struck her, and the wench said she would not stay with her: so I examined the wench, and found her in so many lies myself, that I was glad to be rid of her, and so resolved having her go away to-morrow.

13th. My wife rising to send away Barker, according to our resolution last night, and she did do it with more clothes than have cost us £10, and *20s.* in her purse, which I did for the respect I bear Mr. Falconbridge, otherwise she had not deserved half of it. This morning come Sir H. Cholmly to me for a tally or two; and tells me that he hears that we are by agreement to give the King of France Nova Scotia, which he do not like: but I do not know the importance of it.[1] Sir Philip Warwick do please himself, like a good man, to tell some of the good ejaculations of my Lord Treasurer concerning the little worth of this world, to buy it with so much pain, and other things fit for a dying man.

14th. To my Lord Chancellor's, where I met Mr. Povy, expecting the coming of the rest of the Commissioners for Tangier. Here I understand how the two Dukes, both the only sons of the Duke of York, are sick even to danger, and that on Sunday last they were both so ill, as that the poor Duchess was in doubt which would die first: the Duke of Cambridge of some general disease; the other little Duke,[2] whose title I know not, of the convulsion fits, of which he had four this morning. Fear that either of them might be dead, did make us think that it was the occasion that the Duke of York and others were not come to the meeting of the Commission which was designed, and my Lord Chancellor did expect. And it was pretty to observe how, when my Lord sent down to St. James's to see why the Duke of York come not, and Mr. Povy, who went, returned, my Lord (Chancellor) did ask, not how the Princes or the Dukes do, as other people do, but, "How do the children?" which methought was mighty great, and like a great man and grandfather. I find every body mightily concerned for these children as a matter wherein the State is much concerned that they should live.

15th. I away with Sir G. Carteret to London, talking all the way: and he do tell me that the business of my Lord Hinchingbroke his marriage with my Lord Burlington's daughter is concluded on by all friends; and that my Lady is now told of it, and do mightily please herself with it: which I am mightily glad of. News still that my Lord Treasurer is so ill as not to be any man of this world; and it is said that the Treasury shall be managed by Commission. I would to God Sir G. Carteret, or my Lord Sandwich, be in it! But the latter is the more fit for it.

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[1] Nova Scotia and the adjoining countries were called by the French ACADIE. Pepys is not the only official personage whose ignorance of Nova Scotia is on record. A story is current of a prime minister who was surprised at hearing Cape Breton was an island. "Egad, I'll go tell the King Cape Breton is an island!" Of the same it is said, that when told Annapolis was in danger, and ought to be defended: "Oh! certainly Annapolis must be defended,—where is Annapolis?"

[2] Charles Stuart, Duke of Kendal, born 1666.

16th. This being Holy Thursday, when the boys go our procession round the parish, we were to go to the Three Tuns' Tavern, to dine with the rest of the parish; where all the parish almost was, Sir Andrew Rickard and others; and of our house, J. Minnes, W. Batten, W. Pen, and myself: and Mr. Mills did sit uppermost at the table. Sir John Fredericke[1] and Sir R. Ford did talk of Paul's School,[2] which, they tell me, must be taken away; and then I fear it will be long before another place, such as they say is promised, is found; but they do say that the honour of their company[3] is concerned in the doing of it, and that it is a thing that they are obliged to do. To my Lord Treasurer's, where I find the porter crying, and suspected it was that my Lord is dead; and, poor Lord! we did find that he was dead just now; and the crying of the fellow did so trouble me, that considering I was not likely to trouble him any more, nor have occasion to give any more, I did give him 3*s.*; but it may be, poor man, he hath lost a considerable hope by the death of this Lord, whose house will be no more frequented. There is a good man gone: and I pray God that the Treasury may not be worse managed by the hand or hands it shall now be put into; though, for certain, the slowness, though he was of great integrity, of this man, and remissness, have gone as far to undo the nation, as anything else that hath happened; and yet, if I knew all the difficulties that he hath lain under, and his instrument Sir Philip Warwick, I might be true to another mind. It is remarkable that this afternoon, Mr. Moore come to me, and there, among other things, did tell me how Mr. Moyer,[4] the merchant, having procured an order from the King and Duke of York and Council, with the consent of my Lord Chancellor, and by assistance of Lord Arlington, for the releasing out of prison his brother, Samuel Moyer, who was a great man in the late times in Haberdasher's-hall, and was engaged under hand and seal to give the man that obtained it so much in behalf of my Lord Chancellor; but it seems my Lady Duchess of Albemarle had before undertaken it for so much money, but hath not done it. The Duke of Albemarle did the next day send for this Moyer, to tell him, that notwithstanding this order of the King and Council's being passed for release of his brother, yet, if he did not consider the pains of some friends of his, he would stop that order. This Moyer being an honest, bold man, told him that he was engaged to the hand that had done the thing to give him a reward; and more he could not give, nor could own any kindness done by his Grace's interest: and so parted. The next day Sir Edward Savage did take the said Moyer in tax about it, giving ill words of this Moyer and his brother; which he not being able to bear, told him he would give to the person that had engaged him what he promised, and not any thing to any body else; and that both he and his brother were as honest men as himself, or any man else: and so sent him going, and bid him do his worst. It is one of the most extraordinary cases that ever I saw or understood; but it is true.

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[1] Lord Mayor of London 1662, and President of Christ's Hospital. His eldest son, John, was created a Baronet 1723.

[2] St. Paul's School still occupies the same site as in Pepys's time.

[3] The Mercers' Company, under whose superintendence St. Paul's School was placed by Dean Colet, the Founder.

[4] Lawrence Moyer, of Low Leyton, in Essex, whose son of the same name was afterwards Sir Samuel Moyer, Bart., and High Sheriff of Essex,

17th. To Sir R. Viner's with 600 pieces of gold to turn into silver, for the enabling me to answer Sir G. Carteret's £3000; which he now draws all out of my hand towards the paying for a purchase he hath made for his son and my Lady Jemimah, in Northamptonshire,[1] of Sir Samuel Luke,[2] in a good place; a good house, and near all her friends; which is a very happy thing.

19th. (Lord's day.) To church, where my old acquaintance, that dull fellow Meriton, made a good sermon, and hath a strange knack of a grave, serious delivery, which is very

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in 1698. He had also been one of the Council of State. His widow, Rebecca, daughter of Alderman Sir William Joliffe, founded the well-known Lady Moyer's Lectures.

[1] An error for Bedfordshire. The place was Hawnes, which belonged to the Lukes of Cople, who, about 1654, had sold it to Sir Humphrey Winch, from whom, and not directly from Sir Samuel Luke, Sir George Carteret purchased it in 1667. The son by this first marriage was created Lord Carteret, of Hawnes, in 1681.

[2] Sir Samuel Luke, of Cople, in Bedfordshire, which county he represented in the Long Parliament: he was knighted in 1624, and has been generally considered as the original Hudibras of Butler.

agreeable. Great talk of the good end that my Lord Treasurer made; closing his own eyes, and wetting his mouth, and bidding adieu with the greatest content and freedom in the world: and is said to die with the cleanest hands that ever any Lord Treasurer did. Mr. Howe come to see us; and, among other things, told us how the Barristers and Students of Gray's Inne rose in rebellion against the Benchers the other day, who outlawed them, and a great deal of do; but now they are at peace again.

20th. Among other news, I hear that the Commissioners for the Treasury were named by the King yesterday; but who they are nobody could tell: but the persons are the Lord Chancellor, the two Secretaries, Lord Ashly, and others say Sir. W. Coventry and Sir John Duncomb, but all conclude the Duke of Albemarle; but reports do differ. It being a broken day, did walk abroad, first through the Minorys, the first time I have been over the Hill to the postern-gate, and seen the place, since the houses were pulled down about that side of the Tower since the fire. I find it everywhere doubted whether we shall have a peace or no, and the captain of one of our ships that went with the Embassadors do say, that the seamen of Holland in his hearing did defy us, and called us English dogs, and cried out against peace, and that the great people there do oppose peace, though he says the common people do wish it.

21st. To Lincolne's Inne Fields, and there viewed several coach-houses. Thence home; but, Lord! how it went against my heart to go away from the very door of the Duke's playhouse, and my Lady Castlemaine's coach, and many great coaches there, to see "The Siege of Rhodes." I was very near making a forfeit, but I did command myself. Mrs. Turner and I sat up, talking alone of our neighbours. As to my Lord Brouncker, she says how Mrs. Griffin, our housekeeper's wife, hath it from his maid, that comes to her house often, that they are very poor; that the other day Mrs. Williams was fain to send a jewell to pawn; that my Lord hath put the King to infinite charge since his coming thither, and hath had of Foly, the ironmonger, £50 worth in locks and keys for his house, having some of £4 and £5 a lock, such as is in the Duke's closet; that he do not keep Mrs. Williams now for love, but need, he having another mistress that he keeps in Covent Garden. Then we fell to talk of Sir W. Pen, and his family and rise. She [Mrs. Turner] says that he was a pityfull [fellow] when she first knew them;

that his lady was one of the sourest, dirty women, that ever she saw; that they took two chambers, one over another, for themselves and child, in Tower Hill; that for many years together they eat more meals at her house than at their own; did call brothers and sisters the husbands and wives; that her husband was godfather to one, and she godmother to another, this Margaret, of their children, by the same token that she was fain to write with her own hand a letter to Captain Twiddy, to stand for a godfather for her; that she brought my Lady, who then was a dirty slattern, with her stockings hanging about her heels, so that afterwards the people of the whole Hill did say that Mrs. Turner had made Mrs. Pen a gentlewoman, first to the knowledge of my Lady Vane,[1] Sir Henry's lady, and him to the knowledge of most of the great people that then he sought; and that his rise hath been his giving of large bribes, wherein, and she agrees with my opinion and knowledge before therein, he is very profuse. This made him General; this got him out of the Tower when he was in; and hath brought him into what he is now, since the King's coming in: that long ago, indeed, he would drink the King's health privately with Mr. Turner; but that when he saw it fit to turn Roundhead, and was offered by Mr. Turner to drink the King's health, he answered "No;" he was changed, and now he that would make him drink the King's health, or any health but the Protector's and State's, or to that purpose, he would be the first man should sheath his sword in his guts. That at the King's coming in, he did send for her husband, and told him what a great man Sir W. Coventry was like to be, and that he having all the records in his hands of the Navy, if he would transcribe what was of most present use of the practice of the Navy, and give them him to give Sir W. Coventry from him, it would undoubtedly do his business of getting him a principal officer's place; that her husband was at £5 charge to get these presently writ; that Sir W. Pen did give them Sir W. Coventry as from himself, which did set him up with W. Coventry, and made him what he is, and never owned anything of Mr. Turner in them; by which he left him in the lurch, though he did promise the Duke of Albemarle to do all that was possible, and made no question of Mr. Turner's being what he desired; and when afterwards, too, did propose to him the getting of the Purveyor's place for him, he did tell Mr. Turner it was necessary to present Sir W. Coventry 100 pieces, which he did, and W. Coventry took 80 of them: so that he was W. Coventry's mere broker, as Sir W. Batten and my Lady did once tell my Lady Duchess of Albemarle, in the case of Mr. Falconer, whom W. Pen made to give W. Coventry £200 for his place of Clerk of the Rope Yard of Woolwich, and to settle £80 a year upon his daughter Pegg, after the death of his wife, and a gold watch presently to his wife. That my Lady and Pegg have themselves owned to her that Sir W. Coventry and Sir W. Pen had private marks to write to one another by, that when they in appearance writ a fair letter in behalf of anybody, that they had a little mark to show they meant it only in show: this, these silly people did confess themselves of him. That his rise hath been by her and her husband's means, and that it is a most inconceivable thing how this man can have the face to use her and her family with the neglect that he do them. That he was in the late war a most devilish plunderer, and that got him his estate, which he hath in Ireland, and nothing else. Upon the whole, she told me stories ought to confirm me that he is the most false fellow that ever was born of woman, and that so she thinks and knows him to be.

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[1] Lady Vane was Frances, daughter of Sir Christopher Bray, Bart., of Ashby, Lincolnshire.

22d. Up, and by water to White Hall to Sir G. Carteret, who tells me now for certain how the Commission for the Treasury is disposed of; viz., to Duke of Albemarle, Lord Ashly, Sir W. Coventry, Sir John Duncomb,[1] and Sir Thomas Clifford: at which, he says, all the whole Court is disturbed; it having been once concluded otherwise into the other hands formerly mentioned in yesterday's notes, but all of a sudden the King's choice was changed, and these are to be the men; the first of which is only for a puppet to give honour to the rest. He do presage that these men will make it their business to find faults in the management of the late Lord Treasurer, and in discouraging the bankers: but I am, whatever I in compliance do say to him, of another mind, and my heart is very glad of it, for I do expect they will do much good, and that is the happiest thing that hath appeared to me for the good of the nation since the King come in. Thence to St. James's, and up to the Duke of York; and there in his chamber Sir W. Coventry did of himself take notice of this business of the Treasury, wherein he is in the Commission, and desired that I would be thinking of any thing fit for him to be acquainted with for the lessening of charge and bettering of our credit, and what our expence hath been since the King's coming home, which he believes will be one of the first things they shall enquire into: which I promised him, and from time to time, which he desires, will give him an account of what I can think of worthy his knowledge. I am mighty glad of this opportunity of professing my joy to him in what choice the King hath made, and the hopes I have that it will save the kingdom from perishing: and how it do encourage me to take pains again, after my having through despair neglected it! which he told me of himself that it was so with him, that he had given himself up to more ease than ever he expected, and that his opinion of matters was so bad, that there was no publick employment in the kingdom should have been accepted by him but this which the King hath now given him; and therein he is glad, in hopes of the service he may do therein; and in my conscience he will. So into the Duke of York's closet; and there, among other things, Sir W. Coventry did take notice of what he told me the other day, about a report of Commissioner Pett's dealing for timber in the Navy, and selling it to us in other names; and, besides his own proof, did produce a paper I had given him this morning about it, in the case of Widow Murford and Morecocke, which was so handled, that the Duke of York grew very angry, and commanded us presently to fall into the examination of it, saying that he would not trust a man for his sake that lifts up the whites of his eyes. And it was declared that if he be found to have done so, he should be reckoned unfit to serve the Navy; and I do believe he will be turned out: and it was, methought, a worthy saying of Sir W. Coventry to the Duke of York, "Sir," says he, "I do not make this complaint out of any disrespect to Commissioner Pett, but because I do love to do these things fairly and openly." Comes my poor father, much better than I expected. I am mighty glad to see him come well to town. To the King's house, where I did give 18*d*., and saw the last two acts of "The Goblins,"[1] a play I could not make any thing of by these two acts, but here Knipp spied me out of the tiring-room, and come to the pit door, and I out to her, and kissed her, she only coming to see me, being in a country-dress, she and others having, it seems, had a country-dance in the play, but she no other part; so we parted, and I into the pit again till it was done. The house full, but I had no mind to be seen. To Sir W. Batten's, and there got some more part of my dividend of the prize-money. This day coming from Westminster with W. Batten, we saw at White Hall stairs a fisher-boat, with a sturgeon that he had newly catched in the River; which I saw, but it was but a little one; but big enough to prevent my mistake of that for a colt, if ever I become Mayor of Huntingdon.[2]

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[1] Burnet says of Sir John Duncomb, that "he was a judicious man, but very haughty, and apt to raise enemies. He was an able Parliament-man, but could not go into all the designs of the Court; for he had a sense of religion, and a zeal for the liberty of his country." (*Own Time*, vol. i., p. 437, ed. 1833.) Duncomb's removal from the Ordnance to the Treasury is not overlooked by Marvel (*Works*, vol. iii., p. 391):—

"*Southampton* dead, much of the treasure's care
And place in council fell to *Duncomb's* share.
All men admired, he to that pitch could fly,
Powder ne'er blew man up so soon, so high;
But, sure his late good husbandry in petre,
Showed him to manage the Exchequer meeter;
And who the forts would not vouchsafe a corn,
To lavish the King's money more would scorn
Who hath no chimneys, to give all is best;
And ablest speaker who of law hath least.
Who less estate for Treasurer most fit,
And for a Chancellor he that has least wit.
But the true cause was, that in's brother *May*,
Th' exchequer might the privy-purse obey."

23d. Home, and with my father dined, and, poor man! he hath put off his travelling-clothes to-day, and is mighty spruce, and I love to see him cheerful. Sir John Duncomb is sworn yesterday a Privy-councillor. This day I hear also that last night the Duke of Kendall, second son of the Duke of York, did die; and that the other, Duke of Cambridge, continues very ill still.

24th. My wife not well, but yet engaged by invitation to go with Sir W. Pen. I got her to go with him by coach to Islington to the old house, where his lady and Madam Lowther,[3] with her exceeding fine coach and mean horses, and her mother-in-law did meet us, and two of Mr. Lowther's brothers,[4] and here dined upon nothing but pigeon-pyes, which was such a thing for him to invite all the company to, that I was ashamed. But after dinner was all our sport, when there come in a juggler, who, indeed, did shew us so good tricks as I have never seen in my life, I think, of legerdemaine, and such as my wife hath since seriously said that she would not believe but that he did them by the help of the devil. Here, after a bad dinner, and but ordinary company, saving that I discern good parts in one of the sons, who, methought, did take me up very prettily in one or two things that I said, we broke up, and I and Sir W. Pen to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Mayden Queene,"[1] which, though I have often seen, yet pleases me infinitely, it being impossible, I think, ever to have the Queen's part, which is very good and passionate, and Florimel's part, which is the most comicall that ever was made for woman, ever done better than they are by young Marshall and Nelly.

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[1] A Comedy, by Sir John Suckling,

[2] During a very high flood in the meadows between Huntingdon and Godmanchester, something was seen floating, which the Godmanchester people thought was a black *pig*, and the Huntingdon folks declared was *a sturgeon;* when rescued from the waters, it proved to be *a young donkey*. This mistake led to the one party being styled "Godmanchester's black pigs," and the other, "Huntingdon's sturgeons," terms not altogether forgotten at this day. Pepys's *colt* must be taken to be the *colt of an ass.*

[3] Mary, widow of Morgan Davis, Esq., the third wife of Alderman Robert Lowther, was the lady here referred to.

[4] According to Collins, Anthony Lowther had but one brother, John, a merchant at Dantzic, and one of the Commissioners of Revenue in Ireland. See Collins, vol. v., p. 702. Anthony Lowther, who married Margaret Penn, was the son of Elizabeth, daughter of William Holcroft, Esq,, *second* wife of Robert Lowther, of Marske, co. York, and Alderman of London, who died 1655.

25th. At noon come Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, and dined with me. About 4 o'clock comes Mrs. Pierce to see my wife, and I into them, and there find Pierce very fine, and in her own hair, which do become her, and so says my wife, ten times better than lighter hair, her complexion being mighty good.

26th. (Lord's day.) My wife and I to church, where several strangers of good condition come to our pew. After dinner I by water alone to Westminster to the parish church,[2] and there did entertain myself with my perspective glass up and down the church, by which I had the great pleasure of seeing and gazing at a great many very fine women; and what with that, and sleeping, I passed away the time till sermon was done. I away to my boat, and up with it as far as Barne Elmes, reading of Mr. Evelyn's late new book against Solitude,[3] in which I do not find much excess of good matter, though it be pretty for a bye discourse. I walked the length of the Elmes, and with great pleasure saw some gallant ladies and people come with their bottles, and basket, and chairs, and form, to sup under the trees, by the water-side, which was mighty pleasant; so home. All our discourse about Brampton, and my intentions to build there if I could be free of my engagement to my Uncle Thomas and his son, that they may not have what I have built against my will, in case of me and my brother's being without heirs male; which is the true reason why I am against laying out money upon that place, together with my fear of some inconvenience by being so near Hinchingbroke; being obliged to be a servant to that family, and subject to what expence they shall cost me; and to have all that I shall buy, or do, esteemed as got by the death of my uncle, when indeed what I have from him is not worth naming.

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[1] "Secret Love, or, the Maiden Queen," a tragi-comedy, by J. Dryden.

[2] St. Margaret's.

[3] "15th February, 1666–7. My little book in answer to Sir George Mackenzie was now published, entitled 'Public Employment and an active life, with its Appenages, preferred to Solitude.'"—Evelyn's *Diary*.

27th. There come Richardson, the bookbinder, with one of Ogilby's[1] Bibles in quires for me to see and buy, it being Mr. Cade's, my stationer's; but it is like to be so big that I shall not use it. The new Commissioners of the Treasury have chosen Sir G. Downing for their Secretary: and I think in my conscience they have done a great thing in it; for he is active and a man of business, and values himself upon having of things do well under his hand; so that I am mightily pleased in their choice. Abroad, and stopped at Bear-garden stairs,[2] there to see a prize fought. But the house so full there was no getting in there, so forced to go through an ale-house into the pit, where the bears are baited; and upon a stool did see them fight, which they did very furiously, a butcher and a waterman. The former had the better all along, till by and by the latter dropped his sword out of his hand, and the butcher, whether not seeing his sword dropped I know not, but did give him a cut over the wrist, so as he was disabled to fight any longer. But, Lord! to see how in a minute the whole stage was full of watermen to revenge the foul play, and the butchers to defend their fellow, though most blamed him; and there they all fell to it to knocking down and cutting many on each side. It was pleasant to see, but that I stood in the pit, and feared that in the tumult I might get some hurt. At last the battle broke up, and so I away. The Duke of Cambridge very ill still.

28th. Up, and by coach to St. James's, where I find Sir W. Coventry desirous to have spoke with me. It was to read over a draught of a letter which he hath made for his brother Commissioners and him to sign to us, demanding an account of the whole business of the Navy accounts; and I perceive, by the way he goes about it, that they will do admirable things. He tells me that they have chosen Sir G. Downing their Secretary, who will be as fit a man as any in the world: and he said, by the by, speaking of the bankers being fearful of Sir G. Downing's being Secretary, he being their enemy, that they did not intend to be ruled by their Secretary, but do the business themselves. My heart is glad to see so great hopes of good to the nation as will be by these men; and it do me good to see Sir W. Coventry so cheerfull as he now is on the same score. My wife away down with Jane and W. Hewer to Woolwich, in order to a little ayre and to lie there to-night, and so to gather May-dew[1] to-morrow morning, which Mrs. Turner hath taught her is the only thing in the world to wash her face with; and I am contented with it. I by water to Fox-hall, and there walked in Spring Garden. A great deal of company, and the weather and garden pleasant: and it is very pleasant and cheap going thither, for a man may go to spend what he will, or nothing, all is one. But to hear the nightingale and other birds, and hear fiddles, and there a harp, and here a Jew's trump, and here laughing, and there fine people walking, is mighty divertising. Among others, there were two pretty women alone, that walked a great while, which being discovered by some idle gentlemen, they would needs take them up; but to see the poor ladies how they were put to it to run from them, and they after them, and sometimes the ladies put themselves along with other company, then the other drew back; at last, the last did get off out of the house, and took boat and away. I was troubled to see them abused so; and could have found in my heart, as little desire of fighting as I have, to have protected the ladies.

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[1] See 19th February, 1665-6.

[2] At Bankside.

29th. Our parson Mills having the offer of another benefice[2] by Sir Robert Brookes, who was his pupil, he by my Lord Barkeley [of Stratton] is made one of the Duke's Chaplains, which qualifies him for two livings. But to see how slightly such things are done, the Duke of York only taking my Lord Barkeley's word upon saying, that we the officers of the Navy do say that he is a good man and minister of our parish, and the Duke of York admits him to kiss his hand, but speaks not one word to him; but so a warrant will be drawn from the Duke of York to qualify him, and there's an end of it. My wife comes home from Woolwich, but did not dine with me, going to dress herself against night, to go to Mrs. Pierce's to be merry, where we are to have Knipp and Harris and other good people. I at my accounts. Anon comes down my wife, dressed in her second mourning, with her black moyre waistcoat, and short petticoat, laced with silver lace so basely that I could not endure to see her, and with laced lining, which is too soon, so that I was horrid angry, and would not go to our intended meeting, which vexed me to the blood, and my wife sent twice or thrice to me, to direct her any way to dress her, but to put on her cloth gown, which she would not venture, which made me mad: and so in the evening to my chamber, vexed, and to my accounts, which I ended to my great content, and did make amends for the loss of our mirth this night, by getting this done.

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[1] If we are to credit the following paragraph, extracted from the *Morning Post* of 2d May, 1791, the virtues of May dew were then still held in some estimation; for it records that, "on the day preceding, according to annual and superstitious custom, a number of persons went into the fields and bathed their faces with the dew on the grass, under the idea that it would render them beautiful." Hone's *Every Day Book*, vol. ii, p. 611. Aubrey speaks of May-dew, as "a great dissolvent."—*Miscellanies*, p. 183.

[2] The Rectory of Wanstead, in Essex, to which he was presented.

30th. After dinner I walked to Arundell House, the way very dusty, the day of meeting of the Society being changed from Wednesday to Thursday, which I knew not before, because the Wednesday is a Council-day, and several of the Council are of the Society, and would come but for their attending the King at Council; where I find very much company, in expectation of the Duchess of Newcastle,[1] who had desired to be invited to the Society; and was, after much debate *pro* and *con.*, it seems many being against it; and we do believe the town will be full of ballads of it. Anon comes the Duchess with her women attending her; among others, the Ferabosco,[2] of whom so much talk is that her lady would bid her show her face and kill the gallants. She is indeed black, and hath good black little eyes, but otherwise a very ordinary woman I do think, but they say sings well. The Duchess hath been a good, comely woman; but her dress so antick, and her deportment so ordinary, that I do not like her at all, nor do I hear her say anything that was worth hearing, but that she was full of admiration, all admiration. Several fine experiments were shown her of colours, loadstones, microscopes, and of liquors: among others, of one that did, while she was there, turn a piece of roasted mutton into pure blood, which was very rare. Here was Mrs. Moore of Cambridge, whom I had not seen before, and I was glad to see her; as also a very black boy that run up and down the room, somebody's child in Arundell House. After they had shown her many experiments, and she cried still she was full of admiration, she departed, being led out and in by several Lords that were there; among others, Lord George Barkeley and Earl of Carlisle, and a very pretty young man, the Duke of Somerset.[3]

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[1] Evelyn also gives an account of this visit.

[2] Was she of the family of Alfonso Ferrabosco, who, in 1609, published a book of "Ayres," containing a sonnet addressed to the author by Ben Jonson?

[3] Francis Seymour, fifth Duke of Somerset, murdered in Italy, 1678.

31st. At the Treasury chamber. Here I saw Duncomb look as big, and take as much state on him, as if he had been born a lord. Here I met with Sir H. Cholmly, who tells me that he is told this day by Secretary Morris that he believes we are, and shall be, only fooled by the French; and that the Dutch are very high and insolent, and do look upon us as come over only to beg a peace; which troubles me very much, and I do fear it is true. Thence to Sir G. Carteret at his lodgings; who, I perceive, is mightily displeased with this new Treasury; and he hath reason, for it will eclipse him; and he tells me that my Lord Ashly says they understand nothing; and he says he believes the King do not intend they shall sit long. But I believe no such thing, but that the King will find such benefit by them as he will desire to have them continue, as we see he hath done, in the late new Act that was so much decried about the King; but yet the King hath since permitted it, and found good by it. He says, and I believe, that a great many persons at Court are angry at the rise of this Duncomb, whose father, he tells me, was a long-Parliament-man, and a great Committee-man; and this fellow used to carry his papers to Committees after him: he was a kind of an atturny: but for all this, I believe will be a great man, in spite of all. In the evening home, and there, to my unexpected satisfaction, did get my intricate accounts of interest, which have been of late much perplexed by mixing of some moneys of Sir G. Carteret's with mine, evened and set right: and so late to supper, and with great quiet to bed; finding by the balance of my account that I am creditor £6900, for which the Lord of Heaven be praised!

June 1st. Up; and there comes to me Mr. Commander, whom I employ about hiring of some ground behind the office, for the building of me a stable and coach-house: for I do find it necessary for me, both in respect of honour and the profit of it also, my expence in hackney-coaches being now so great, to keep a coach, and therefore will do it. Having given him some instructions about it, I to the office; where we have news that our peace with Spain, as to trade, is wholly concluded, and we are to furnish him with some men for Flanders against the French. How that will agree with the French, I know not; but they say that he also hath liberty to get what men he pleases out of England. But for the Spaniard, I hear that my Lord Castlehaven is raising a regiment of 4000 men which he is to command there: and several young gentlemen are going over in commands with him; and they say the Duke of Monmouth is going over only as a traveller, not to engage on either side, but only to see the campagne, which will be becoming him much more than to live wenching and roguing, as he now do.

2d. (Lord's day.) Being weary and almost blind with writing and reading so much to-day, I took boat, and up the river all alone as high as Putney almost, and then back again, all the way reading, and finishing Mr. Boyle's book of Colours,[1] which is so chymical, that I can understand but little of it, but enough to see that he is a most excellent man.

3d. Met Mr. Mills, our parson, whom I went back with to bring him to Sir W. Coventry, to give him the form of a qualification for the Duke of York to sign to, to enable him to have two livings: which was a service I did, but much against my will, for a lazy, fat priest. Sir William Doyly did lay a wager with me, the Treasurership would be in one hand, notwithstanding this present Commission, before Christmas: on which we did lay a poll of ling, a brace of carps, and a pottle of wine; and Sir W. Pen and Mr. Scowen to be at the eating of them. Thence down by water to Deptford, it being Trinity Monday, when the Master is chosen, and there, finding them all at church, and thinking they dined, as usual, at Stepny, I turned back, having a good book in my hand, the Life of Cardinal Wolsey, wrote by his own servant,[2] and to Ratcliffe, and so walked to Stepny, and spent my time in the churchyard, looking over the grave-stones, expecting when the company would come by. Finding no company stirring, I sent to the house to see; and, it seems, they dine not there, but at Deptford: so I back again to Deptford, and there find them just sat down. And so I down with them; and we had a good dinner of plain meat, and good company at our table: among others, my good Mr. Evelyn, with whom, after dinner, I stepped aside, and talked upon the present posture of our affairs; which is, that the Dutch are known to be abroad with eighty sail of ships of war, and twenty fire-ships; and the French come into the Channell with twenty sail of men-of-war, and five fire-ships, while we have not a ship at sea to do them any hurt with; but are calling in all we can, while our Embassadors are treating at Bredah; and the Dutch look upon them as come to beg peace, and use them accordingly: and all this through the negligence of our Prince, who had power, if he would, to master all these with the money and men that he hath had the command of, and may now have, if he would mind his business. But, for aught we see, the Kingdom is likely to be lost, as well as the reputation of it is, for ever; notwithstanding so much reputation got and preserved by a rebell that went before him. In the Treasury-Chamber an hour or two, where we saw the Country Receivers and Accountants come to attend; and one of them, a brisk young fellow, with his hat cocked like a fool behind, as the present fashion among the blades is,[1] committed to the Serjeant. By and by, I, upon desire, was called in, and delivered in my Report of my Accounts. Present, Lord Ashly, Clifford, and Duncomb, who, being busy, did not read it; but committed it to Sir George Downing, and so I was dismissed; but, Lord! to see how Duncomb do take upon him is an eyesore, though I think he deserves great honour, but only the suddenness of his rise, and his pride. But I do like the way of these lords, that they admit nobody to use many words, nor do they spend many words themselves, but in great state do hear what they see necessary, and say little themselves, but bid withdraw. Thence Creed and I by water up to Fox Hall, and over against it stopped, thinking to see some Cock-fighting; but it was just being done, and, therefore, back again to Spring Garden, and then to walk up and down the garden, reflecting upon the bad management of things now, compared with what it was in the late rebellious times, when men, some for fear, and some for religion, minded their business, which none now do, by being void of both.

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[1] Experiments on Colours, published in 1663. It was first published in 1641, and then with a view to do harm to Abp. Laud. The best edition is that published in 1852, with notes by John Holmes, Esq., of the British Museum.

[2] George Cavendish, gentleman-usher to the Cardinal.

4th. Mr. Commander tells me, after all, that I cannot have a lease of the ground for my coach-house and stable, till a suit in law be ended. I am a little sorry, because I am pretty full in my mind of keeping a coach; but yet, when I think of it again, the Dutch and French both at sea, and we poor, and still out of order, I know not yet what turns there may be.

5th. To the Commissioners of the Treasury, and, after long waiting, I find them all sat; and, among the rest, Duncomb lolling, with his heels upon another chair, by that, that he sat upon. Captain Perriman brings us word how the Happy

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[1] It was called the Monmouth cock, which, according to *The Spectator*, No. 129, was still worn in the west of England by country squires in 1711. During our progress through the most western parts of the kingdom, we fancied ourselves in Charles the Second's reign, the people having made little variations in their dress since that time. The smartest of the country squires *appear still in the Monmouth cock.*

Returne's crew below in the Hope, ordered to carry the Portugal Embassador to Holland, and the Embassador, I think, on board, refuse to go till paid; and by their example two or three more ships are in a mutiny: which is a sad consideration, while so many of the enemy's ships are at this day triumphing in the sea. Sir G. Carteret showed me a gentleman coming by in his coach, who hath been sent for up out of Lincolneshire, I think he says he is a justice of peace there, that the Council have laid by the heels here, and here lies in a messenger's hands, for saying that a man and his wife are but one person, and so ought to pay but 12*d*. for both to the Poll Bill; by which others were led to do the like: and so here he lies prisoner.

6th. With my father and wife to Sir W. Pen's to dinner, which they invited us to out of their respect to my father, as a stranger; though I know them as false as the devil himself, and that it is only that they think it fit to oblige me; wherein I am a happy man, that all my fellow-officers are desirous of my friendship. Mr. Pierce tells me that the Duke of Cambridge is yet living, but every minute expected to die.

7th. With Mr. Townsend, whom I sent for to come to me to discourse about my Lord Sandwich's business; for whom I am in some pain, lest the Accounts of the Wardrobe may not be in so good order as may please the new Lords Treasurers, who are quick-sighted, and under obligations of recommending themselves to the King and the world, by their finding and mending of faults, and are, most of them, not the best friends to my Lord.

8th. Up, and to the office, where all the news this morning is, that the Dutch are come with a fleete of eighty sail to Harwich, and that guns were heard plain by Sir W. Rider's people at Bednall-greene, all yesterday even. Home, where our dinner a ham of French bacon, boiled with pigeons, an excellent dish. The news is confirmed that the Dutch are off Harwich, but had done nothing last night. The king hath sent down my Lord of Oxford to raise the countries there; and all the Western barges are taken up to make a bridge over the River, about the Hope, for horse to cross the River, if there be occasion.

9th. (Lord's day.) I hear that the Duke of Cambridge, who was given over long since by the Doctors, is now likely to recover; for which God be praised! To Sir W. Coventry, and there talked with him a great while, and mighty glad I was of my good fortune to visit him, for it keeps in my acquaintance with him, and the world sees it, and reckons my interest accordingly. In comes my Lord Barkeley, who is going down to Harwich also to look after the militia there: and there is also the Duke of Monmouth, and with him a great many young Hectors, the Lord Chesterfield, my Lord Mandeville, and others: but to little purpose, I fear, but to debauch the country women thereabouts. My Lord Barkeley wanting some maps, and Sir W. Coventry recommending the six maps of England that are bound up for the pocket, I did offer to present my Lord with them, which he accepted: and so I will send them him. Took boat, and up, all alone, as high as Barne Elmes, and there took a turn; and then to my boat again, and home, reading and making an end of the book I lately bought—a merry satyr, called "The Visions," translated from the Spanish[1] by L'Estrange, wherein there are many very pretty things; but the translation is, as to the rendering it into English expression, the best that ever I saw, it being impossible almost to conceive that it should be a translation. I find an order come for the getting some fire-ships presently to annoy the Dutch, who are in the King's Channel, and expected up higher.

10th. Up; and news brought us that the Dutch are come up as high as the Nore; and more pressing orders for fire-ships. W. Batten, W. Pen, and I to St. James's; whence the Duke of York gone this morning betimes, to send away some men down to Chatham. So we then to White Hall, and meet Sir W. Coventry, who presses all that is possible for fire-ships. So we three to the office presently; and thither comes Sir Fretcheville Hollis,[2] who is to command them all in some exploits he is to do with them on the enemy in the River. So we all down to Deptford, and pitched upon ships and set men at work: but, Lord! to see how backwardly things move at this pinch, notwithstanding that, by the enemy's being now come up as high as almost the Hope, Sir J. Minnes, who was gone down to pay some ships there, hath sent up the money; and so we are possessed of money to do what we will with. Yet partly ourselves, being used to be idle and in despair, and partly people that have been used to be deceived by us as to money, won't believe us; and we know not, though we have it, how almost to promise it; and our wants such, and men out of the way, that it is an admirable thing to consider how much the King suffers, and how necessary it is in a State to keep the King's service always in a good posture and credit. Down to Greenwich, where I find the stairs full of people, there being a great riding[1] there to-day for a man, the constable of the town, whose wife beat him. Down to Gravesend, where I find the Duke of Albemarle just come, with a great many idle lords and gentlemen, with their pistols and fooleries; and the bulwark[2] not able to have stood half an hour had they come up; but the Dutch are fallen down from the Hope and Shell-haven as low as Sheernesse, and we do plainly at this time hear the guns play. Yet I do not find the Duke of Albemarle intends to go thither, but stays here to-night, and hath, though the Dutch are gone, ordered our frigates to be brought to a line between the two blockhouses; which I took then to be a ridiculous thing. I find the townsmen had removed most of their goods out of the town, for fear of the Dutch coming up to them; and from Sir John Griffen,[1] that last night there was not twelve men to be got in the town to defend it: which the master of the house tells me is not true, but that the men of the town did intend to stay, though they did indeed, and so had he, at the Ship, removed their goods. Thence went to an Ostend man-of-war, just now come up, who met the Dutch fleete, who took three ships that he came convoying hither from him: says they are as low as the Nore, or thereabouts.

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[1] Of Francisco de Queveda.

[2] Grandson of Fretcheville Hollis, of Grimsby. His father, Gervase Hollis, the antiquary, most of whose collections came into the British Museum, was an officer in the King's service. Sir Fretcheville Hollis, embracing the naval profession, lost an arm in the sea-fight of 1665, and afterwards served as Rear-Admiral under Sir R. Holmes, when they attacked the Smyrna fleet. He fell in the battle of Southwold Bay, 1672, on board the Cambridge. Although Pepys speaks slightingly of him, he was a man of high spirit and enterprise, and is thus eulogized by Dryden in his *Annus Mirabilis:*

> "Young Hollis on a Muse by Mars begot,
> Born, Cæsar-like, to write and act great deeds,
> Impatient to revenge his fatal shot,
> His right hand doubly to his left succeeds."

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[1] It was an ancient custom in Berkshire, when a man had beaten his wife, for the neighbours to parade in front of his house, for the purpose of serenading him with kettles, and horns, and hand-bells, and every species of "rough music," by which name the ceremony was designated. Perhaps the *riding* mentioned by Pepys was a punishment somewhat similar. Malcolm (*Manners of London*) quotes from the *Protestant Mercury*, about the close of the seventeenth century, that a porter's lady, who resided near Strand Lane, beat her husband with so much violence and perseverance, that the poor man was compelled to leap out of the window, to escape her fury. Exasperated at this virago, the neighbours made "a riding;" *i. e.* a pedestrian procession, headed by a drum, and accompanied by a chemise, displayed for a banner. The manual musician sounded the tune of "You roundheaded cuckolds, come dig, come dig!" and nearly seventy coal-heavers, carmen, and porters, adorned with large horns, fastened to their heads, followed. The public seemed highly pleased with the nature of the punishment, and gave liberally to the vindicators of injured manhood. Page 211, 4to. ed., 1811.

[2] That is, the block-house. There were formerly considerable fortifications at Gravesend: and about the year 1778 they were greatly extended, under the superintendence of Sir Thomas Hyde Page; a few years since, however, a great portion was dismantled, the ground was sold, and the "Terrace Pier," and other works *ejusdem generis* erected.

11th. Brouncker come to us, who is just now going to Chatham upon a desire of Commissioner Pett's, who is very fearful of the Dutch, and desires help for God and the King and kingdom's sake. So Brouncker goes down, and Sir J. Minnes also, from Gravesend. This morning Pett writes us word that Sheernesse is lost last night, after two or three hours' dispute. The enemy hath possessed himself of that place; which is very sad, and puts us into great fears of Chatham. After dinner, by W. Hewer's lucky advice, went to Mr. Fenn, and did get him to pay me about £400 of my wages, and W. Hewer received it for me, and brought it home this night. Home, and there to our business, hiring some fire-ships, and receiving every hour almost letters from Sir W. Coventry, calling for more fire-ships: and an order from Council to enable us to take any man's ships; and Sir W. Coventry, in his letter to us, says he do not doubt but at this time, under an invasion, as he owns it to be, the King may, by law, take any man's goods. At this business late, and then home; where a great deal of serious talk with my wife about the sad state we are in, and especially from the beating up of drums this night for the train-bands upon pain of death to appear in arms to-morrow morning, with bullet and powder, and money to supply themselves with victuals for a fortnight; which, considering the soldiers drawn out to Chatham and elsewhere, looks as if they had a design to ruin the City and give it up to be undone; which, I hear, makes the sober citizens to think very sadly of things.

12th. Up very betimes to our business at the office, there hiring of more fire-ships; and at it close all the morning. At noon home, and Sir W. Pen dined with us. By and by, after dinner, my wife out by coach to see her mother; and I in another, being afraid, at this busy time, to be seen with a woman in a coach, as if I were idle, towards The. Turner's;

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[1] An error for Sir John Griffith, captain of the fort at Gravesend, who was knighted at Whitehall, 2d Jan., 1665.

but met Sir W. Coventry's boy: and there in a letter find that the Dutch had made no motion since their taking Sheerenesse; and the Duke of Albemarle writes that all is safe as to the great ships against any assault, the bomb [boom] and chaine being so fortified; which put my heart into great joy. When I come to Sir W. Coventry's chamber, I find him abroad; but his clerk, Powell, do tell me that ill news is come to Court of the Dutch breaking the Chaine at Chatham;[1] which struck me to the heart. And to White Hall to hear the truth of it; and there, going up the Park-stairs, I did hear some lacquies speaking of sad news come to Court, saying, there is hardly any body in the Court but do look as if he cried. I would not go into the house for fear of being seen, but slunk out and got into a coach. I met Roger Pepys, newly come out of the country. He and I talked aside a little, he offering a match for Pall, one Barnes, of whom we shall talk more the next time. His father married a Pepys: in discourse, he told me that his grandfather, my great grandfather, had £800 per annum, in Queene Elizabeth's time, in the very town of Cottenham; and that we did certainly come out of Scotland [1] with the Abbot of Croyland. Home, where all our hearts do now ake; for the news is true, that the Dutch have broke the chaine and burned our ships, and particularly "The Royal Charles;" [2] other particulars I know not, but it is said to be so. And, the truth is, I do fear so much that the whole kingdom is undone, that I do this night resolve to study with my father and wife what to do with the little that I have in money by me, for I give up all the rest that I have in the King's hands, for Tangier, for lost. So God help us! and God knows what disorders we may fall into, and whether any violence on this office, or perhaps some severity on our persons, as being reckoned by the silly people, or perhaps may, by policy of State, be thought fit to be condemned by the King and Duke of York, and so put to trouble; though, God knows! I have, in my own person, done my full duty, I am sure. Home, and to bed with a heavy heart. The manner of my advising this night with my father was, I took him and my wife up to her chamber, and shut the door, and there told them the sad state of the times how we are like to be all undone; that I do fear some violence will be offered to this office, where all I have in the world is, and resolved upon sending it away—sometimes into the country, sometimes my father to lie in town, and have the gold with him at Sarah Giles's.

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[1] The account of this national disgrace is very characteristic, in *Poems on State Affairs*, vol. i., p. 48, in the "Advice to a Painter," ascribed to Sir John Denham:—

"——— Painter! let thine art describe a story,
Shaming our warlike island's ancient glory:
A scene which never on our seas appeared
Since our first ships were on the ocean steered;
Make the Dutch fleet, while we supinely sleep,
Without opposers, masters of the deep:
Make them securely the Thames-mouth invade,
At once depriving us of that, and trade;
Draw thunder from their floating castles, sent
Against our forts, weak as our government:
Draw Woolwich, Deptford, London, and the Tower,
Meanly abandoned to a foreign power.
Yet turn their first attempt another way,
And let their cannons upon Sheerness play;
Which soon destroyed, their lofty vessells ride,
Big with the hope of the approaching tide:
Make them more help from our remissness find,
Than from the tide, or from the eastern wind,
Their canvass swelling with a prosperous gale,
Swift as our fears make them to Chatham sail:
Through our weak chain their fire-ships break their way,
And our great ships (unmanned) become their prey.
Then draw the fruit of our ill-managed coast,
At once our honour and our safety lost:
Bury those bulwarks of our isle in smoke,
With their thick flames the neighbouring country choak:
The Charles escapes the raging element,
To be with triumph into Holland sent;
Where the glad people to the shore resort,
They see their terror now become their sport.
But, Painter! fill not up thy piece before
Thou paint'st confusion on our troubled shore:
Instruct then thy bold pencil to relate
The saddest marks of an ill-governed state.
Draw th' injured seamen deaf to all command,
While some with horror and amazement stand:
Others will know no enemy but they
Who have unjustly robbed them of their pay;
Boldly refusing to oppose a fire,
To kindle which our errors did conspire:
Some (though but few) persuaded to obey,
Useless, for want of ammunition, stay:
The forts designed to guard our ships of war,
Void both of powder and of bullets are:
And what past reigns in peace did ne'er omit,
The present (whilst invaded) doth forget."

13th. No sooner up but hear the sad news confirmed of the Royall Charles being taken by them, and now in fitting by them—which Pett should have carried up higher by our several orders, and deserves, therefore, to be hanged for not doing it—and burning several others; and that another fleete is come up into the Hope. Upon which news the King and Duke of York have been below [3] since four o'clock in the morning, to command the sinking of ships at Barking-Creeke, and other places, to stop their coming up higher: which put me into such a fear, that I presently resolved of my father's and wife's going into the country; and, at two hours' warning, they did go by the coach this day, with about £1300 in gold in their night-bag. Pray God give them good passage, and good care to hide it when they come home! but my heart is full of fear. They gone, I continued in fright and fear what to do with the rest. W. Hewer hath been at the banker's, and hath got £500 out of Backewell's hands of his own money; but they are so called upon that they will be all broke, hundreds coming to them for money: and they answer him, "It is payable at twenty days—when the days are out, we will pay you;" and those that are not so, they make tell over their money, and make their bags false, on purpose to give cause to retell it, and so spend time. I cannot have my 200 pieces of gold again for silver, all being bought up last night that were to be had, and sold for 24 and 25*s.* a piece.[1] So I must keep the silver by me, which sometimes I think to fling into the house of office, and then again know not how I shall come by it, if we be made to leave the office. Every minute some one or other calls for this or that order; and so I forced to be at the office, most of the day, about the fire-ships, which are to be suddenly fitted out; and it's a most strange thing that we hear nothing from any of my brethren at Chatham: so that we are wholly in the dark, various being the reports of what is done there; insomuch that I sent Mr. Clapham express thither to see how matters go. I did, about noon, resolve to send Mr. Gibson away after my wife with another 1000 pieces, under colour of an express to Sir Jeremy Smith; who is, as I hear, with some ships at Newcastle; which I did really send to him, and may, possibly, prove of good use to the King; for it is possible, in the hurry of business, they may not think of it at Court, and the charge of an express is not considerable to the King. The King and Duke of York up and down all the day here and there: some time on Tower Hill, where the City militia was; where the King did make a speech to them, that they should venture themselves no further than he would himself. I also sent, my mind being in pain, Saunders after my wife and father, to overtake them at their night's lodging, to see how matters go with them. In the evening, I sent for my cousin Sarah [Gyles] and her husband, who come; and I did deliver them my chest of writings about Brampton, and my brother Tom's papers, and my journalls, which I value much; and did send my two silver flaggons[1] to Kate Joyce's: that so, being scattered what I have, something might be saved. I have also made a girdle, by which, with some trouble, I do carry about me £300 in gold about my body, that I may not be without something in case I should be surprised: for I think, in any nation but our's, people that appear, for we are not indeed so, so faulty as we, would have their throats cut. In the evening comes Mr. Pelling, and several others, to the office, and tell me that never were people so dejected as they are in the City all over at this day; and do talk most loudly, even treason; as, that we are bought and sold,—that we are betrayed by the Papists; and others, about the King, cry out that the office of the Ordnance hath been so backward as no powder to have been at Chatham nor Upnor Castle till such a time, and the carriages all broken; that Legg is a Papist; that Upnor, the old good castle built by Queen Elizabeth, should be lately slighted; that the ships at Chatham should not be carried up higher. They look upon us as lost, and remove their families and rich goods in the City; and do think verily that the French, being come down with an army to Dunkirke, it is to invade us, and that we shall be invaded. Mr. Clerke, the solicitor, comes to me about business, and tells me that he hears that the King hath chosen Mr. Pierpont,[2] and Vaughan[3] of the West, Privy-councillors; that my Lord Chancellor was affronted in the Hall this day, by people telling him of his Dunkirke House;[4] and that there are regiments ordered to be got together, whereof to be commanders my Lord Fairfax, Ingoldsby, Bethell, Norton, and Birch, and other Presbyterians; and that Dr. Bates will have liberty to preach. Now, whether this be true or not, I know not; but do think that nothing but this will unite us together. Late at night comes Mr. Hudson, the cooper, my neighbour, and tells me that he come from Chatham this evening at five o'clock, and saw this afternoon "The Royal James," "Oake," and "London," burnt by the enemy with their fire-ships: that two or three men-of-war come up with them, and made no more of Upnor Castle's shooting, than of a fly; that those ships lay below Upnor Castle, but therein, I conceive, he is in an error; that the Dutch are fitting out "The Royall Charles;" that we shot so far as from the Yard thither, so that the shot did no good, for the bullets grazed on the water; that Upnor played hard with their guns at first, but slowly afterwards, either from the men being beat off, or their powder spent.[1] But we hear that the fleete in the Hope is not come up any higher the last flood; and Sir W. Batten tells me that ships are provided to sink in the River, about Woolwich, that will prevent their coming up higher if they should attempt it. I made my will also this day, and did give all I had equally between my father and wife.

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[1] What this means it is not easy to say. Probably Croyland is written in error. No connection can be traced between the Pepys family and any Abbot of Croyland.

[2] Vaudervelde's drawings of the conflagration of the English fleet, made by him on the spot, are in the British Museum.

[3] Below London Bridge.

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[1] After the Bank Restriction Act, in 1797, guineas were sold for 27*s.*: see *ante*, 28th January, 1666-7, note.

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[1] See 28th July, 1664, and 11th January, 1667.

[2] William Pierrepont, called "wise Pierrepont," younger son of the first Earl of Kingston, and brother of the Marquis of Dorchester. His grandson, Robert, succeeded as third Earl of Kingston.

[3] See 29th March, 1664, *ante*.

[4] See 20th February, 1664–5, *ante*.

14th. Up, and to the office; where Mr. Fryer comes and tells me that there are several Frenchmen and Flemish ships in the River, with passes from the Duke of York for carrying of prisoners, that ought to be parted from the rest of the ships, and their powder taken, lest they do fire themselves when the enemy comes, and so spoil us; which is good advice, and I think I will give notice of it; and did so. But it is pretty odd to see how every body, even at this high time of danger, puts business off of their own hands! He says that he told this to the Lieutenant of the Tower, to whom I, for the same reason, was directing him to go; and the Lieutenant of the Tower bade him come to us, for he had nothing to do with it; and yesterday comes Captain Crew, of one of the fire-ships, and told me that the officers of the Ordnance would deliver his gunner's materials, but not compound them,[2] but that we must do it; whereupon I was forced to write to them about it; and one that like a great many come to me this morning by and by comes—Mr. Wilson, and, by direction of his, a man of Mr. Gauden's; who are come from Chatham last night, and saw the three ships burnt, they lying all dry, and boats going from the men-of-war to fire them. But that, that he tells me of worst consequence is, that he himself, I think he said, did hear many Englishmen on board the Dutch ships speaking to one another in English; and that they did cry and say, "We did heretofore fight for tickets; now we fight for dollars!" and did ask how such and such a one did, and would commend themselves to them: which is a sad consideration. And Mr. Lewes, who was present at this fellow's discourse to me, did tell me, that he is told that when they took "The Royal Charles," they said that they had their tickets signed, and showed some, and that now they come to have them paid, and would have them paid before they parted. And several seamen come this morning to me, to tell me that, if I would get their tickets paid, they would go and do all they could against the Dutch; but otherwise they would not venture being killed, and lose all they had already fought for: so that I was forced to try what I could do to get them paid. This man tells me that the ships burnt last night did lie above Upnor Castle, over against the Docke; and the boats come from the ships of war and burnt them: all which is very sad. And masters of ships, that we are lately taking up, do keep from their ships all their stores, or as much as they can, so that we can despatch them, having not time to appraise them nor secure their payment; only some little money we have, which we are fain to pay the men we have with, every night, or they will not work. And indeed the hearts as well as affections of the seamen are turned away; and in the open streets in Wapping, and up and down, the wives have cried publickly, "This comes of your not paying our husbands; and now your work is undone, or done by hands that understand it not." And Sir W. Batten told me that he was himself affronted with a woman, in language of this kind, on Tower Hill publickly yesterday; and we are fain to bear it, and to keep one at the office-door to let no idle people in, for fear of firing of the office and doing us mischief. The City is troubled at their being put upon duty: summoned one hour, and discharged two hours after; and then again summoned two hours after that; to their great charge as well as trouble. And Pelling, the Potticary, tells me the world says all over, that less charge than what the kingdom is put to, of one kind or other, by this business, would have set out all our great ships. It is said they did in open streets yesterday, at Westminster, cry, "A Parliament! a Parliament!" and I do believe it will cost blood to answer for these miscarriages.

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[1] The want of ammunition when the Dutch burnt the fleet, and the revenge of the deserter sailors, is well described by Marvel (*Works*, iii., p. 386):—

'Our seamen, whom no dangers' shape could fright,
Unpaid, refuse to mount their ships, for spite:
Or to their fellows swim, on board the Dutch,
Who shew the tempting metal in their clutch.
Oft had (Monk) sent, of *Duncomb* and of *Legge*,
Cannon and powder, but in vain, to beg;
And Upnor Castle's ill-deserted wall,
Now needful does for ammunition call,
He finds, where'er he succour might expect,
Confusion, folly, treachery, fear, neglect."

[2] Meaning, apparently, that the Ordnance would deliver the charcoal, sulphur, and saltpetre separately, but not mix them as gunpowder—a distinction which has been brought prominently forward lately in the war-rocket case.

We do not hear that the Dutch are come to Gravesend; which is a wonder. But a wonderful thing it is that to this day we have not one word yet from Brouncker, or Peter Pett, or J. Minnes, of any thing at Chatham. The people that come hither to hear how things go, make me ashamed to be found unable to answer them: for I am left alone here at the office; and the truth is, I am glad my station is to be here, near my own home and out of danger, yet in a place of doing the King good service. I have this morning good news from Gibson; three letters from three several stages, that he was safe last night as far as Royston, at between nine and ten at night. The dismay that is upon us all, in the business of the kingdom and Navy at this day, is not to be expressed otherwise than by the condition the citizens were in when the City was on fire, nobody knowing which way to turn themselves, while every thing concurred to greaten the fire; as here the easterly gale and spring-tides for coming up both rivers, and enabling them to break the chaine. D. Gauden did tell me yesterday, that the day before at the Council they were ready to fall together by the ears at the Council-table, arraigning one another of being guilty of the counsel that brought us into this misery, by laying up all the great ships. Mr. Hater tells me at noon that some rude people have been, as he hears, at my Lord Chancellor's, where they have cut down the trees before his house and broke his windows; and a gibbet either set up before or painted upon his gate, and these three words writ:[1] "Three sights to be seen; Dunkirke, Tangier, and a barren Queene."[2] It gives great matter of talk that it is said there is at this hour, in the Exchequer, as much money as is ready to break down the floor. This arises, I believe, from Sir G. Downing's late talk of the greatness of the sum lying there of people's money, that they would not fetch away, which he showed me and a great many others. Most people that I speak with are in doubt how we shall do to secure our seamen from running over to the Dutch; which is a sad but very true consideration at this day. At noon I am told that my Lord Duke of Albemarle is made Lord High Constable; the meaning whereof at this time I know not, nor whether it be true or no.[1] Dined, and Mr. Hater and W. Hewer with me; where they do speak very sorrowfully of the posture of the times, and how people do cry out in the streets of their being bought and sold; and both they, and everybody that come to me, do tell me that people make nothing of talking treason in the streets openly: as, that they are bought and sold, and governed by Papists, and that we are betrayed by people about the King, and shall be delivered up to the French, and I know not what. At dinner we discoursed of Tom of the Wood, a fellow that lives like a hermit near Woolwich, who, as they say, and Mr. Bodham, they tell me, affirms that he was by at the Justice's when some did accuse him there for it, did foretell the burning of the City, and now says that a greater desolation is at hand. Thence we read and laughed at Lilly's prophecies this month, in his Almanack this year.[2] So to the office after dinner; and thither comes Mr. Pierce, who tells me his condition, how he cannot get his money, about £500, which, he says, is a very great part of what he hath for his family and children, out of Viner's hand: and indeed it is to be feared that this will wholly undo the bankers. He says he knows nothing of the late affronts to my Lord Chancellor's house, as is said, nor hears of the Duke of Albemarle's being made High Constable; but says that they are in great distraction at White Hall, and that every where people do speak high against Sir W. Coventry:[3] but he agrees with me, that he is the best Minister of State the King hath, and so from my heart I believe. At night come home Sir W. Batten and W. Pen, who only can tell me that they have placed guns at Woolwich and Deptford, and sunk some ships below Woolwich and Blackewall, and are in hopes that they will stop the enemy's coming up. But strange our confusion! that among them that are sunk they have gone and sunk without consideration "The Francklin," one of the King's ships, with stores to a very considerable value, that hath been long loaden for supply of the ships; and the new ship at Bristoll, and much wanted there; and nobody will own that they directed it, but do lay it on Sir W. Rider. They speak also of another ship, loaden to the value of £80,000, sunk with the goods in her, or at least was mightily contended for by him, and a foreign ship, that had the faith of the nation for her security: this Sir R. Ford tells us. And it is too plain a truth, that both here and at Chatham the ships that we have sunk have many, and the first of them, been ships completely fitted for fire-ships at great charge. But most strange the backwardness and disorder of all people, especially the King's people in pay, to do any work, Sir W. Pen tells me, all crying out for money; and it was so at Chatham, that this night comes an order from Sir W. Coventry to stop the pay of the wages of that Yard; the Duke of Albemarle having related, that not above three of 1100 in pay there did attend to do any work there. This evening having sent a messenger to Chatham on purpose, we have received a dull letter from my Lord Brouncker and Peter Pett, how matters have gone there this week; but not so much, or so particularly, as we knew it by common talk before, and as true. I doubt they will be found to have been but slow men in this business; and they say the Duke of Albemarle did tell my Lord Brouncker to his face that his discharging of the great ships there was the cause of all this; and I am told that it is become common talk against my Lord Brouncker. But in that he is to be justified, for he did it by verbal order from Sir W. Coventry, and with good intent; and it was to good purpose, whatever the success be, for the men would have but spent the King so much the more in wages, and yet not attended on board to have done the King any service; and as an evidence of that, just now, being the 15th day in the morning that I am writing yesterday's passages, one is with me, Jacob Bryan, Purser of the Princesse, who confesses to me that he hath but 180 men borne at this day in victuals and wages on that ship lying at Chatham, being lately brought in thither; of which 180 there was not above five appeared to do the King any service at this late business. And this morning also, some of the Cambridge's men come up from Portsmouth, by order from Sir Fretcheville Hollis, who boasted to us the other day that he had sent for 50, and would be hanged if 100 did not come up that would do as much as twice the number of other men: I say some of them, instead of being at work at Deptford, where they were intended, do come to the office this morning to demand the payment of their tickets; for otherwise they would, they said, do no more work; and are, as I understand from every body that has to do with them, the most debauched, damning, swearing rogues that ever were in the Navy, just like their prophane commander. Home, being at pretty good ease by a letter from my wife, brought by Saunders, that my father and wife got well last night to their Inne and out again this morning, and Gibson's being got safe to Caxton at twelve last night.

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[1] *On the Lord Chancellor Hyde's disgrace.*

"Pride, Lust, Ambition, and the people's hate,
The kingdom's broker, ruin of the State,
*Dunkirk's sad loss, divider of the fleet,*
*Tangier's compounder for a barren sheet:*
This shrub of gentry, married to the crown,
His daughter to the heir, is tumbled down.
The grand impostor of the nobles lies
Grov'ling in dust, as a just sacrifice,
To appease the injured King and abused nation:
Who would believe the sudden alteration?
God will revenge, too, for the stones he took
From aged Paul's to make a nest for rooks;
All cormorants of state, as well as he,
We now may hope in the same plight to see."
—*Poems on State Affairs*, vol. 1., p. 253.

[2] See 19th February, 1665–6, *ante*.

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[1] The report was not true.

[2] Probably the following prognostications amused Pepys and his friends: "The several lunations of this month do rather portend sea-fights, wars, etc., than give hopes of peace, particularly the several configurations do very much threaten Holland with a most strange and unusual loss at sea, if they shall dare to fight His Majesty's forces. Still poor Poland is threatened either by the Muscovites or wandering Cossacks. Strange rumours dispersed in London, some vain people abuse His Majesty's subjects with untruths and ill-grounded suggestions. Much division in London about building; perhaps that may occasion those vain and idle reports. Strange news out of Holland, as if all were in an uproar; we believe they are now in a sad and fearful condition."

[3] Evelyn (*Diary*, July 29, 1667) says it was owing to Sir W. Coventry that no fleet was fitted out in 1667.

15th. All the morning at the office. No news more than last night; only Purser Tyler comes and tells me that he being at all the passages in this business at Chatham, he says there have been horrible miscarriages, such as we shall shortly hear of: that the want of boats hath undone us; and it is commonly said, and Sir J. Minnes under his hand tells us, that they were employed by the men of the Yard to carry away their goods; and I hear that Commissioner Pett will be found the first man that began to remove; he is much spoken against, and Brouncker is complained of, and reproached for discharging the men of the great ships heretofore. At noon Mr. Hater dined with me; and tells me he believes that it will hardly be the want of money alone that will excuse to the Parliament the neglect of not setting out a fleete, it having never been done in our greatest straits, but however unlikely it appeared, yet when it was gone about, the State or King did compass it; and there is something in it. At night comes, unexpectedly so soon, Mr. Gibson, who left my wife well, and all got down well with them, but not with himself, which I was afraid of, and cannot blame him, but must myself be wiser against another time. He had one of his bags broke, through his breeches, and some pieces dropped out, not many, he thinks, but two, for he light, and took them up, and went back and could find no more. But I am not able to tell how many, which troubles me, but the joy of having the greatest part safe there makes me bear with it, so as not to afflict myself for it. Home and to my flageolet. Played with pleasure, but with a heavy heart, only it pleased me to think how it may please God I may live to spend my time in the country with plainness and pleasure, though but with little glory.

16th. (Lord's day.) Comes Roger Pepys and his son Talbot, whom he had brought to town to settle at the Temple, but, by reason of our present stirs, will carry him back again with him this week. He seems to be but a silly lad. I sent them to church this morning. Roger Pepys told me, that when I come to his house he will show me a decree in Chancery, wherein there was twenty-six men all housekeepers in the town of Cottenham, in Queene Elizabeth's time, of our name. By and by occasion offered for my writing to Sir W. Coventry a plain bold letter touching lack of money; which, when it was gone, I was afraid might give offence: but upon two or three readings over again the copy of it, I was satisfied it was a good letter; only Sir W. Batten signed it with me, which I could wish I had done alone.

17th. Every moment business of one kind or other about the fire-ships and other businesses, most of them vexatious for want of money, the commanders all complaining that, if they miss to pay their men a night, they run away; seamen demanding money of them by way of advance, and some of Sir Fretcheville Hollis's men, that he so bragged of, demanding their tickets to be paid, or they would not work: this Hollis, Sir W. Batten and W. Pen say, proves a conceited, idle, prating, lying fellow. Captain Cocke tells me there have been great endeavours of bringing in the Presbyterian interest, but that it will not do. He named to me several of the insipid lords that are to command the armies that are to be raised. He says the King and Court are all troubled, and the gates of the Court were shut up upon the first coming of the Dutch to us, but they do mind the business no more than ever: that the bankers, he fears, are broke as to ready-money, though Viner had £100,000 by him when our trouble begun: that he and the Duke of Albemarle have received into their own hands, of Viner, the former £10,000, and the latter £12,000, in tallies or assignments, to secure what was in his hands of their's; and many other great men of our masters have done the like; which is no good sign, when they begin to fear the main. He and every body cries out of the office of the Ordnance, for their neglects, both at Gravesend and Upnor, and everywhere else. This night, late, comes a porter with a letter from Monsieur Pratt, to borrow £100 for my Lord Hinchingbroke, to enable him to go out with his troop in the country, as he is commander; but I did find an excuse to decline it. Among other reasons to myself, this is one, to teach him the necessity of being a good husband, and keeping money or credit by him.

18th. To the office, and by and by word was brought me that Commissioner Pett[1] is brought to the Tower, and there laid up close prisoner; which puts me into a fright, lest they may do the same with us as they do with him. Great news to-night of the blowing up of one of the Dutch's greatest ships, while a Council of War was on board: the latter part, I doubt, is not so, it not being confirmed since; but the former, that they had a ship blown up, is said to be true. This evening comes Sir G. Carteret to the office, to talk of business at Sir W. Batten's; where all to be undone for want of money, there being none to pay the Chest at their public pay the 24th of this month, which will make us a scorn to the world. After he had done there, he and I into the garden, and walked; and the greatest of our discourse is, his sense of the requisiteness of his parting with his being Treasurer of the Navy, if he can, on any good terms. He do harp upon getting my Lord Brouncker to take it on half profit, but that he is not able to secure him in paying him so much. My Lady Jem. goes down to Hinchingbroke to lie down, because of the troubles of the times here. He tells me now the great question is, whether a Parliament or no Parliament; and says the Parliament itself cannot be thought able at present to raise money, and therefore it will be to no purpose to call one.

19th. Comes an order from Sir R. Browne, commanding me this afternoon to attend the Council-board, with all my books and papers touching the Medway. I was ready to fear some mischief to myself, though it appears most reasonable that it is to inform them about Commissioner Pett; and so took coach and to the Council-chamber lobby, where I met Mr. Evelyn. While we were discoursing over our public misfortunes, I am called in to a large Committee of the Council: present, the Duke of Albemarle, Anglesy, Arlington, Ashly, Carteret, Duncomb, Coventry, Ingram, Clifford, Lauderdale, Morrice, Manchester, Craven, Carlisle, Bridgewater. And after Sir W. Coventry's telling them what orders His Royal Highness had made for the safety of the Medway, I told them to their full content what we had done, and showed them our letters. Then was Peter Pett called in, with the Lieutenant of the Tower. He is in his old clothes, and looked most sillily. His charge was chiefly the not carrying up of the great ships, and the using of the boats in carrying away his goods; to which he answered very sillily, though his faults to me seem only great omissions. Lord Arlington and Coventry very severe against him; the former saying that, if he was not guilty, the world would think them all guilty.[1] The latter urged, that there must be some faults, and that the Admiral must be found to have done his part. I did say an unhappy word, which I was sorry for, when he complained of want of oares for the boats: and there was, it seems, enough, and good enough, to carry away all the boats with from the King's occasions. He said he used never a boat till they were all gone but one; and that was to carry away things of great value, and these were his models of ships; which, when the Council, some of them, had said they wished that the Dutch had had them instead of the King's ships, he answered, he did believe the Dutch would have made more advantage of the models than of the ships, and that the King had had greater loss thereby: this they all laughed at. After having heard him for an hour or more, they bid him withdraw. He being gone, they caused Sir Richard Browne[2] to read over his minutes; and then my Lord Arlington moved that they might be put into my hands to put into form, I being more acquainted with such business; and they were so. So I away back with my books and papers; and when I got out into the Court it was pretty to see how people gazed upon me, that I thought myself obliged to salute people and to smile, lest they should think I was a prisoner too: but afterwards I found that most did take me to be there to bear evidence against P. Pett; but my fear was such, at my going in, of the success of the day, that I did think fit to give T. Hater, whom I took with me, to wait the event, my closet-key and directions where to find £500 and more in silver and gold, and my tallies, to remove, in case of any misfortune to me. Home, and after being there a little, my wife come, and two of her fellow-travellers with her, with whom we drunk: a couple of merchant-like men, I think, but have friends in our country. They being gone, my wife did give so bad an account of her and my father's method in burying of our gold, that made me mad: and she herself is not pleased with it, she believing that my sister knows of it. My father and she did it on Sunday, when they were gone to church, in open daylight, in the midst of the garden; where, for aught they knew, many eyes might see them: which put me into trouble, and I presently cast about, how to have it back again, to secure it here, the times being a little better now.

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[1] June 17th. This day, Commissioner Pett, to whom was committed the care of the Yard at Chatham, with the affairs of the Navy there, was committed close prisoner to the Tower, in order to his farther examination. —*The London Gazette*, No. 166.

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[1] Pett was made a scapegoat. This is confirmed in Marvel's Satire (*Works*, vol. iii., p. 390):—

"After this loss, to relish discontent,
Some one must be accused by Parliament;
All our miscarriages on *Pett* must fall,
His name alone seems fit to answer all.
Whose counsel first did this mad war beget?
Who all commands sold through the Navy? *Pett.*
Who would not follow when the Dutch were beat?
Who treated out the time at Bergen? *Pett.*
Who the Dutch fleet with storms disabled met,
And, rifling prizes, them neglected? *Pett.*
Who with false news prevented the Gazette,
The fleet divided, writ for *Rupert*? *Pett.*
Who all our seamen cheated of their debt?
And all our prizes who did swallow? *Pett.*
Who did advise no navy out to set?
And who the forts left unprepared? *Pett.*
Who to supply with powder did forget
*Languard*, *Sheerness*, *Gravesend*, and *Upnor*? *Pett.*
Who all our ships exposed in Chatham net?
Who should it be but the fanatick *Pett*?
*Pett*, the sea-architect, in making ships,
Was the first cause of all these naval slips.
Had he not built, none of these faults had been;
If no Creation, there had been no sin:
But his great crime, one boat away he sent,
That lost our fleet, and did our flight prevent."

[2] Clerk of the Council.

20th. Mr. Barber told me that all the discourse yesterday, about that part of the town where he was, was that Mr. Pett and I were in the Tower; and I did hear the same before. Busy all the afternoon; in the evening did treat with, and in the end agree, but by some kind of compulsion, with the owners of six merchant ships, to serve the King as men-of-war. But, Lord! to see how against the hair it is with these men and every body to trust us and the King; and how unreasonable it is to expect they should be willing to lend their ships, and lay out 2 or £300 a man to fit their ships for the new voyages, when we have not paid them half of what we owe them for their old services! I did write so to Sir W. Coventry this night.

21st. My wife shows me a letter from her father, who is going over sea, and this afternoon would take his leave of her. I sent him by her three Jacobuses in gold, having real pity for him and her. This day comes news from Harwich that the Dutch fleete are all in sight, near 100 sail great and small, they think, coming towards them; where, they think, they shall be able to oppose them; but do cry out of the falling back of the seamen, few standing by them, and those with much faintness.

The like they write from Portsmouth, and their letters this post are worth reading. Sir H. Cholmly come to me this day, and tells me the Court is as mad as ever; and that the night the Dutch burned our ships the King did sup with my Lady Castlemaine, at the Duchess of Monmouth's, and there were all mad in hunting of a poor moth.[1] All the Court afraid of a Parliament; but he thinks nothing can save us but the King's giving up all to a Parliament.

22d. In the evening come Captain Hart[2] and Haywood to me about the six merchant-ships now taken up for men-of-war; and in talk they told me about the taking of "The Royal Charles;" that nothing but carelessness lost the ship, for they might have saved her the very tide that the Dutch come up, if they would have but used means and had but boats: and that the want of boats plainly lost all the other ships. That the Dutch did take her with a boat of nine men, who found not a man on board her, and her laying so near them was a main temptation to them to come on; and presently a man went up and struck a flag and jacke, and a trumpeter sounded upon her "Joan's placket is torn:"[3] that they did carry her down at a time, both for tides and wind, when the best pilot in Chatham would not have undertaken it, they heeling her on one side to make her draw little water: and so carried her away safe. They being gone, by and by comes Sir W. Pen, who hath been at Court; and in the first place, I hear the Duke of Cambridge is dead;[4] which is a great loss to the nation, having, I think, never an heyre male now of the King's or Duke's to succeed to the Crown. He tells me that they do begin already to damn the Dutch, and call them cowards at White Hall, and think of them and their business no better than they used to do; which is very sad. The King did tell him himself, which is so, I was told, here in the City, that the City hath lent him £10,000, to be laid out towards securing of the River of Thames; which, methinks, is a very poor thing, that we should be induced to borrow by such mean sums. He tells me that it is most manifest that one great thing making it impossible for us to have set out a fleete this year, if we could have done it for money or stores, was the liberty given the beginning of the year for the setting out of merchantmen, which did take up, as is said, above ten, if not fifteen thousand seamen: and this appears in the council-books. . . .

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[1] Nero fiddled when Rome was burning.

[2] The warrant of the Earl of Sandwich, appointing John Hart, Captain of the Revenge, 13th Sept., 1665, is among the loose papers in Rawlinson, A 289.

[3] Placket: the open part of a woman's petticoat.

[4] He died on the 20th June, at Richmond.

23d. (Lord's day.) To my chamber and there all the morning reading in my Lord Coke's pleas of the Crowne, very fine and noble reading. To Woolwich, and there called on Mr. Bodham: and he and I to see the batterys newly raised; which, indeed, are good works to command the River below the ships that are sunk, but not above them. It is a sad sight to see so many good ships there sunk in the River, while we would be thought to be masters of the sea. Cocke says the bankers cannot, till peace returns, ever hope to have credit again; so that they can pay no more money, but people must be contented to take publick security such as they can give them; and if so, and they do live to receive the money thereupon, the bankers will be happy men. Fenn read me an Order of Council passed the 17th instant, directing all the Treasurers of any part of the King's revenue to make no payments but such as shall be approved by the present Lords Commissioners; which will, I think, spoil the credit of all his Majesty's service, when people cannot depend upon payment any where. But the King's declaration in behalf of the bankers, to make good their assignments for money, is very good, and will, I hope, secure me. Cocke says, that he hears it is come to it now, that the King will try what he can soon do for a peace; and if he cannot, that then he will cast all upon the Parliament to do as they see fit: and in doing so, perhaps, he may save us all. The King of France, it is believed, is engaged for this year,[1] so that we shall be safe as to him. The great misery the City and kingdom is like to suffer for want of coals[2] in a little time is very visible, and, is feared, will breed a mutiny; for we are not in any prospect to command the sea for our colliers to come, but rather, it is feared, the Dutch may go and burn all our colliers at Newcastle; though others do say that they lie safe enough there. No news at all of late from Bredah[3] what our Treaters do. In the evening comes Mr. Povy about business; and he and I to walk in the garden an hour or two, and to talk of State matters. He tells me his opinion that it is out of possibility for us to escape being undone, there being nothing in our power to do that is necessary for the saving us: a lazy Prince, no Council, no money, no reputation at home or abroad. He says that to this day the King do follow the women as much as ever he did; that the Duke of York hath not got Mrs. Middleton, as I was told the other day: but says that he wants not her, for he hath others, and hath always had, and that he [Povy] hath known them brought through the Matted Gallery at White Hall into his [the Duke's] closet; nay, he hath come out of his wife's bed, and gone to others laid in bed for him: that Mr. Brouncker is not the only pimp, but that the whole family are of the same strain, and will do any thing to please him: that, besides the death of the two Princes lately, the family is in horrible disorder by being in debt by spending above £60,000 per annum, when he hath not £40,000: that the Duchess is not only the proudest woman in the world, but the most expensefull; and that the Duke of York's marriage with her hath undone the kingdom, by making the Chancellor so great above reach, who otherwise would have been but an ordinary man, to have been dealt with by other people; and he would have been careful of managing things well, for fear of being called to account; whereas, now he is secure, and hath let things run to rack, as they now appear. That at a certain time Mr. Povy did carry him an account of the state of the Duke of York's estate, showing in faithfullness how he spent more than his estate would bear, by above £20,000 per annum, and asked my Lord's opinion to it; to which he answered, that no man that loved the King or kingdom durst own the writing of that paper: at which Povy was startled, and reckoned himself undone for this good service, and found it necessary then to show it to the Duke of York's Commissioners;[1] who read, examined and approved of it, so as to cause it to be put into form, and signed it, and gave it the Duke. Now the end of the Chancellor was, for fear that his daughter's ill housewifery should be condemned. He [Povy] tells me that the other day, upon this ill news of the Dutch being upon us, White Hall was shut up, and the Council called and sat close; and, by the way, he do assure me, from the mouth of some Privy-councillors, that at this day the Privy-council in general do know no more what the state of the kingdom as to peace and war is, than he or I; nor who manages it, nor upon whom it depends; and there my Lord Chancellor did make a speech to them, saying that they knew well that he was no friend to the war from the beginning, and therefore had concerned himself little in, nor could say much to it; and a great deal of that kind, to discharge himself of the fault of the war. Upon which my Lord Anglesy rose up, and told his Majesty that he thought their coming now together was not to enquire who was, or was not, the cause of the war, but to enquire what was, or could be, done in the business of making a peace, and in whose hands that was, and where it was stopped or forwarded; and went on very highly to have all made open to them: and, by the way, I remember that Captain Cocke did the other day tell me that this Lord Anglesy hath said, within few days, that he would willingly give £10,000 of his estate that he was well secured of the rest, such apprehensions he hath of the sequel of things, as giving all over for lost. He tells me, speaking of the horrid effeminacy of the King, that the King hath taken ten times more care and pains in making friends between my Lady Castlemaine and Mrs. Stewart, when they have fallen out, than ever he did to save his kingdom; nay, that upon any falling out between my Lady Castlemaine's nurse and her woman, my Lady hath often said she would make the King to make them friends, and they would be friends and be quiet; which the King hath been fain to do: that the King is, at this day, every night in Hyde Park with the Duchess of Monmouth, or with my Lady Castlemaine: that he [Povy] is concerned of late by my Lord Arlington in the looking after some buildings that he is about in Norfolke,[1] where my Lord is laying out a great deal of money; and that he, Mr. Povy, considering the unsafeness of laying out money at such a time as this, and, besides, the enviousness of the particular county, as well as all the kingdom, to find him building and employing workmen, while all the ordinary people of the country are carried down to the sea-sides for securing the land, he thought it becoming him to go to my Lord Arlington, (Sir Thomas Clifford by) and give it as his advice to hold his hands a little; but my

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[1] Louis XIV. was at this time in Flanders, with his Queen, his mistresses, and all his Court. Turenne commanded under him. Whilst Charles was hunting moths at Lady Castlemaine's, and the English fleet was burning, Louis was carrying on the campaign with vigour. Armentières was taken on the 28th May; Charleroi on the 2d June, St. Winox on the 6th, Furnes on the 12th, Ath on the 16th, Tournay on the 24th; the Escarpe on the 6th July, Courtray on the 18th, Oudenarde on the 31st; and Lisle on the 27th August.

[2] See 26th June, *post.*

[3] See 9th Aug., *post.*

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[1] The Commissioners for regulating the Duke of York's affairs, in May, 1667, were John, Lord Berkeley, of Stratton, Colonel Robert Werden, and Colonel Anthony Eyre.—*Household Book*, at Audley End.

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[1] At Euston Hall, in Suffolk, on the borders of Norfolk, which afterwards came into the Grafton family by the marriage of the first duke with Lord Arlington's only child. Among Pepys's papers (Rawlinson, A 195, fol. 58) is a document entitled, "Considerations touching the purchase of the Park and Woods near Euston, drawn and presented by Mr. Povy, as his advice to my Lord Arlington, at this time (Oct. 28, 1668) in treaty for the purchase of Euston."

Lord would not, but would have him go on, and so Sir Thomas Clifford advised also, which one would think, if he were a statesman, should be a sign of his foreseeing that all shall do well. He tells me that there is not so great confidence between any two men of power in the nation at this day, that he knows of, as between my Lord Arlington and Sir Thomas Clifford; and that it arises by accident only, there being no relation nor acquaintance between them, but only Sir Thomas Clifford's coming to him, and applying himself to him for favours, when he came first up to town to be a Parliament-man.

24th. Troubled a little at a letter from my father, which tells me of an idle companion, one Coleman, who went down with him and my wife in the coach, and come up again with my wife, a pensioner of the King's guard, and one that my wife indeed made the feast for on Saturday last, though he did not come; but, if he knows nothing of our money, I will prevent any other inconvenience.

25th. Up, and with Sir W. Pen in his new chariot, which indeed is plain, but pretty and more fashionable in shape than any coach he hath, and yet do not cost him, harness and all, above £32, to White Hall; where staid a very little: and thence to St. James's to Sir W. Coventry, whom I have not seen since before the coming of the Dutch into the river, nor did indeed know how well to go to see him, for shame either to him or me, or both of us, to find ourselves in so much misery. I find that he and his fellow-Treasurers are in the utmost want of money, and do find fault with Sir G. Carteret, that, having kept the mystery of borrowing money to himself so long, to the ruin of the nation, as Sir W. Coventry said in words to Sir W. Pen and me, he should now lay it aside and come to them for money for every penny he hath, declaring that he can raise no more: which, I confess, do appear to me the most like ill-will of any thing that I have observed of Sir W. Coventry, when he himself did tell us, on another occasion at the same time, that the bankers who used to furnish them money are not able to lend a farthing, and he knows well enough that that was all the mystery Sir G. Carteret did use, that is, only his credit with them. He told us the masters and owners of the two ships that I had complained of, for not readily setting forth their ships, which we had taken up to make men-of-war, had been yesterday with the King and Council, and had made their case so well understood, that the King did owe them for what they had earned the last year, and that they could not set them out again without some money or stores out of the King's Yard; the latter of which Sir W Coventry said must be done, for that they were not able to raise money for them, though it was but £200 a ship: which do show us our condition to be so bad, that I am in a total despair of ever having the nation do well. After that, talking awhile, and all out of heart with stories of want of seamen, and seamen's running away, and their demanding a month's advance, and our being forced to give seamen 3*s*. a-day to go hence to work at Chatham, and other things that show nothing but destruction upon us; for it is certain that, as it now is, the seamen of England, in my conscience, would, if they could, go over and serve the King of France or Holland rather than us. Up to the Duke of York to his chamber, where he seems to be pretty easy, and now and then merry; but yet one may perceive in all their minds there is something of trouble and care, and with good reason. Thence to White Hall, with Sir W. Pen, by chariot; and there in the Court met with my Lord Anglesey: and he to talk with Sir W. Pen, and told him of the masters of ships being with the Council yesterday, and that we were not in condition, though the men were willing, to furnish them with £200 of money, already due to them as earned by them the last year, to enable them to set out their ships again this year for the King: which he is amazed at; and when I told him, "My Lord, this is a sad instance of the condition we are in," he answered, that it was so indeed, and sighed; and so parted: and he up to the Council-chamber, where I perceive they sit every morning. It is worth noting that the King and Council, in their order of the 23d instant, for unloading three merchant-ships taken up for the King's service for men-of-war, do call the late coming of the Dutch "an invasion." I was told, yesterday, that Mr. Oldenburg,[1] our Secretary at Gresham College, is put into the Tower, for writing news to a virtuoso in France, with whom he constantly corresponds in philosophical matters; which makes it very unsafe at this time to write, or almost do any thing. Several captains come to the office yesterday and to-day, complaining that their men come and go when they will, and will not be commanded, though they are paid every night, or may be. Nay, this afternoon comes Harry Russell from Gravesend, telling us that the money carried down yesterday for the Chest at Chatham had like to have been seized upon yesterday, in the barge there, by seamen, who did beat our watermen: and what men should these be but the boats' crew of Sir Fretcheville Hollis, who used to brag so much of the goodness and order of his men, and his command over them. Sir H. Cholmly tells me great news; that this day in Council the King hath declared that he will call his Parliament in thirty days: which is the best news I have heard a great while, and will, if any thing, save the kingdom. How the King come to be advised to this, I know not; but he tells me that it was against the Duke of York's mind flatly, who did rather advise the King to raise money as he pleased; and against the Chancellor's, who told the King that Queen Elizabeth did do all her business in eighty-eight without calling a Parliament, and so might he do, for any thing he saw. But, blessed be God! it is done; and pray God it may hold, though some of us must surely go to the pot, for all must be flung up to them, or nothing will be done.

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[1] Henry Oldenburgh, Secretary to the Royal Society.

26th. The Parliament is ordered to meet the 25th of July, being, as they say, St. James's day; which every creature is glad of. Walking to the Old Swan, I met Sir Thomas Harvy, whom, asking the news of the Parliament's meeting, he told me it was true, and they would certainly make a great rout among us. I answered, I did not care for my part, though I was ruined, so that the Commonwealth might escape ruin by it. He answered, that is a good one, in faith; for you know yourself to be secure, in being necessary to the office; but for my part, says he, I must look to be removed; but then, says he, I doubt not but I shall have amends made me; for all the world knows upon what terms I came in, which is a saying that a wise man would not unnecessarily have said, I think, to any body, meaning his buying his place of my Lord Barkely [of Stratton]. Colonel Reymes[1] tells me of a letter come last night, or the day before, from my Lord St. Albans, out of France, wherein he says, that the King of France did lately fall out with him, giving him ill names, saying that he had belied him to our King, by saying that he had promised to assist our King, and to forward the peace; saying that indeed he had offered to forward the peace at such a time, but it was not accepted of, and so he thinks himself not obliged, and would do what was fit for him; and so made him to go out of his sight in great displeasure: and he hath given this account to the King, which, Colonel Reymes tells me, puts them into new melancholy at Court, and he believes hath forwarded the resolution of calling the Parliament. At White Hall, spied Mr. Povy, who tells me, as a great secret, which none knows but

[1] Bullen Reymes, M.P. for Melcombe Regis.

himself, that Sir G. Carteret hath parted with his place of Treasurer of the Navy, by consent, to my Lord Anglesey, and is to be Treasurer of Ireland in his stead; but upon what terms it is, I know not: and that it is in his power to bring me to as great a friendship and confidence in my Lord Anglesey as ever I was with Sir W. Coventry. Such is the want already of coals, and the despair of having any supply, by reason of the enemy's being abroad, and no fleete of ours to secure them, that they are come this day to £5 10*s*. per chaldron.

27th. Wakened this morning, about three o'clock, by a letter from Sir W. Coventry to W. Pen, that the Dutch are come up to the Nore again, and he knows not whether further or no. Horrible trouble with the backwardness of the merchants to let us have their ships, and seamen's running away, and not to be got or kept without money. Proclamations come out this day for the Parliament to meet the 25th of next month; for which God be praised! and another to invite seamen to bring in their complaints, of their being ill used in the getting their tickets and money. Pierce tells me that he hears for certain fresh at Court, that France and we shall agree; and more, that yesterday was damned at the Council, the Canary Company; and also that my Lord Mordaunt hath laid down his Commission. Pierce tells me that all the town do cry out of our office, for a pack of fools; but says that everybody speaks either well, or at least the best of me. But he tells me how Matt. Wren should say, that he was told that I should say that W. Coventry was guilty of the miscarriage at Chatham, though I myself, as he confesses, did tell him otherwise, and that it was wholly Pett's fault. He hath rectified Wren in his belief of this, and so all is well. News this tide, that about 80 sail of the Dutch, great and small, were seen coming up the river this morning; and this tide some of them to the upper end of the Hope.

28th. Sir W. Batten is come to town: I to see him; he is very ill of his fever, and come only for advice. Sir J. Minnes, I hear also, is very ill all this night, worse than before. We find the Duke of York and Sir W. Coventry gone this morning, by two o'clock, to Chatham, to come home to-night: and it is fine to observe how both the King and Duke of York have, in their several late journeys to and again, done them in the night, for coolnesse. To Sir G. Carteret, and I dined with my Lady and good company, and good dinner. My Lady and the family in very good humour upon this business of his parting with his place of Treasurer of the Navy, which I perceive they do own. They tell me that the Duke of Buckingham hath surrendered himself to Secretary Morrice, and is going to the Tower. Mr. Fenn, at the table, says that he hath been taken by the watch two or three times of late, at unseasonable hours, but so disguised that they could not know him: and when I come home, by and by, Mr. Lowther tells me that the Duke of Buckingham do dine publickly this day at Wadlow's, at the Sun Tavern; and is mighty merry, and sent word to the Lieutenant of the Tower, that he would come to him as soon as he had dined. Now, how sad a thing it is, when we come to make sport of proclaiming men traitors, and banishing them, and putting them out of their offices, and Privy Council, and of sending to and going to the Tower: God have mercy on us! At table, my Lady and Sir Philip Carteret have great and good discourse of the greatness of the present King of France—what great things he hath done, that a man may pass, at any hour of the night, all over that wild city [Paris], with a purse in his hand and no danger: that there is not a beggar to be seen in it, nor dirt lying in it; that he hath married two of Colbert's daughters to two of the greatest princes of France, and given them portions—bought the greatest dukedom in France, and given it to Colbert;[1] and ne'er a prince in France dare whisper against it, whereas here our King cannot do any such thing, but everybody's mouth is open against him for it, and the man that hath the favour also. That to several commanders that had not money to set them out to the present campagne, he did of his own accord send them £1,000 sterling a-piece, to equip themselves. But then they did enlarge upon the slavery of the people—that they are taxed more than the real estates they have; nay, it is an ordinary thing for people to desire to give the King all their land that they have, and themselves become only his tenants, and pay him rent for the full value for it: so they may have but their earnings. But this will not be granted; but he shall give the value of his rent, and part of his labour too. That there is not a petty governor of a province—nay, of a town, but he will take the daughter from the richest man in the town under him, that hath got anything, and give her to his footman for a wife if he pleases, and the King of France will do the like to the best man in his kingdom—take his daughter from him, and give her to his footman, or whom he pleases. It is said that he do make a sport of us now; and says, that he knows no reason why his cozen, the King of England, should not be as willing to let him have his kingdom, as that the Dutch should take it from him. Sir G. Carteret did tell me, that the business was done between him and my Lord Anglesey; that himself is to have the other's place of Deputy Treasurer of Ireland, which is a place of honour and great profit, being far better than the Treasurer's, my Lord of Corke's,[1] and to give the other his, of Treasurer of the Navy; that the King, at his earnest entreaty, did, with much unwillingness, but with owning of great obligations to him, for his faithfulness and long service to him and his father, grant his desire. My Lord Chancellor, I perceive, is his friend in it. I remember I did in the morning tell Sir H. Cholmly of this business: and he answered me, he was sorry for it; for, whatever Sir G. Carteret was, he is confident my Lord Anglesey is one of the greatest knaves in the world. Home, and there find my wife making of tea; a drink which Mr. Pelling, the Potticary, tells her is good for her cold and defluxions. To Sir W. Batten's, to see how he did; and he is better than he was. He told me how Mrs. Lowther had her train held up yesterday by her page, at his house in the country; which is ridiculous.[2] Mr. Pelling told us the news of the town; how the officers of the Navy are cried out upon, and a great many greater men; but do think that I shall do well enough; and I think, if I have justice, I shall. We hear that the Dutch are gone down again; and, thanks be to God! the trouble they give us this second time is not very considerable.

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[1] The Carterets appear to have mystified Pepys, who eagerly believed all that was told him. At this time, Paris was notoriously unsafe, infested with robbers and beggars, and abominably unclean. Colbert had three daughters, of whom the eldest was just married when Pepys wrote, viz., Jean Marie Therèse, to the Duc de Chevreuse, on the 3d February, 1667. The second daughter, Henriette Louise, was not married to the Duc de St. Aignan till 21st January, 1671; and the third, Marie Anne, to the Duc de Mortemart, 14th February, 1679. Colbert himself was never made a Duke. His highest title was Marquis de Seignelay.

29th. My cozen Thomas Pepys,[3] of Hatcham, come to see me, and he thinks nothing but a union of religious interests will ever settle us; and I do think that, and the Parliament's taking the whole management of things into their hands, and severe inquisitions into our miscarriages, will help us. To my wife, to whom I now propose the going to Chatham, who, mightily pleased with it, sent for Mercer to go with her, but she could not go, having friends at home; and the poor wretch was contented to stay at home, on condition to go to Epsom next Sunday. Talking with Sir W. Batten, he did give me an account how ill the King and Duke of York was advised to send orders for our frigates and fire-ships to come from Gravesend, soon as ever news come of the Dutch being returned into the river, wherein no seamen, he believes, was advised with; for, says he, we might have done just as Warwicke[1] did, when he, W. Batten,[2] come with the King and the like fleete, in the late wars, into the river; for Warwicke did not run away from them, but sailed before them when they sailed, and come to anchor when they come to anchor, and always kept in a small distance from them: so as to be able to take every opportunity of any of their ships running aground, or change of wind, or any thing else, to his advantage. So might we have done with our fire-ships, and we have lost an opportunity of taking or burning a good ship of their's, which was run aground about Holehaven, I think he said, with the wind so as their ships could not get her away; but we might have done what we would with her, and, it may be, done them mischief, too, with the wind.

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[1] The Earl of Burlington. Pepys here calls him by his Irish title.

[2] See 14th July, *post*.

[3] See *ante*, May 12, 1665, note.

30th. (Lord's day.) Up about three o'clock, and Creed and I got ourselves ready, and took coach at our gate, it being very fine weather, and the cool of the morning, and with much pleasure, without any stop, got to Rochester about ten of the clock. At the landing-place, I met my Lord Brouncker and my Lord Douglas, and all the officers of the soldiers in the town, waiting there for the Duke of York, whom they heard was coming. By and by comes my Lord Middleton, well-mounted: he seems a fine soldier, and so every body says he is; and a man like my Lord Teviott, and indeed most of the Scotch gentry, as I observe, of few words. After seeing the boats come up from Chatham, with them that rowed with bandeleers about their shoulders, and muskets in their boats; they being the workmen of the Yard, who have promised to redeem their credit, lost by their deserting the service when the Dutch were there; I and Creed down by boat to Chatham-yard. Thence to see the batteries made; which, indeed, are very fine, and guns placed so as one would think the River should be very secure. I was glad, as also it was new to me, to see so many fortifications as I have of late seen, and so up to the top of the hill, there to look, and could see towards Sherenesse, to spy the Dutch fleet, but could make out none but one vessel, they being all gone. Here I was told, that, in all the late attempt, there was but one man that they knew killed on shore: and that was a man that had laid upon his belly upon one of the hills, on the other side of the River, to see the action; and a bullet come, and so he was killed. Thence back to the docke, and in my way saw how they are fain to take the deals of the rope-house to supply other occasions, and how sillily the country troopers look, that stand upon the passes there; and, methinks, as if they were more willing to run away than to fight, and it is said that the country soldiers did first run at Sherenesse, but that then my Lord Douglas's men did run also; but it is excused that there was no defence for them towards the sea, that so the very beach did fly in their faces as the bullets come, and annoyed them, they having, after all this preparation of the officers of the ordnance, only done something towards the land, and nothing at all towards the sea. The people here everywhere do speak very badly of Sir Edward Spragge, as not behaving himself as he should have done in that business, going away with the first, and that old Captain Pyne, who, I am here told, and no sooner, is Master-Gunner of England, was the last that staid there. Thence by barge, it raining hard, down to the chaine; and in our way did see the sad wrackes of the poor "Royall Oake," "James," and "London;" and several other of our ships by us sunk, and several of the enemy's, whereof three men-of-war that they could not get off, and so burned. I do not see that Upnor Castle hath received any hurt by them, though they played long against it; and they themselves shot till they had hardly a gun left upon the carriages, so badly provided they were: they have now made two batteries on that side, which will be very good, and do good service. So to the chaine, and there saw it fast at the end on Upnor side of the River; very fast, and borne up upon the several stages across the River; and where it is broke nobody can tell me. I went on shore on Upnor side to look upon the end of the chaine; and caused the link to be measured, and it was six inches and one-fourth in circumference. It seems very remarkable to me, and of great honour to the Dutch, that those of them that did go on shore to Gillingham, though they went in fear of their lives, and were some of them killed; and, notwithstanding their provocation at Schelling,[1] yet killed none of our people nor plundered their houses, but did take some things of easy carriage, and left the rest, and not a house burned; and, which is to our eternal disgrace, that what my Lord Douglas's men, who come after them, found there, they plundered and took all away; and the watermen that carried us did further tell us, that our own soldiers are far more terrible to those people of the country-towns than the Dutch themselves. We were told at the batteries, upon my seeing of the field-guns that were there, that, had they come a day sooner, they had been able to have saved all; but they had no orders, and lay lingering upon the way. Commissioner Pett's house was all unfurnished, he having carried away all his goods. I met with no satisfaction whereabouts the chain was broke, but do confess I met with nobody that I could well expect to have satisfaction from, it being Sunday; and the officers of the Yard most of them abroad, or at the Hill house. Several complaints, I hear, of the Monmouth's coming away too soon from the chaine, where she was placed with the two guard-ships to secure it; and Captain Robert Clerke, my friend, is blamed for so doing there, but I hear nothing of him at London about it; but Captain Brookes's running aground with the "Sancta Maria," which was one of the three ships that were ordered to be sunk to have dammed up the River at the chaine, is mightily cried against, and with reason. I find that here, as it hath been in our river,[1] fire-ships, when fitted, have been sunk afterwards, and particularly those here at the Mussle,[2] where they did no good at all. Our great ships that were run aground and sunk are all well raised but the "Vanguard," which they go about to raise to-morrow. "The Henery," being let loose to drive up the river of herself, did run up as high as the bridge, and broke down some of the rails of the bridge, and so back again with the tide, and up again, and then berthed himself so well as no pilot could ever have done better; and Punnet says he would not, for his life, have undertaken to have done it, with all his skill. I find it is true that the Dutch did heele "The Charles" to get her down, and yet run aground twice or thrice, and yet got her safe away, and have her, with a great many good guns in her, which none of our pilots would ever have undertaken. It is very considerable the quantity of goods, which the making of these platforms and batterys do take out of the King's stores: so that we shall have little left there, and, God knows! no credit to buy any. It is a strange thing to see that, while my Lords Douglas and Middleton do ride up and down upon single horses, my Lord Brouncker do go up and down with his hackney-coach and six horses at the King's charge. But I do not see that he hath any command over the seamen, he being affronted by three or four seamen before my very face, which he took sillily, methought; and is not able to do so much good as a good boatswain in this business. Here in the streets, I did hear the Scotch march beat by the drums before the soldiers, which is very odde. Then to our inne, where, I hear, my Lord Brouncker hath sent to speak with me: so I took his coach, which stands there with two horses, and to him and to his bedside, where he was in bed, and hath a watchman with a halbert at his door; and to him, and did talk a little, and find him a very weak man for this business that he is upon; and do pity the King's service.

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[1] Robert Rich, second of the name, Earl of Warwick.

[2] See 25th May, 1660, note.

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[1] The island near the entrance of the Zuyder Zee, on which Holmes had landed. See Aug. 15, 1666, *ante*.

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[1] The Thames.

[2] Muscle Bank, in the Medway.

July 1st. We took coach, and, being very sleepy, droused most part of the way to Gravesend, and there 'light, and down to the new batterys, which are like to be very fine, and there did hear a plain fellow cry out upon the folly of the King's officers above, to spend so much money in works at Woolwich and Deptford, and sinking of good ships loaden with goods, when, if half the charge had been laid out here, it would have secured all that, and this place, too, before now. And I think it is not only true, but that the best of the actions of us all are so silly, that the meanest people do begin to see through them, and contemn them. Besides, says he, they spoil the river by it. We got home by noon, where all well. Then to the office, where I am sorry to hear that Sir J. Minnes is likely to die this night.

2d. To the office, where W. Pen, and myself, and Sir T. Harvey met, the first time we have had a meeting, since the coming of the Dutch upon this coast.

3d. Sir Richard Ford tells us how he hath been at the Sessions-house, and there it is plain that there is a combination of rogues in the town, that do make it their business to set houses on fire, and that one house they did set on fire in Aldersgate Streete last Easter; and that this was proved by two young men, whom one of them debauched by degrees to steal their fathers' plate and clothes, and at last to be of their company; and they had their places to take up what goods were flung into the streets out of the windows, when the houses were on fire; and this is like to be proved to a great number of rogues, whereof five are already found, and some found guilty. One of these boys is a son of a Montagu,[1] of my Lord Manchester's family; but whose son he could not tell me. To the Council-chamber, to deliver a letter to their Lordships about the state of the six merchantmen which we have been so long fitting out. When I come, the King and the whole table full of Lords were hearing of a pitifull cause of a complaint of an old man, with a great grey beard, against his son, for not allowing him something to live on; and at last come to the ordering the son to allow his father £10 a-year. This cause lasted them near two hours: which, methinks, at this time to be the work of the Council-board of England, is a scandalous thing. Here I find all the news is the enemy's landing 3000 men near Harwich, and attacking Landguard Fort, and being beat off thence with our great guns, killing some of their men, and they leaving their ladders behind them; but we had no Horse in the way on Suffolk side, otherwise we might have galled their Foot. The Duke of York is gone down thither this day, while the General[1] sat sleeping this afternoon at the Council-table.

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[1] A son of James Montagu, third son of the first Earl of Manchester, by his wife, Mary, daughter of Sir R. Baynard, of Lackham, Wilts.

4th. To the Sessions-house, where I have a mind to hear Bazill Fielding's case[2] tried; and so got up to the Bench, my Lord Chief-Justice Keeling[3] being Judge. Here I stood bare, not challenging, though I might well enough, to be covered. But here were several fine trials; among others, several brought in for making it their trade to set houses on fire merely to get plunder; and all proved by the two little boys spoken of yesterday by Sir R. Ford, who did give so good account of particulars that I never heard children in my life. And I confess, though I was unsatisfied with the force given to such little boys, to take away men's lives, yet, when I was told that my Lord Chief Justice did declare that there was no law against taking the oath of children above twelve years old, and then heard from Sir R. Ford the good account which the boys had given of their understanding the nature and consequence of an oath, and now my own observation of the sobriety and readiness of their answers, further than of any man of any rank that come to give witness this day, though some men of years and learning, I was a little amazed, and fully satisfied that they ought to have as much credit as the rest. They proved against several, their consulting several times at a brothel in Moore-Fields, called the Russia House, among many other rogueries, of setting houses on fire, that they might gather the goods that were flung into the streets; and it is worth considering how unsafe it is to have children play up and down this lewd town. For these two boys, one my Lady Montagu's, I know not what Lady Montagu, son, and the other of good condition, were playing in Moore-fields, and one rogue, Gabriel Holmes, did come to them and teach them to drink, and then to bring him plate and clothes from their fathers' houses, and carry him into their houses, and leaving open the doors for him, and at last were made of their conspiracy, and were at the very burning of this house in Aldersgate Street, on Easter Sunday night last, and did gather up goods, as they had resolved before: and this Gabriel Holmes did advise to have had two houses set on fire, one after another, that, while they were quenching of one, they might be burning another. And it is pretty that G. Holmes did tell his fellows, and these boys swore it, that he did set fire to a box of linen in the Sheriffe, Sir Joseph Shelden's house, while he was attending the fire in Aldersgate Street, and the Sheriffe himself said that there was a fire in his house, in a box of linen, at the same time, but cannot conceive how this fellow should do it. The boys did swear against one of them, that he had made it his part to pull the plug out of the engine while it was a-playing; and it really was so. And goods they did carry away, and the manner of the setting the house on fire was, that Holmes did get to a cockpit, where, it seems, there was a publick cockpit, and set fire to the straw in it, and hath a fire-ball at the end of the straw, which did take fire, and so it prevailed, and burned the house; and, among other things they carried away, he took six of the cocks that were at the cockpit; and afterwards the boys told us how they had one dressed, by the same token it was so hard they could not eat it. But that which was most remarkable was the impudence of this Holmes, who hath been arraigned often, and still got away; and on this business was taken, and broke loose just at Newgate Gate; and was last night luckily taken about Bow, where he got loose, and run into the river, and hid himself in the rushes; and they pursued him with a dog, and the dog got him and held him till he was taken. But the impudence of the fellow was such, that he denied he ever saw the boys before, or ever knew the Russia House, or that the people knew him; and by and by the mistress of the Russia House was called in, being indicted, at the same time, about another thing; and she denied that the fellow was of her acquaintance, when it was pretty to see how the little boys did presently fall upon her, and ask her how she durst say so, when she was always with them when they met at her house, and particularly when she come in her smock before a dozen of them, at which the Court laughed, and put the woman away. Well, this fellow Holmes[1] was found guilty of the act of burning the house, and other things, that he stood indicted for. And then there were other good cases, as of a woman that come to serve a gentlewoman, and in three days run away, betimes in the morning, with a great deal of plate and rings, and other good things. It was time very well spent to be here. Here I saw how favourable the judge was to a young gentleman that struck one of the officers, for not making him room: told him he had endangered the loss of his hand, but that he hoped he had not struck him, and would suppose that he had not struck him. The Court then rose, and I to dinner with my Lord Mayor and Sheriffs; where a good dinner and good discourse, the Judge being there. There was also tried this morning Fielding, which I thought had been Bazill, but it proved the other, and Bazill was killed, that killed his brother, who was found guilty of murder, and nobody pitied him. The Judge seems to be a worthy man, and able: and do intend, for these rogues that burned this house, to be hung in some conspicuous place in the town, for an example.

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[1] The Duke of Albemarle.

[2] See 9th May, 1667, *ante*.

[3] Sir John Keeling, King's Serjeant 1661, Chief Justice of the King's Bench 1665.

5th. Sir G. Carteret did come to us. He told us that the great seale is passed to my Lord Anglesey for Treasurer of the Navy: so that now he do no more belong to us: and I confess, for his sake, I am glad of it. No news, but that the Dutch are gone clear from Harwich northward, and have given out that they are going to Yarmouth.

6th. Mr. Williamson told me that Mr. Coventry is coming over with a project of a peace; which, if the States agree to, and our King, when their Ministers on both sides have showed it them, we shall agree, and that is all: but the King, I hear, do give it out plain that the peace is concluded. This day, with great satisfaction, I hear that my Lady Jemimah is brought to bed, at Hinchingbroke, of a boy.[2]

7th. (Lord's day.) Mr. Moore tells me that the discontented Parliament-men are fearful that the next sitting the King will try for a general excise, by which to raise him money, and then to fling off the Parliament, and raise a land-army and keep them all down like slaves; and it is gotten among them, that Bab. May, the Privy-purse, had been heard to say that £300 a-year is enough for any country gentleman; which makes them mad, and they do talk of 6 or £800,000 gone into the Privy-purse this war, when in King James's time it arose but to £5,000, and in King Charles's but £10,000 in a year. He tells me that a goldsmith in town told him that, being with some plate with my Lady Castlemaine lately, she directed her woman (the great beauty), "Wilson," says she, "make a note for this, and for that, to the Privy-purse for money." He tells me a little more of the baseness of the courses taken at Court in the case of Mr. Moyer,[1] who is at liberty, and is to give £500 for his liberty; but now the great ones are divided, who shall have the money, the Duke of Albemarle on one hand, and another Lord on the other; and that it is fain to be decided by having the person's name put into the King's warrant for his liberty, at whose intercession the King shall own that he is set at liberty; which is a most lamentable thing, that we do professedly own that we do these things, not for right and justice sake, but only to gratify this or that person about the King. God forgive us all! Busy till the evening, and then with my wife and Jane over to half-way house,[2] a very good walk; and there drank, and in the cool of the evening back again, and sang with pleasure upon the water, and were mightily pleased in hearing a boatfull of Spaniards sing. Jane of late mighty fine, by reason of a laced whiske her mistress hath given her, which makes her a very gracefull servant. But, above all, my wife and I were the most surprised in the beauty of a plain girle, which we met in the little lane going from Redriffe-stairs into the fields, one of the prettiest faces that we think we ever saw in our lives.

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[1] According to Smith's *Obituary*, Gabriel Holmes was hanged on the 11th July, 1667, and buried in the new churchyard in the fields, in Cripplegate parish.

[2] George Carteret, in 1681 created Baron Carteret of Hawnes, co. Bedford, in consideration of the eminent services rendered by his father and grandfather to Charles II.

8th. Mr. Coventry is come from Bredah, as was expected; but, contrary to expectation, brings with him two or three articles which do not please the King: as, to retrench the Act of Navigation, and then to ascertain what are contraband goods; and then that those exiled persons, who are or shall take refuge in their country, may be secure from any further prosecution. Whether these will be enough to break the peace upon, or no, he cannot tell; but I perceive the certainty of peace is blown over. To Charing Cross, there to see the great boy and girle that are lately come out of Ireland, the latter eight, the former but four years old, of most prodigious bigness for their age. I tried to weigh them in my arms, and find them twice as heavy as people almost twice their age; and yet I am apt to believe they are very young. Their father a little sorry fellow, and their mother an old Irish woman. They have had four children of this bigness, and four of ordinary growth, whereof two of each are dead. If, as my Lord Ormond certifies, it be true that they are no older, it is very monstrous.

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[1] See Dec. 1, 1661.

[2] Probably the Jamaica House. See 14th April, 1667, *ante*.

9th. This day my Lord Anglesey, our new Treasurer, come the first time to the Board; and I do perceive he is a very notable man, and understanding, and will do things regular, and understand them himself, not trust Fenn, as Sir G. Carteret did, and will solicit soundly [roundly?] for money, which I do fear was Sir G. Carteret's fault, that he did not do that enough, considering the age we live in. This evening news comes for certain that the Dutch are with their fleete before Dover, and that it is expected they will attempt something there. The business of the peace is quite dashed again.

12th. Met at White Hall with Sir H. Cholmly, he telling me that undoubtedly the peace is concluded; for he did stand yesterday where he did hear part of the discourse at the Council table, and there did hear the King argue for it. Among other things, that the spirits of the seamen were down, and the forces of our enemies were grown too great and many for us, and he would not have his subjects overpressed; for he knows an Englishman would do as much as any man upon hopeful terms; but where he sees he is overpressed, he despairs as soon as any other; and, besides that, they have already such a load of dejection upon them, that they will not be in temper a good while again. He heard my Lord Chancellor say to the King, "Sir," says he, "the whole world do complain publickly of treachery, that things have been managed falsely by some of your great ministers. Sir," says he, "I am for your Majesty's falling into a speedy enquiry into the truth of it, and, where you meet with it, punish it. But, at the same time, consider what you have to do, and make use of your time for having a peace; for more money will not be given without much trouble, nor is it, I fear, to be had of the people, nor will a little do it to put us into condition of doing our business." But the other day Sir H. Cholmly tells me he [the Chancellor] did say at his table, "Treachery!" says he; "I could wish we could prove there was anything of that sort in it; for that would imply some wit and thoughtfulness; but we are ruined merely by folly and neglect." And so they did all argue for peace, and so he do believe that the King hath agreed to the three points Mr. Coventry brought over, which I have mentioned before.

The Duke of Buckingham was before the Council the other day, and there did carry it very submissively and pleasingly to the King; but to my Lord Arlington, who did prosecute the business, he was most bitter and sharp, and very slighting. As to the letter about his employing a man to cast the King's nativity, says he to the King, "Sir, this is none of my hand, and I refer it to your Majesty whether you do not know this hand." The King answered, that it was indeed none of his, and that he knew whose it was, but could not recall it presently. "Why," says he, "it is my sister of Richmond's,[1] some frolick or other of her's about some certain person; and there is nothing of the King's name in it, but it is only said to be his by supposition, as is said." The King, it seems, was not very much displeased with what the Duke had said; but, however, he is still in the Tower, and no discourse of his being out in haste, though my Lady Castlemaine hath so far solicited for him that the King and she are quite fallen out: he comes not to her, nor hath for some three or four days; and parted with very foul words, the King calling her a jade that meddled with things she had nothing to do with at all: and she calling him fool; and told him if he was not a fool, he would not suffer his businesses to be carried on by fools that did not understand them, and cause his best subjects, and those best able to serve him, to be imprisoned; meaning the Duke of Buckingham. And it seems she was not only for his liberty, but to be restored to all his places; which, it is thought, he will never be. It was computed that the Parliament had given the King for this war only, besides all prizes, and besides the £200,000 which he was to spend of his own revenue, to guard the sea above £5,000,000 and odd £100,000; which is a most prodigious sum. Sir H. Cholmly, as a true English gentleman, do decry the King's expenses of his Privy-purse, which in King James's time did not rise to above £5000 a-year, and in King Charles's to £10,000, do now cost us above £100,000, besides the great charge of the monarchy, as the Duke of York £100,000 of it, and other limbs of the Royal family, and the guards, which, for his part, says he, "I would have all disbanded, for the King is not the better by them, and would be as safe without them; for we have had no rebellions to make him fear anything." But, contrarily, he is now raising of a land army, which this Parliament and kingdom will never bear; besides, the commanders they put over them are such as will never be able to raise or command them; but the design is, and the Duke of York, he says, is hot for it, to have a land-army, and so to make the government like that of France. It is strange how every body do now-a-days reflect upon Oliver, and commend him, what brave things he did, and made all the neighbour princes fear him; while here a prince, come in with all the love and prayers and good liking of his people, who have given greater signs of loyalty and willingness to serve him with their estates than ever was done by any people, hath lost all so soon, that it is a miracle what way a man could devise to lose so much in so little time. Sir Thomas Crewe tells me how I am mightily in esteem with the Parliament; there being harangues made in the House to the Speaker, of Mr. Pepys's readiness and civility to show them every thing.

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[1] See note, April 21, 1662.

13th. Mighty hot weather, I lying this night, which I have not done, I believe, since a boy, with only a rugg and a sheet upon me. Mr. Pierce tells us what troubles me, that my Lord Buckhurst hath got Nell away from the King's house, and gives her £100 a year, so as she hath sent her parts to the house, and will act no more. And yesterday Sir Thomas Crewe told me that Lacy lies a-dying; nor will receive any ghostly advice from a Bishop, an old acquaintance of his, that went to see him. My wife and I to the New Exchange, to pretty-made Mrs. Smith's shop, where I left my wife, and I am mightily pleased with this Mrs. Smith, being a very pleasant woman. It is an odd and sad thing to say, that though this be a peace worse than we had before, yet every body's fear almost is, that the Dutch will not stand by their promise, now the King hath consented to all they would have. And yet no wise man that I meet with, when he comes to think of it, but wishes, with all his heart, a war; but that the King is not a man to be trusted with the management of it. It was pleasantly said by a man in this City, a stranger, to one that told him the peace was concluded, "Well," says he, "and have you a peace?"—"Yes," says the other.—"Why, then," says he, "hold your peace!" partly reproaching us for the disgracefulness of it, that it is not fit to be mentioned; and next, that we are not able to make the Dutch keep it, when they have a mind to break it. Sir Thomas Crewe yesterday, speaking of the King of France, how great a man he is, why, says he, all the world thought that when the last Pope died,[1] there would have been such bandying between the Crowns of France and Spain, whereas, when he was asked what he would have his ministers at Rome do, why, says he, let them choose who they will; if the Pope will do what is fit, the Pope and I will be friends. If he will not, I will take a course with him: therefore, I will not trouble myself; and thereupon the election[1] was despatched in a little time—I think in a day, and all ended.

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[1] Alexander VII.; see 25th Jan., 1663. He died 22d May, 1667, N.S.

14th. (Lord's day.) Up, and my wife, a little before four, and to make us ready; and by and by Mrs. Turner come to us, by agreement, and she and I staid talking below, while my wife dressed herself, which vexed me that she was so long about it, keeping us till past five o'clock before she was ready. She ready; and, taking some bottles of wine, and beer, and some cold fowle with us into the coach, we took coach and four horses, which I had provided last night, and so away. A very fine day, and so towards Epsom, talking all the way pleasantly, and particularly of the pride and ignorance of Mrs. Lowther, in having of her train carried up.[2] The country very fine, only the way very dusty. To Epsom, by eight o'clock, to the well; where much company, and I drank the water: they did not, but I did drink four pints. And to the towne, to the King's Head; and hear that my Lord Buckhurst and Nelly are lodged at the next house, and Sir Charles Sedley with them: and keep a merry house. Poor girl! I pity her; but more the loss of her at the King's house. W. Hewer rode with us, and I left him and the women, and myself walked to church, where few people to what I expected, and none I knew, but all the Houblons, brothers, and them after sermon I did salute, and walk with towards my inne. James did tell me that I was the only happy man of the Navy, of whom, he says, during all this freedom the people have taken to speaking treason, he hath not heard one bad word of me, which is a great joy to me; for I hear the same of others, but do know that I have deserved as well as most. We parted to meet anon, and I to my women into a better room, which the people of the house borrowed for us, and there to a good dinner, and were merry, and Pembleton come to us, who happened to be in the house, and there talked and were merry. After dinner, he gone, we all lay down, the day being wonderful hot, to sleep, and each of us took a good nap, and then rose; and here Tom Wilson come to see me, and sat and talked an hour; and I perceive he hath been much acquainted with Dr. Fuller, (Tom) and Dr. Pierson, and several of the great cavalier parsons during the late troubles; and I was glad to hear him talk of them, which he did very ingenuously, and very much of Dr. Fuller's art of memory, which he did tell me several instances of. By and by he parted, and we took coach and to take the ayre, there being a fine breeze abroad; and I carried them to the well, and there filled some bottles of water to carry home with me; and there I talked with the two women that farm the well, at £12 per annum, of the lord of the manor. Mr. Evelyn[1] with his lady, and also my Lord George Barkeley's lady,[2] and their fine daughter, that the King of France liked so well, and did dance so rich in jewells before the King at the ball I was at, at our Court, last winter, and also their son,[3] a Knight of the Bath, were at church this morning. Here W. Hewer's horse broke loose, and we had the sport to see him taken again. Then I carried them to see my cozen Pepys's house, and 'light, and walked round about it, and they like it, as indeed it deserves, very well, and is a pretty place; and then I walked them to the wood hard by, and there got them in the thickets till they had lost themselves, and I could not find the way into any of the walks in the wood, which indeed are very pleasant, if I could have found them. At last got out of the wood again; and I, by leaping down the little bank, coming out of the wood, did sprain my right foot, which brought me great present pain, but presently, with walking, it went away for the present, and so the women and W. Hewer and I walked upon the Downes, where a flock of sheep was; and the most pleasant and innocent sight that ever I saw in my life. We found a shepherd and his little boy reading, far from any houses or sight of people, the Bible to him; so I made the boy read to me, which he did, with the forced tone that children do usually read, that was mighty pretty, and then I did give him something, and went to the father, and talked with him; and I find he had been a servant in my cozen Pepys's house, and told me what was become of their old servants. He did content himself mightily in my liking his boy's reading, and did bless God for him, the most like one of the old patriarchs that ever I saw in my life, and it brought those thoughts of the old age of the world in my mind for two or three days after. We took notice of his woolen knit stockings of two colours mixed, and of his shoes shod with iron, both at the toe and heels, and with great nails in the soles of his feet, which was mighty pretty: and, taking notice of them, why, says the poor man, the downes, you see, are full of stones, and we are faine to shoe ourselves thus; and these, says he, will make the stones fly till they ring before me. I did give the poor man something, for which he was mighty thankful, and I tried to cast stones with his horne crooke. He values his dog mightily, that would turn a sheep any way which he would have him, when he goes to fold them: told me there was about eighteen score sheep in his flock, and that he hath four shillings a week the year round for keeping of them: and Mrs. Turner, in the common fields here, did gather one of the prettiest nosegays that ever I saw in my life. So to our coach, and through Mr. Minnes's wood, and looked upon Mr. Evelyn's house; and so over the common, and through Epsom towne to our inne, in the way stopping a poor woman with her milk-pail, and in one of my gilt tumblers, did drink our bellyfulls of milk, better than any creame; and so to our inne, and there had a dish of creame, but it was sour, and so had no pleasure in it; and so paid our reckoning, and took coach, it being about seven at night, and passed and saw the people walking with their wives and children to take the ayre, and we set out for home, the sun by and by going down, and we in the cool of the evening all the way with much pleasure home, talking and pleasing ourselves with the pleasures of this day's work. Mrs. Turner mightily pleased with my resolution, which, I tell her, is never to keep a country-house, but to keep a coach, and with my wife on the Saturday to go sometimes for a day to this place, and then quit to another place; and there is more variety and as little charge, and no trouble, as there is in a country-house. Anon it grew dark, and we had the pleasure to see several glow-wormes, which was mighty pretty, but my foot begins more and more to pain me, which Mrs. Turner, by keeping her warm hand upon it, did much ease; but so that when we come home, which was just at eleven at night, I was not able to walk from the lane's end to my house without being helped. So to bed, and there had a cere-cloth laid to my foot, but in great pain all night long.

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[1] Of Clement IX., Giulio Rospigliosi, elected 20th June, 1667, N.S.

[2] See 28th June, *ante*.

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[1] This was probably Richard Evelyn, of Woodcote Park, near Epsom, and his wife Elizabeth, daughter and heir of George Mynne, Esq., of Horton in Epsom, both of which places belonged to her.

[2] Elizabeth, daughter and co-heir of John Massingberd.

[3] Charles, eldest son, summoned to Parliament as Baron Berkeley, *vitâ patris*, 1680. Ob. 1710, having succeeded his father in the Earldom 1698.

15th. I was not able to go to-day to wait on the Duke of York with my fellows, but was forced in bed to write out particulars for their discourse there. Anon comes Mrs. Turner, and new-dressed my foot, and did it so, that I was at much ease presently. Our poor Jane very sad for the death of her poor brother, who hath left a wife and two small children. I did give her 20*s*. in money, and what wine she needed, for the burying him.

16th. To the Office without much pain, and there sat all the morning.

17th. Home, where I am saluted with the news of Hogg's bringing a rich Canary prize to Hull: and Sir W. Batten do offer me £1000 down for my particular share, beside Sir Richard Ford's part, which do tempt me; but yet I would not take it, but will stand and fall with the company. He and two more, the Panther and Fanfan, did enter into consortship; and so they have all brought in each a prize, though our's worth as much as both their's, and more. However, it will be well worth having, God be thanked for it! This news makes us all very glad. I at Sir W. Batten's did hear the particulars of it; and there for joy he did give the company that were there a bottle or two of his own last year's wine, growing at Walthamstow, than which the whole company said they never drank better foreign wine in their lives. The Duke of Buckingham is, it seems, set at liberty, without any further charge against him or other clearing of him, but let to go out; which is one of the strangest instances of the fool's play with which all publick things are done in this age, that is to be apprehended. And it is said that when he was charged with making himself popular—as indeed he is, for many of the discontented Parliament, Sir Robert Howard, and Sir Thomas Meres, and others, did attend at the Council-chamber when he was examined—he should answer, that whoever was committed to prison by my Lord Chancellor or my Lord Arlington, could not want being popular. But it is worth considering the ill state a Minister of State is in, under such a Prince as our's is; for, undoubtedly, neither of those two great men would have been so fierce against the Duke of Buckingham at the Council-table the other day, had they not been assured of the King's good liking, and supporting them therein: whereas, perhaps at the desire of my Lady Castlemaine, who, I suppose, hath at last overcome the King, the Duke of Buckingham is well received again, and now these men delivered up to the interest he can make for his revenge. He told me over the story of Mrs. Stewart, much after the manner which I was told it by Mr. Evelyn; only he says it is verily believed that the King did never intend to marry her to any but himself, and that the Duke of York and Lord Chancellor were jealous of it; and that Mrs. Stewart might be got with child by the King, or somebody else, and the King own a marriage before his contract, for it is but a contract, as he tells me, to this day, with the Queen, and so wipe their noses of the Crown; and that, therefore, the Duke of York and Chancellor did do all they could to forward the match with my Lord Duke of Richmond, that she might be married out of the way: but, above all, it is a worthy part that this good lady hath acted. My sister Michell[1] come from Lee[2] to see us; but do tattle so much of the late business of the Dutch coming thither that I am weary of it. Yet it is worth remembering what she says: that she hath heard both seamen and soldiers swear they would rather serve the Dutch than the King, for they should be better used.[3] She saw "The Royal Charles" brought into the River by them; and how they shot off their great guns for joy, when they got her out of Chatham River.

18th. Very well employed at the office till evening; and then, being weary, took out my wife and Will Batelier by coach to Islington, but no pleasure in our going, the way being so dusty that one durst not breathe. Drank at the old house, and so home.

19th. One tells me that, by letter from Holland, the people there are made to believe that our condition in England is such as they may have whatever they will ask; and that so they are mighty high, and despise us, or a peace with us: and there is too much reason for them to do so. The Dutch fleete are in great squadrons everywhere still about Harwich, and were lately at Portsmouth; and the last letters say at Plymouth, and now gone to Dartmouth to destroy our Streights' fleete lately got in thither: but God knows whether they can do it any hurt, or no.

20th. Towards the 'Change, at noon, in my way observing my mistake yesterday in Mark Lane, that the woman I saw was not the pretty woman I meant, the line-maker's wife, but a new-married woman, very pretty, a strong-water seller: and in going by, to my content, I find that the very pretty daughter at the Ship tavern, at the end of Billiter Lane, is there still, and in the bar: and, I believe, is married to him that is new come, and hath new trimmed the house. Home to dinner, and then to the office, we having dispatched away Mr. Oviatt to Hull, about our prizes there; and I have wrote a letter of thanks by him to Lord Bellassis, who had writ to me to offer all his service for my interest there, but I dare not trust him.

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[1] The wife of Balthazar St. Michel, Mrs. Pepys's brother.

[2] Leigh, opposite to Sheerness.

[3] "Our seamen, whom no danger's shape could fright,
Unpay'd, refuse to mount their ships for spite;
Or to their fellows swim on board the Dutch,
Who shew the tempting metal in their clutch."
Andrew Marvel's *Instructions to a Painter*.

21st. (Lord's day.) I and my wife and Mercer up by water to Barne Elmes, where we walked by moonshine, and called at Lambeth, and drank and had cold meat in the boat, and did eat and sang, and down home, by almost twelve at night, very fine and pleasant, only could not sing ordinary songs with the freedom that otherwise I would. Here Mercer tells me that the pretty maid of the Ship tavern is married there, which I am glad of. So having spent this night, with much serious pleasure to consider that I am in condition to fling away an angell[1] in such a refreshment to myself and family, we home and to bed, leaving Mercer, by the way, at her own door.

22d. Up to my Lord Chancellor's, where was a Committee of Tangier in my Lord's roome, where he sits to hear causes, and where all the Judges' pictures hung up,[2] very fine. But to see how Sir W. Coventry did oppose both my Lord Chancellor and the Duke of York himself, about the Order of the Commissioners of the Treasury to me for not paying of pensions, and with so much reason, and eloquence so natural, was admirable. And another thing, about his pressing for the reduction of the charge of Tangier, which they would have put off to another time; "But," says he, "the King suffers so much by the putting off of the consideration of reductions of charge, that he is undone; and therefore I do pray you, sir," to his Royal Highness, "that when any thing offers of the kind, you will not let it escape you." Here was a great bundle of letters brought hither, sent up from sea, from a vessel of our's that hath taken them after they had been flung over by a Dutchman; wherein, among others, the Duke of York did read the superscription of one to De Witt, thus—"To the most wise, foreseeing, and discreet, These, &c.;" which, I thought with myself, I could have been glad might have been duly directed to any one of them at the table, though the greatest men in this kingdom. The Duke of York, the Lord Chancellor, my Lord Duke of Albemarle, Arlington, Ashly, Peterborough, and Coventry, the best of them all for parts, I perceive they do all profess their expectation of a peace, and that suddenly. Sir W. Coventry did declare his opinion that if Tangier were offered us now, as the King's condition is, he would advise against the taking it; saying, that the King's charge is too great, and must be brought down, it being, like the fire of this City, never to be mastered till you have brought it under you; and that these places abroad are but so much charge to the King, and we do rather herein strive to greaten them than lessen them; and then the King is forced to part with them, "as," says he, "he did with Dunkirke, by my Lord Teviott's making it so chargeable to the King as he did that, and would have done Tangier, if he had lived." I perceive he is the only man that do seek the King's profit, and is bold to deliver what he thinks on every occasion. With much pleasure reflecting upon our discourse to-day at the Tangier meeting, and crying up the worth of Sir W. Coventry. Creed tells me of the fray between the Duke of Buckingham at the Duke's playhouse the last Saturday, (and it is the first day I have heard that they have acted at either the King's or Duke's houses this month or six weeks) and Henry Killigrew, whom the Duke of Buckingham did soundly beat and take away his sword, and make a fool of, till the fellow prayed him to spare his life; and I am glad of it; for it seems in this business the Duke of Buckingham did carry himself very innocently and well, and I wish he had paid this fellow's coat well. I heard something of this at the 'Change to-day: and it is pretty to hear how people do speak kindly of the Duke of Buckingham, as one that will enquire into faults; and therefore they do mightily favour him. And it puts me in mind that, this afternoon, Billing, the Quaker, meeting me in the Hall, come to me, and after a little discourse did say, "Well," says he, "now you will be all called to an account;" meaning the Parliament is drawing near.

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[1] The ancient English gold coin, of the value of ten shillings.

[2] See Lady Theresa Lewis's *Lives of the Friends and Contemporaries of Lord Chancellor Clarendon; illustrative of Portraits in his Gallery*. 1852, 3 vols., 8vo.

23d. Comes sudden news to me by letter from the Clerke of the Cheque at Gravesend, that there were thirty sail of Dutch men-of-war coming up into the Hope this last tide: which I told Sir W. Pen of; but he would not believe it, but laughed, and said it was a fleete of Billanders [coasters], and that the guns that were heard was the salutation of the Swede's Embassador that comes over with them. But within half an hour comes another letter from Captain Proud, that eight of them were come into the Hope, and thirty more following them, at ten this morning. By and by comes an order from White Hall to send down one of our number to

Chatham, fearing that, as they did before, they may make a show first up hither, but then go to Chatham: so my Lord Brouncker do go, and we here are ordered to give notice to the merchant men-of-war, gone below the barricado at Woolwich, to come up again.

24th. Betimes this morning comes a letter from the Clerke of the Cheque at Gravesend to me, to tell me that the Dutch fleete did come all into the Hope yesterday noon, and held a fight with our ships from thence till seven at night; that they had burned twelve fire-ships, and we took one of their's, and burned five of our fire-ships. But then rising and going to Sir W. Batten, he tells me that we have burned one of their men-of-war, and another of their's is blown up: but how true this is, I know not. But these fellows are mighty bold, and have had the fortune of the wind easterly this time to bring them up, and prevent our troubling them with our fire-ships; and, indeed, have had the winds at their command from the beginning, and now do take the beginning of the spring, as if they had some great design to do. About five o'clock down to Gravesend, all the way with extraordinary content reading of Boyle's Hydrostatickes, which the more I read and understand, the more I admire, as a most excellent piece of philosophy; and as we come nearer Gravesend, we hear the Dutch fleete and our's a-firing their guns most distinctly and loud. So I landed, and discoursed with the landlord of the Ship, who undeceives me in what I heard this morning about the Dutch having lost two men-of-war, for it is not so, but several of their fire-ships. He do say, that this afternoon they did force our ships to retreat, but that now they are gone down as far as Shield-haven:[1] but what the event hath been of this evening's guns they know not. but suppose not much, for they have all this while shot at good distance one from another. They seem confident of the security of this town and the River above it, if ever the enemy should come up so high; their fortifications being so good, and guns many. But he do say that people do complain of Sir Edward Spragg, that he hath not done extraordinary; and more of Sir W. Jenings, that he came up with his tamkins[2] in his guns. Having eat a bit of cold venison and drank, I away, took boat, and homeward again, with great pleasure, the moon shining, and it being a fine pleasant cool evening, and got home by half-past twelve at night, and so to bed.

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[1] Shellhaven, on the Essex coast, opposite to Cliffe on the Kentish side.

[2] Tamkin, or tompion, the stopple of a great gun.

25th. At night Sir W. Batten, W. Pen, and myself, and Sir R. Ford, did meet in the garden to discourse about our prizes at Hull. It appears that Hogg is the veriest rogue, the most observable embezzler, that ever was known. This vexes us, and made us very free and plain with Sir W. Pen, who hath been his great patron, and as very a rogue as he. But he do now seem to own that his opinion is changed of him, and that he will joyne with us in our strictest inquiries, and did sign to the letters we had drawn, which he had refused before, and so seemingly parted good friends. I demanded of Sir R. Ford and the rest, what passed to-day at the meeting of Parliament: who told me that, contrary to all expectation by the King that there would be but a thin meeting, there met above 300 this first day, and all the discontented party; and, indeed, the whole House seems to be no other almost. The Speaker told them, as soon as they were sat, that he was ordered by the King to let them know he was hindered by some important business to come to them and speak to them, as he intended; and, therefore, ordered him to move that they would adjourn themselves till Monday next, it being very plain to all the House that he expects to hear by that time of the sealing of the peace, which by letters, it seems, from my Lord Hollis, was to be sealed the last Sunday.[1] But before they would come to the question whether they would adjourn, Sir Thomas Tomkins steps up and tells them, that all the country is grieved at this new-raised standing army; and that they thought themselves safe enough in their trayn-bands; and that, therefore, he desired the King might be moved to disband them. Then rises Garraway and seconds him, only with this explanation, which he said he believed the other meant; that, as soon as peace should be concluded, they might be disbanded. Then rose Sir W. Coventry, and told them that he did approve of what the last gentleman said; but also, that at the same time he did no more than what, he durst be bold to say, he knew to be the King's mind, that as soon as peace was concluded he would do it of himself. Then rose Sir Thomas Littleton and did give several reasons from the uncertainty of their meeting again but to adjourne, in case news comes of the peace being ended before Monday next, and the possibility of the King's having some about him that may endeavour to alter his own, and the good part of his Council's advice, for the keeping up of the land-army; and, therefore, it was fit that they did present it to the King as their desire, that, as soon as peace was concluded, the land-army might be laid down, and that this their request might be carried to the King by them of their House that were Privy-councillors; which was put to the vote, and carried *nemine contradicente*. So after this vote passed, they adjourned: but it is plain what the effects of this Parliament will be, if they be suffered to sit, that they will fall foul upon the faults of the Government; and I pray God they may be permitted to do it, for nothing else, I fear, will save the King and kingdom than the doing it betimes.

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[1] The peace was signed on the 31st: see 9th August, *post.*

26th. No news all this day what we have done to the enemy, but that the enemy is fallen down, and we after them, but to little purpose.

27th. To the office, where I hear that Sir John Coventry[1] is come over from Bredah, a nephew, I think, of Sir W. Coventry's: but what message he brings I know not. This morning news is come that Sir Jos. Jordan is come from Harwich, with sixteen fire-ships and four other little ships of war: and did attempt to do some execution upon the enemy, but did it without discretion, as most do say, so as they have been able to do no good, but have lost four of their fire-ships. They attempted this, it seems, when the wind was too strong, that our grapplings could not hold: others say we came to leeward of them, but all condemn it as a foolish management. They are come to Sir Edward Spragg about Lee, and the Dutch are below at the Nore. At the office all the morning; and at noon to the 'Change, where I met Fenn; and he tells me that Sir John Coventry do bring the confirmation of the peace; but I do not find the 'Change at all glad of it, but rather the worse, they looking upon it as a peace made only to preserve the King for a time in his lusts and ease, and to sacrifice trade and his kingdoms only to his own pleasures: so that the hearts of merchants are quite down. He tells me that the King and my Lady Castlemaine are quite broke off, and she is gone away, and is with child, and swears the King shall own it,[2] and she will have it christened in the Chapel at

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[1] Created K.B. at Charles II.'s coronation and M.P. for Weymouth in several Parliaments. He was the son of John Coventry, the eldest brother of Sir W. Coventry; and the outrage committed on his person, on the 21st December, 1670, by Sir Thomas Sandys, O'Bryan, and others, who cut his nose to the bone, gave rise to the passing the Bill still known by the name of *The Coventry Act*, under which persons so offending were to suffer death.

[2] Charles owned only four children by Lady Castlemaine—Anne, Countess of Sussex, and the Dukes of Southampton, Grafton, and Northumberland. The last of these was born in 1665. The paternity of all her other children was certainly doubtful. See 30th July, *post*.

White Hall so, and owned for the King's, as other Kings have done; or she will bring it into White Hall gallery, and dash the brains of it out before the King's face. He tells me that the King and Court were never in the world so bad as they are now for gaming, swearing, women, and drinking, and the most abominable vices that ever were in the world; so that all must come to nought. He told me that Sir G. Carteret was at this end of the town: so I went to visit him in Broad Street; and there he and I together: and he is mightily pleased with my Lady Jem's having a son; and a mighty glad man he is. He [Sir George Carteret] tells me, as to news, that the peace is now confirmed, and all that over. He says it was a very unhappy motion in the House the other day about the land-army; for, whether the King hath a mind of his own to do the thing desired or no, his doing it will be looked upon as a thing done only in fear of the Parliament. He says that the Duke of York is suspected to be the great man that is for raising of this army, and bringing things to be commanded by an army; but that he do know that he is wronged therein. He do say that the Court is in a way to ruin all for their pleasures; and says that he himself hath once taken the liberty to tell the King the necessity of having, at least, a show of religion in the Government, and sobriety; and that it was that, that did set up and keep up Oliver, though he was the greatest rogue in the world. He tells me the King adheres to no man, but this day delivers himself up to this, and the next to that, to the ruin of himself and business; that he is at the command of any woman like a slave, though he be the best man to the Queen in the world, with so much respect, and never lies a night from her: but yet cannot command himself in the presence of a woman he likes. It raining this day all day to our great joy, it having not rained, I think, this month before, so as the ground was every where so burned and dry as could be; and no travelling in the road or streets in London, for dust.

28th. All the morning close, to draw up a letter to Sir W. Coventry upon the tidings of peace, taking occasion, before I am forced to it, to resign up to his Royall Highness my place of the Victualling, and to recommend myself to him by promise of doing my utmost to improve this peace in the best manner we may, to save the kingdom from ruin.

29th. Up, and with Sir W. Batten to St. James's, to Sir W Coventry's chamber; where, among other things, he came to me, and told me that he had received my yesterday's letters, and that we concurred very well in our notions; and that, as to my place which I had offered to resign of the Victualling, he had drawn up a letter at the same time for the Duke of York's signing for the like places in general raised during this war; and that he had done me right to the Duke of York, to let him know that I had, of my own accord, offered to resign mine. The letter do bid us to do all things, particularizing several, for the laying up of the ships and easing the King of charge; so that the war is now professedly over. By and by up to the Duke of York's chamber; and there all the talk was about Jordan's coming with so much indiscretion, with his four little frigates and sixteen fire-ships from Harwich, to annoy the enemy. His failures were of several sorts, I know not which the truest: that he came with so strong a gale of wind, that his grapplings would not hold; that he did come by their lee; whereas, if he had come athwart their hawse, they would have held; that they did not stop a tide, and ebb up with a windward tide, and then they would not have come so fast. Now, there happened to be Captain Jenifer by, who commanded the Lily in this business, and thus says: that, finding the Dutch not so many as they expected, they did not know that there were more of them above, and so were not so earnest to the setting upon these; that they did do what they could to make the fire-ships fall in among the enemy; and, for their lives, Sir J. Jordan nor others could, by shooting several times at them, make them go in: and it seems they were commanded by some idle fellows, such as they could of a sudden gather up at Harwich; which is a sad consideration that, at such a time as this, where the saving the reputation of the whole nation lay at stake, and after so long a war, the King had not credit to gather a few able men to command these vessels. He says, that if they had come up slower, the enemy would, with their boats and their great sloops, which they have to row with a great many men, and did, come and cut up several of our fire-ships, and would certainly have taken most of them, for they do come with a great provision of these boats on purpose, and to save their men, which is bravely done of them, though they did, on this very occasion, show great fear, as they say, by some men leaping overboard out of a great ship, as these were all of them of sixty and seventy guns a-piece, which one of our fire-ships laid on board, though the fire did not take. But yet it is brave to see what care they do take to encourage their men to provide great stores of boats to save them, while we have not credit to find one boat for a ship. And, further, he told us that this new way used by Deane, and this Sir W. Coventry observed several times, of preparing of fire-ships, do not do the work; for the fire, not being strong and quick enough to flame up, so as to take the rigging and sails, lies smothering a great while, half an hour before it flames, in which time they can get the fire-ship off safely, though, which is uncertain, and did fail in one or two this bout, it do serve to burn our own ships. But what a shame it is to consider how two of our ships' companies did desert their ships for fear of being taken by their boats, our little frigates being forced to leave them, being chased by their greater! And one more company did set their ship on fire, and leave her; which afterwards a Feversham fisherman came up to, and put out the fire, and carried safe into Feversham, where she now is, which was observed by the Duke of York, and all the company with him, that it was only want of courage, and a general dismay and abjectness of spirit upon all our men; and others did observe our ill management, and God Almighty's curse upon all that we have in hand, for never such an opportunity was of destroying so many good ships of their's as we now had. But to see how negligent we were in this business, that our fleete of Jordan's should not have any notice where Spragg was, nor Spragg of Jordan's, so as to be able to meet and join in the business, and help one another; but Jordan, when he saw Spragg's fleete above, did think them to be another part of the enemy's fleete! While, on the other side, notwithstanding our people at Court made such a secret of Jordan's design that nobody must know it, and even this Office itself must not know it; nor for my part I did not, though Sir W. Batten says by others' discourse to him he had heard something of it; yet De Ruyter, or he that commanded this fleet, had notice of it, and told it to a fisherman of our's that he took and released on Thursday last, which was the day before our fleete came to him. But then, that, that seems most to our disgrace, and which the Duke of York did take special and vehement notice of, is, that when the Dutch saw so many fire-ships provided for them, themselves lying, I think, about the Nore, they did with all their great ships, with a North-east wind, as I take it they said, but whatever it was, it was a wind that we should not have done it with, turn down to the Middleground; which, the Duke of York observed, never was nor would have been undertaken by ourselves. And whereas some of the company answered, it was their great fear, not their choice, that made them do it, the Duke of York answered, that it was, it may be, their fear and wisdom that made them do it; but yet their fear did not make them mistake, as we should have done, when we have had no fear upon us, and have run our ships on ground. And this brought it into my mind, that they managed their retreat down this difficult passage, with all their fear, better than we could do ourselves in the main sea, when the Duke of Albemarle ran away from the Dutch, when the Prince was lost, and the Royal Charles and the other great ships came on ground upon the Galloper. Thus, in all things, in wisdom, courage, force, knowledge of our own streams, and success, the Dutch have the best of us, and do end the war with victory on their side. The Duke of York being ready, we into his closet, but, being in haste to go to the Parliament House, he could not stay. So we parted, and to Westminster Hall, where the Hall full of people to see the issue of the day, the King being to come to speak to the House to-day. One thing extraordinary was, this day a man, a Quaker,[1] came naked through the Hall, only very civilly tied about the loins to avoid scandal, and with a chafing-dish of fire and brimstone burning upon his head, did pass through the Hall, crying, "Repent! repent!" Presently comes down the House of Commons, the King having made them a very short and no pleasing speech to them at all, not at all giving them thanks for their readiness to come up to town at this busy time; but told them that he did think he should have had occasion for them, but had none, and therefore did dismiss them to look after their own occasions till October; and that he did wonder any should offer to bring in a suspicion that he intended to rule by an army, or otherwise than by the laws of the land, which he promised them he would do; and so bade them go home and settle the minds of the country in that particular; and only added, that he had made a peace which he did believe they would find reasonable, and a good peace, but did give them none of the particulars thereof. Thus they are dismissed again to their general great distaste, I believe the greatest that ever Parliament was, to see themselves so fooled, and the nation in certain condition of ruin, while the King, they see, is only governed by his lust, and women, and rogues about him. The Speaker, they found, was kept from coming in the morning to the House on purpose, till after the King was come to the House of Lords, for fear they should be doing anything in the House of Commons to the further dissatisfaction of the King and his courtiers. They do all give up the kingdom for lost, that I speak to; and do hear what the King says, how he and the Duke of York do do what they can to get up an army, that they may need no more Parliaments: and how my Lady Castlemaine hath, before the late breach between her and the King, said to the King, that he must rule by an army, or all would be lost, and that Bab. May hath given the like advice to the King, to crush the English gentlemen, saying that £300 a-year was enough for any man but them that lived at Court. I am told that many petitions were provided for the Parliament, complaining of the wrongs they have received from the Court and courtiers, in city and country, if the Parliament had but sat: and I do perceive they all do resolve to have a good account of the money spent before ever they give a farthing more; and the whole kingdom is everywhere sensible of their being abused, insomuch that they forced their Parliament-men to come up to sit; and my cozen Roger told me that, but that was in mirth, he believed, if he had not come up, he should have had his house burned. The kingdom never in so troubled a condition in this world as now; nobody pleased with the peace, and yet nobody daring to wish for the continuance of the war, it being plain that nothing do nor can thrive under us. Here I saw old good Mr. Vaughan,[1] and several of the great men of the Commons, and some of them old men, that are come 200 miles, and more, to attend this session of Parliament; and have been at great charge and disappointments in their other private business; and now all to no purpose, neither to serve their country, content themselves, nor receive any thanks from the King. It is verily expected by many of them that the King will continue the prorogation in October, so as, if it be possible, never to have this Parliament more. My Lord Bristoll took his place in the House of Lords this day, but not in his robes; and when the King came in, he withdrew: but my Lord of Buckingham was there as brisk as ever, and sat in his robes; which is a monstrous thing, that a man should be proclaimed against, and put in the Tower, and released without any trial, and yet not restored to his places. But, above all, I saw my Lord Mordaunt as merry as the best, that it seems hath done such further indignities to Mr. Taylor[1] since the last sitting of Parliament as would hang him, if there were nothing else, would the King do what were fit for him; but nothing of that is now likely to be. After having spent an hour or two in the hall, my cozen Roger and I and Creed to the Old Exchange, where I find all the merchants sad at this peace and breaking up of the Parliament, as men despairing of any good to the nation, which is a grievous consideration; and so home. Cozen Roger and Creed to dinner with me, and very merry: but among other things they told me of the strange, bold sermon of Dr. Creeton yesterday, before the King; how he preached against the sins of the Court, and particularly against adultery, over and over instancing how for that single sin in David, the whole nation was undone; and of our negligence in having our castles without ammunition and powder when the Dutch came upon us; and how we have no courage now-a-days, but let our ships be taken out of our harbour. Here Creed did tell us the story of the duell last night, in Covent-garden, between Sir H. Bellassis and Tom Porter. It is worth remembering the silliness of the quarrell, and is a kind of emblem of the general complexion of this whole kingdom at present. They two dined yesterday at Sir Robert Carr's,[2] where it seems people do drink high, all that come. It happened that these two, the greatest friends in the world, were talking together: and Sir H. Bellassis talked a little louder than ordinary to Tom Porter, giving of him some advice. Some of the company standing by said, "What! are they quarrelling, that they talk so high?" Sir H. Bellassis hearing it, said, "No!" says he: "I would have you know I never quarrel, but I strike; and take that as a rule of mine!" "How?" says Tom Porter, "strike! I would I could see the man in England that durst give me a blow!" with that Sir H. Bellassis did give him a box of the eare; and so they were going to fight there, but were hindered. And by and by Tom Porter went out; and meeting Dryden the poet, told him of the business, and that he was resolved to fight Sir H. Bellassis presently; for he knew, if he did not, they should be friends to-morrow, and then the blow would rest upon him; which he would prevent, and desired Dryden to let him have his boy to bring him notice which way Sir H. Bellassis goes. By and by he is informed that Sir H. Bellassis's coach was coming: so Tom Porter went down out of the Coffee-house where he staid for the tidings, and stopped the coach, and bade Sir H. Bellassis come out. "Why," says H. Bellassis, "you will not hurt me coming out, will you?"—"No," says Tom Porter. So out he went, and both drew: and H. Bellassis having drawn and flung away his scabbard, Tom Porter asked him whether he was ready? The other answering him he was, they fell to fight, some of their acquaintance by. They wounded one another, and H. Bellassis so much that it is feared he will die: and finding himself severely wounded, he called to Tom Porter, and kissed him, and bade him shift for himself; "for," says he, "Tom, thou hast hurt me; but I will make shift to stand upon my legs till thou mayest withdraw, and the world not take notice of you, for I would not have thee troubled for what thou hast done." And so whether he did fly or no I cannot tell; but Tom Porter showed H. Bellassis that he was wounded too: and they are both ill, but H. Bellassis to fear of life. And this is a fine example; and H. Bellassis a Parliament-man,[1] too, and both of them extraordinary friends! Among other discourse, my cozen Roger told us as a thing certain, that the Archbishop of Canterbury,[2] that now is, do keep a wench, and that he is as very a wencher as can be; and tells us it is a thing publickly known that Sir Charles Sedley had got away one of the Archbishop's wenches from him, and the Archbishop sent to him to let him know that she was his kinswoman, and did wonder that he would offer any dishonour to one related to him. To which Sir Charles Sedley is said to answer, "Pray, tell his Grace that I believe he finds himself too old, and is afraid that I should outdo him among his girls, and spoil his trade." But he makes no more of doubt to say that the Archbishop is a wencher, and known to be so, which is one of the most astonishing things that I have heard of, unless it be, what for certain he says is true, that my Lady Castlemaine hath made a Bishop lately, namely, her uncle. Dr. Glenham,[3] who, I think

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[1] In De Foe's fabulous *History of the Plague of* 1665, he imagines a like case:—"Another ran about naked, except for a pair of drawers about his waist, crying day and night, like a man that Josephus mentions, who cried, *Woe to Jerusalem!* a little before the destruction of that city. So this poor naked creature cried, *O, the great and the dreadful* God! and said no more, but repeated those words continually, with a voice and countenance full of horror, a swift pace, and nobody could ever find time to stop, or rest, or take any sustenance, at least that ever I could hear of. I met this poor creature several times in the streets, and would have spoken to him, but he would not enter into speech with me or any one else; but held on his dismal cries continually."—p. 26. A good picture on this subject, painted by Mr. P. F. Poole, was exhibited by the Royal Academy, where the name of the enthusiast was given as Solomon Eagle, in 1843. It was engraved in the *Illustrated London News* for that year, p. 399. De Foe had probably heard of the Quaker.

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[1] John Vaughan, M.P. for Cardiganshire.

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[1] See Nov. 26, 1666, *ante*.

[2] Baronet of Sleaford, Lincolnshire, and one of the proposed Knights of the Royal Oak for that county.

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[1] He was serving for Grimsby.

[2] Gilbert Sheldon.

[3] Henry Glenham, D.D., was Dean of Bristol 1661; but never raised to the Bench.

they say, is Bishop of Carlisle; a drunken, swearing rascal, and a scandal to the Church; and do now pretend to be Bishop of Lincoln,[1] in competition with Dr. Raynbow,[2] who is reckoned as worthy a man as most in the Church for piety and learning: which are things so scandalous to consider, that no man can doubt but we must be undone that hears of them. Cozen Roger did acquaint me in private with an offer made of his marrying of Mrs. Elizabeth Wiles, whom I know; a kinswoman of Mr. Honiwood's, an ugly old maid, but good housewife, and is said to have £2500 to her portion; but if I can find that she hath but £2000, which he prays me to examine, he says he will have her, she being one he hath long known intimately, and a good housewife, and discreet woman; though I am against it in my heart, she being not handsome at all: and it hath been the very bad fortune of the Pepyses that ever I knew, never to marry an handsome woman, excepting Ned Pepys.[3] To White Hall; and, looking out of the window into the garden, I saw the King, whom I have not had any desire to see since the Dutch came upon the coast first to Sheerness, for shame that I should see him, or he me, methinks, after such a dishonour, come upon the garden; with him two or three idle Lords; and instantly after him, in another walk, my Lady Castlemaine, led by Bab. May: at which I was surprised, having but newly heard the stories of the King and her being parted for ever. So I took Mr. Povy, who was there, aside, and he told me all,—how imperious this woman is, and hectors the King to whatever she will. It seems she is with child, and the King says he did not get it: with that she made a slighting puh with her mouth, and went out of the house, and never came in again till the King went to Sir Daniel Harvy's to pray her; and so she is come to-day, when one would think his mind should be full of some other cares, having but this morning broken up such a Parliament, with so much discontent, and so many wants upon him, and but yesterday heard such a sermon against adultery. But it seems she hath told the King, that whoever did get it, he should own it; and the bottom of the quarrel is this:—She is fallen in love with young Jermin,[1] who hath of late been with her oftener than the King, and is now going to marry my Lady Falmouth;[2] the King is mad at her entertaining Jermin, and she is mad at Jermin's going to marry from her: so they are all mad; and thus the kingdom is governed! But he tells me for certain that nothing is more sure than that the King, and Duke of York, and the Chancellor, are desirous and labouring all they can to get an army, whatever the King says to the Parliament; and he believes that they are at last resolved to stand and fall all three together: so that he says in terms that the match of the Duke of York with the Chancellor's daughter hath undone the nation. He tells me also that the King hath not greater enemies in the world than those of his own family; for there is not an officer in the house almost but curses him for letting them starve, and there is not a farthing of money to be raised for the buying them bread. To walk in the garden with my wife, telling her of my losing £300 a year by my place that I am to part with, which do a little trouble me, but we must live with somewhat more thrift. Many guns were heard this afternoon, it seems, at White Hall and in the Temple garden very plain; but what it should be nobody knows, unless the Dutch be driving our ships up the river. To-morrow we shall know.

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[1] Lincoln was vacant by the translation of Benjamin Laney to Ely, on the 24th of May, previously. Wm. Fuller, Bishop of Limerick, was made Bishop of Lincoln on the 17th Sept. following.

[2] Dr. Rainbow was Bishop of Carlisle from 1664 to 1684.

[3] Edward Pepys, of Broomsthorpe, who married Elizabeth Walpole. The author's own wife could not be included amongst the plain women whom the Pepyses married?—it is otherwise well for his domestic peace that he wrote in cipher.

30th. To the Treasury-chamber, where I did speak with the Lords. Here I do hear that there are three Lords more to be added to them; my Lord Bridgewater, my Lord Anglesey, and my Lord Chamberlaine.[3] Thence with Creed to White Hall; in our way, meeting with Mr. Cooling, my Lord Chamberlain's secretary, on horseback, who stopped to speak with us, and he proved very drunk, and did talk, and would have talked all night with us, I not being able to break loose from him, he holding me so by the hand. But, Lord! to see his present humour, how he swears at every word, and talks of the King and my Lady Castlemaine in the plainest words in the world. And from him I gather that the story I learned yesterday is true—that the King hath declared that he did not get the child of which she is conceived at this time. But she told him, "G—d d—n me, but you shall own it!"[4] It seems, he is jealous of Jermin, and she loves him so, that the thoughts of his marrying of my Lady Falmouth puts her into fits of the mother; and he, it seems, hath been in her good graces from time to time, continually, for a good while; and once, as this Cooling says, the King had like to have taken him a-bed with her, but that he was fain to creep under the bed into her closet. Mr. Cooling told us how the King, once speaking of the Duke of York's being mastered by his wife, said to some of the company by, that he would go no more abroad with this Tom Otter,[1] meaning the Duke of York, and his wife. Tom Killigrew, being by, said, "Sir, pray which is the best for a man, to be a Tom Otter to his wife or to his mistress?" meaning the King's being so to my Lady Castlemaine. Thus he went on; and speaking then of my Lord Sandwich, whom he professed to love exceedingly, says Creed, "I know not what, but he is a man, methinks, that I could love for himself, without other regards." He talked very lewdly; and then took notice of my kindness to him on ship-board seven years ago, when the King was coming over, and how much he was obliged to me; but says, pray look upon this acknowledgement of a kindness in me to be a miracle; for, says he, "it is against the law at Court for a man that borrows money of me, even to buy his place with, to own it the next Sunday;" and then told us his horse was a bribe, and his boots a bribe; and told us he was made up of bribes, as an Oxford scholar is set out with other men's goods when he goes out of town, and that he makes every sort of tradesman to bribe him; and invited me home to his house, to taste of his bribe wine.[2] I never heard so much vanity from a man in my life: so, being now weary of him, we parted, and I took coach, and carried Creed to the Temple. There set him down, and to my office, till my eyes begun to ake, and then home to supper: a pullet, with good sauce, to my liking, and then to play on the flageolet with my wife, which she now does very prettily, and so to bed.

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[1] Henry Jermyn, afterwards Earl of Dover; from whom Dover Street, Piccadilly, derives its name.

[2] Lady Falmouth re-married Charles Lord Buckhurst, afterwards the sixth Earl of Dorset; miscalled *first Duke* in note, vol. ii., p. 55.

[3] Earl of Manchester.

[4] See 27th July, *ante*.

31st. Among other things, did examine a fellow of our private man-of-war, who we have found come up from Hull, with near £500 worth of pieces of eight, though he will confess but 100 pieces. But it appears that there have been fine doings there. Major Halsey, speaking much of my doing business, and understanding business, told me how my Lord Generall do say that I am worth them all. To Marrowbone,[1] where my Lord Mayor and Aldermen, it seems, dined to-day: and were just now going away, methought, in a disconsolate condition, compared with their splendour they formerly had, when the City was standing.

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[1] In the play of "Epicene, or the Silent Woman," Mrs. Otter thus addresses her henpecked husband, *Thomas Otter*—"Is this according to the instrument when I married you, that I would be princess and reign in my own house, and you would be my subject, and obey me?"—Act iii., Scene 1.

[2] "Divide me like a bride-buck, each a haunch."—*Merry Wives of Windsor.*

August 1st. Dined at Sir W. Pen's, only with Mrs. Turner and her husband, on a venison pasty, that stunk like a devil. However, I did not know it till dinner was done. We had nothing but only this, and a leg of mutton, and a pullet or two. Mrs. Markham was here, with her great belly. I was very merry, and after dinner, upon a motion of the women, I was got to go to the play with them—the first I have seen since before the Dutch's coming upon our coast, and so to the King's house, to see "The Custome of the Country." The house mighty empty—more than ever I saw it—and an ill play. After the play, we went into the house, and spoke with Knipp, who went abroad with us by coach to the Neat Houses,[2] in the way to Chelsy; and there, in a box in a tree,[3] we sat and sang, and talked and eat; my wife out of humour, as she always is, when this woman is by. So, after it was dark, we home. Set Knipp down at home, who told us the story how Nell is gone from the King's house, and is kept by my Lord Buckhurst. Home, the gates of the City shut, it being so late: and at Newgate we find them in trouble, some thieves having this night broke open prison. So we through, and home; and our coachman was fain to drive hard from two or three fellows, which he said were rogues, that he met at the end of Bluebladder Street,[1] next Cheapside. So set Mrs. Turner home, and then we home, and I to the Office a little; and so home and to bed, my wife in an ill humour still.

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[1] To the Lord Mayor's Banquetting House; on the site of what is Stratford Place, Oxford Street.

[2] The site of the "neat-houses" is described in a grant in the Clause Rolls, 28 Hen. VIII., as the "Manor of Neyte, with the precinct of water called the Mote of the said manor." John, fifth son of Richard Duke of York, was born at the Manor House of Neyte, Nov 7, 1448. King Edward VI., on June 28, 1 Edw. VI., granted the "House of Neate" to Sir Anthony Brown.—Walcott's *Westminster*, 338. Stow's Continuators describe this place as "a parcel of houses taken up by gardeners for planting of asparagus," &c. They seem to have been situated at or near Millbank. The "neat-houses" is still the name of the market gardens in that neighbourhood.

[3] Within the hollow of the trunk of Sir Philip Sidney's oak at Penshurst, celebrated by several of our poets, was a seat which contained five or six persons with ease and convenience. Pepys probably means a summer house erected in the branches. A few years since one existed near Beckenham, in Kent.

2d. Mr. Gauden come to me, and he and I home to my chamber, and there reckoned, and I received my profits for Tangier of him, and £250 on my victualling score. He is a most noble-minded man as ever I met with, and seems to own himself much obliged to me, which I will labour to make him; for he is a good man also: and, in fine, I had much matter of joy by this morning's work, receiving above £400 of him, on one account or other; and a promise that, though I lay down my victualling place, yet, as long as he continues victualler, I shall be the better by him.

3d. To the Office, there to enable myself, by finishing our great account, to give it to the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury; which I did, and there was called in to them, to tell them only the total of our debt of the Navy on the 25th of May last, which is above £950,000. Here I find them mighty hot in their answer to the Council-board about our Treasurer's threepences of the Victualling, and also against the present farm of the Customes, which they do most highly inveigh against.

4th. (Lord's day.) Busy at my Office from morning till night, in writing with my own hand fair our large general account of the expence and debt of the Navy, which lasted me till midnight to do, that I was almost blind.

5th. To St. James's, where we did our ordinary business with the Duke of York, where I perceive they have taken the highest resolution in the world to become good husbands, and to retrench all charge; and to that end we are commanded to give him an account of the establishment in the seventh year of the late King's reign, and how offices and salaries had been increased since; and I hope it will end in the taking away some of our Commissioners. After done with the Duke of York, and coming out through his dressing-room, I there spied Signor Francisco tuning his gittar, and Monsieur de Puy with him, who did make him play to me, which he did most admirably—so well that I was mightily troubled that all that pains should have been taken upon so bad an instrument. I hear the ill news of our loss lately of four rich ships, two from Guinea, one from Gallipoly, all with rich oyles; and the other from Barbadoes, worth, as is guessed, £80,000. But here is strong talk, as if Harman had taken some of the Dutch East

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[1] Now Blowbladder Street.

India ships, but I dare not yet believe it, and brought them into Lisbon. To the Duke of York's house, and there saw "Love's Trickes, or the School of Compliments;"[1] a silly play, only Miss Davis's dancing in a shepherd's clothes did please us mightily.

6th. A full Board. Here, talking of news, my Lord Anglesey did tell us that the Dutch do make a further bogle with us about two or three things, which they will be satisfied in, he says, by us easily; but only in one, it seems, they do demand that we shall not interrupt their East Indiamen coming home, and of which they are in some fear; and we are full of hopes that we have light upon some of them, and carried them into Lisbon, by Harman; which God send! But they, which do show the low esteem they have of us, have the confidence to demand that we shall have a cessation on our parts, and yet they at liberty to take what they will; which is such an affront, as another cannot be devised greater. At noon home to dinner, where I find Mrs. Wood, Bab Shelden, and our Mercer, who is dressed to-day in a paysan dress, that looks mighty pretty. My wife, as she said last night, hath put away Nell to-day, for her gossiping abroad and telling of stories.

7th. My wife abroad with her maid Jane and Tom all the afternoon, being gone forth to eat some pasties at "The Bottle of Hay," in John's Street, as you go to Islington, of which she is mighty fond, and I dined at home alone. Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, tells me that though the King and my Lady Castlemaine are friends again, she is not at White Hall, but at Sir D. Harvy's, whither the King goes to her; and he says she made him ask her forgiveness upon his knees, and promise to offend her no more so; and that, indeed, she did threaten to bring all his bastards to his closet door, and hath nearly hectored him out of his wits.

8th. Sir Henry Bellassis is dead of the duell he fought about ten days ago, with Tom Porter; and it is pretty to see how the world talk of them as a couple of fools, that killed one another out of love. I to my bookseller's; where, by and by, I met Mr. Evelyn, and talked of several things, but particularly of the times: and he tells me that wise men do prepare to remove abroad what they have, for that we must be ruined, our case being past relief, the kingdom so much in debt, and the King minding nothing but his lust, going two days a-week to see my Lady Castlemaine at Sir D. Harvy's. I met with Mr. Moore, who tells me that my Lord Hinchingbroke is now with his mistress, but that he is not married, as W. Howe come and told us the other day. To White Hall, and so took up my wife: and as far as Bow, where we staid and drank, and there, passing by Mr. Lowther and his lady, they stopped: and we talked a little with them, they being in their gilt coach. Presently come to us Mr. Andrews, whom I had not seen a good while, who, as other merchants do, do all give over any hopes of things doing well, and so he spends his time here most, playing at bowles. After dining together at the coach-side, we with great pleasure home.

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[1] A Comedy, by James Shirley.

9th. To Westminster, to Mr. Burges, and he and I talked, and he do really declare that he expects that of necessity this kingdom will fall back again to a commonwealth, and other wise men are of the same mind: this family doing all that silly men can do, to make themselves unable to support their kingdom, minding their lust and their pleasure, and making their government so chargeable, that people do well remember better things were done, and better managed, and with much less charge under a commonwealth than they have been by this King. Home, and find Mr. Goodgroome,[1] my wife's singing-master. There I did soundly rattle him for neglecting her so much as he has done—she not having learned three songs these three months, and more. To St. James's, and there met Sir W. Coventry; and he and I walked in the park an hour. And then to his chamber, where he read to me the heads of the late great dispute between him and the rest of the Commissioners of the Treasury, and our new Treasurer of the Navy: where they have overthrown him the last Wednesday, in the great dispute touching his having the payment of the Victualler, which is now settled by Council that he is not to have it: and, indeed, they have been most just, as well as most severe and bold, in the doing this against a man of his quality; but I perceive Sir W. Coventry does really make no difference between any man. He tells me this day it is supposed the peace is ratified at Bredah,[2] and all that matter over. We did talk of many retrenchments of charge of the Navy which he will put in practice, and every where else; though, he tells me, he despairs of being able to do what ought to be done for the saving of the kingdom, which I tell him, indeed, all the world is almost in hopes of, upon the proceeding of these gentlemen for the regulating of the Treasury, it being so late, and our poverty grown so great, that they want where to set their feet, to begin to do any thing. He tells me how weary he hath for this year and a half been of the war; and how, in the Duke of York's bedchamber, at Christ Church, at Oxford, when the Court was there, he did labour to persuade the Duke to fling off the care of the Navy, and get it committed to other hands; which, if he had done, would have been much to his honour, being just come home with so much honour from sea as he was. I took notice of the sharp letter he wrote, which he sent us to read, to Sir Edward Spragg, where he is very plain about his leaving his charge of the ships at Gravesend, when the enemy came last up, and several other things: a copy whereof I have kept. But it is done like a most worthy man; and he says it is good, now and then, to tell these gentlemen their duty, for they need it. And it seems, as he tells me, all our Knights are fallen out one with another, he, and Jennings, and Hollis, and, his words were, they are disputing which is the coward among them; and yet men that take the greatest liberty of censuring others! Here with him very late, till I could hardly get a coach or link willing to go through the ruines; but I do, but I will not do it again, being, indeed, very dangerous.

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[1] See Dec. 17, 1666, *ante*.

[2] The peace was signed at Breda, on the 31st July. There were three separate acts or instruments—the first between France and England, by which D'Estrades and Courtin agreed that all conquests made during the war should be mutually restored; the second between England and Denmark; the third between England and Holland. In this last it is to be observed that England retained the right of the flag.

10th. To the New Exchange, to the bookseller's[1] there, where I hear of several new books coming out—Mr. Spratt's History of the Royal Society,[2] and Mrs. Phillips's[3] poems. Sir John Denham's poems are going to be all printed together; and, among others, some new things; and among them he showed me a copy of verses of his upon Sir John Minnes's going heretofore to Bullogne to eat a pig.[4] Cowly, he tells me, is dead; who, it seems, was a mighty civil, serious man; which

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[1] To Herringman's, at the Blue Anchor, in the Lower Walk of the New Exchange. He published Mrs. Phillips's Poems, Cowley's Poems, Davenant's Works, and was the great predecessor of Jacob Tonson. He died rich, and is buried under a handsome monument, at Chiselhurst, in Kent.

[2] By Thomas Sprat: then just published.

[3] Catherine Fowler, wife of James Philips, of Cardigan, and once celebrated as a distinguished poetess; best known as *the matchless Orinda*. She died at the early age of thirty-three, in 1664; but the praise of her contemporaries has not been sufficient to preserve her works from oblivion.

[4] This was before the Restoration, when Sir John Minnes was at Calais.

I did not know before.[1] Several good plays are also likely to be abroad soon, as Mustapha and Henry the 5th.

11th. (Lord's day.) Up by four o'clock, and ready, with Mrs. Turner, to take coach before five; and set on our journey, and got to the Wells at Barnett by seven o'clock, and there found many people a-drinking; but the morning is a very cold morning, so as we were very cold all the way in the coach. Here we met Joseph Batelier and W. Hewer also, and his uncle Steventon: so, after drinking three glasses and the women nothing, we back by coach to Barnett, where to the Red Lyon, where we 'light, and went up into the great Room, and there drank, and eat some of the best cheese-cakes that ever I eat in my life, and so took coach again, and W. Hewer on horseback with us, and so to Hatfield, to the inn, next my Lord Salisbury's house, and there rested ourselves, and drank, and bespoke dinner; and so to church, it being just church-time. Did hear a most excellent good sermon, which pleased me mightily, and very devout; it being upon the designs of saving grace, where it is in a man, and one sign, which held him all this day, was, that where that grace was, there is also the grace of prayer, which he did handle very finely. In this church lies the former Lord of Salisbury, Cecil,[2] buried in a noble tomb. Then we to our inn, and there dined very well, and mighty merry; and walked out into the Park through the fine walk of trees, and to the Vineyard, and there showed them that, which is in good order, and indeed a place of great delight; which, together with our fine walk through the Park, was of as much pleasure as could be desired in the world for country pleasure and good ayre. Being come back, and weary with the walk, the women had pleasure in putting on some straw hats, which are much worn in this country, and did become them mightily, but especially my wife. So, after resting awhile, we took coach again, and back to Barnett, where W. Hewer took us into his lodging, which is very handsome, and there did treat us very ighly with cheesecakes, cream, tarts, and other good things; ıd then walked into the garden, which was pretty, and there lled my pockets full of filberts, and so with much pleasure. .mong other things, I met in this house with a printed book f the Life of O. Cromwell,[1] to his honour as a soldier and olitician, though as a rebell, the first of that kind that ever I ıw, and it is well done. Took coach again, and got home ith great content.

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[1] We have here a striking instance of the slow communication of intelligence. Cowley died on the 28th of July, at Chertsey; and Pepys, though in London, and at all times a great newsmonger, did not learn till the 10th of August, that so eminent a man was dead. Evelyn says that he attended Cowley's funeral on the 3d of August, which shows that he did not keep his *Diary* entered up as regularly as our journalist, for the interment is thus recorded in the Register of Westminster Abbey:—"On the 17th of August, Mr. Cowley, a famous poet, was buried at the foot of the steps to Henry VII.'s Chapel." Cowley's corpse lay in state at Wallingford House, then the residence of the Duke of Buckingham.

[2] Robert Cecil, the first Earl, son of the great Lord Burghley. He died in 1612.

12th. To St. James's, where we find the Duke gone a-hunt- ıg with the King. To my bookseller's, and did buy Scott's )iscourse of Witches; and do hear Mr. Cowley mightily mented his death, by Dr. Ward, the Bishop of Winchester,[2] ıd Dr. Bates,[3] who were standing there, as the best poet of ır nation, and as good a man. Thence I to the printseller's, ver against the Exchange towards Covent Garden, and there ought a few more prints of cittys. So home, and my wife and ıaids being gone over the water to the Whitster's[4] with their othes, this being the first time of her trying this way of wash- ıg her linen. After dinner, all alone to the King's playhouse, ıd there did happen to sit just before Mrs. Pierce, and Mrs. .nipp, who pulled me by the hair; and so I addressed myself › them, and talked to them all the intervals of the play, and id give them fruit. The play is "Brenoralt," which I do find ıt little in, for my part. Here was many fine ladies—among :hers, the German Baron, with his lady, who is envoy from ıe Emperor, and their fine daughter, which hath travelled all urope over with them, it seems; and is accordingly accom- lished, and, indeed, is a wonderful pretty woman. Here Sir hilip Frowde,[5] who sat next to me, did tell me how Sir H. ellassis is dead, and that the quarrel between him and Tom orter, who is fled, did rise in the ridiculous fashion that I was rst told it, which is a strange thing between two so good friends. he play being done, I took the women, and Mrs. Corbett, who as with them, by coach, it raining, to Mrs. Manuel's, the Jew's idow, formerly a player, who we heard sing with one of the

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[1] "The History of the Life and Death of Oliver Cromwell, the late surper and pretended Protector of England, &c., truly collected and ıblished for a warning to all tyrants and usurpers, by I. H. Gent. ondon, printed for F. Coles, at the Lamb, in the Old Bailey, 1663." 4to. ). 22; reprinted in *Harl. Miscel.*, i., p. 279.

[2] Dr. George Morley.

[3] See 23d May, 1661, *ante*.

[4] Whitester: a bleacher of linen.

[5] Ob. August 6, 1674. There is a monument to Sir Philip Frowde in ath Abbey Church. See *ante*, 6th June, 1666.

Italians that was there; and, indeed, she sings mightily well, and just after the Italian manner, but yet do not please me like one of Mrs. Knipp's songs, to a good English tune, the manner of their ayre not pleasing me so well as the fashion of our own, nor so natural. Then home, and my wife come; and so, saying nothing where I had been, we to supper and pipe, and so to bed.

13th. Attended the Duke of York, with our usual business; who, upon occasion, told us that he did expect this night or to-morrow to hear from Bredah of the consummation of the peace. Sir W. Pen and I to the King's house, and there saw "The Committee," which I went to with some prejudice, not liking it before, but I do now find it a very good play, and a great deal of good invention in it; but Lacy's part is so well performed that it would set off anything.

14th. To dinner to Sir W. Batten's. By and by to talk of our prize at Hull, and Sir W. Batten offering, again and again, seriously how he would sell his part for £1000, and I considering the knavery of Hogg and his company, and the trouble we may have with the Prince Rupert about the consort ship, I did offer my part to him for £700. With a little beating the bargain, we come to a perfect agreement for £666 13*s.* 4*d.*, which is two-thirds of £1000, which is my proportion of the prize. I went to my office full of doubts and joy concerning what I had done; but, however, did put into writing the heads of our agreement, and we both signed them; and Sir R. Ford, being come thither since, witnessed them. I away, satisfied, and to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Country Captain," which is a very ordinary play.

15th. Sir W. Pen and I to the Duke's house; where a new play. The King and Court there: the house full, and an act begun. And so we went to the King's, and there saw "The Merry Wives of Windsor;" which did not please me at all, in no part of it.

16th. My wife and I to the Duke's playhouse, where we saw the play acted yesterday, "The Feign Innocence, or Sir Martin Marall;" a play made by my Lord Duke of Newcastle, but, as every body says, corrected by Dryden.[1] It is the most entire piece of mirth, a complete farce, from one end to the other, that certainly was ever writ. I never laughed so in all my life, and at very good wit therein, not fooling. The House full, and in all things of mighty content to me. To the New Exchange, where, at my bookseller's, I saw "The History of the Royal Society,"[1] which, I believe, is a fine book, and have bespoke one in quires. To my chamber, and read the history of 88[2] in Speede, in order to my seeing the play thereof acted to-morrow at the King's house. Every body wonders that we have no news from Bredah of the ratification of the peace; and do suspect that there is some stop in it.

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[1] Downes says that the Duke gave this comedy to Dryden, who adapted it to the stage; but it is entered on the books of the Stationers' Company as the production of his Grace.

17th. To the King's playhouse, where the house extraordinary full; and there the King and Duke of York to see the new play, "Queen Elizabeth's Troubles, and the History of Eighty Eight."[3] I confess I have sucked in so much of the sad story of Queen Elizabeth from my cradle, that I was ready to weep for her sometimes; but the play is the most ridiculous that sure ever came upon the stage, and, indeed, is merely a show, only shows the true garbe of the Queen in those days, just as we see Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth painted: but the play is merely a puppet play, acted by living puppets. Neither the design nor language better; and one stands by and tells us the meaning of things: only I was pleased to see Knipp dance among the milkmaids, and to hear her sing a song to Queen Elizabeth; and to see her come out in her night-gowne with no lockes on, but her bare face and hair only tied up in a knot behind; which is the comeliest dress that ever I saw her in to her advantage. Went as far as Mile End with Sir W. Pen, whose coach took him up there for his country house; and, after having drunk there, at the Rose and Crowne, a good house for Alderman Bide's[4] ale, we parted.

18th. To Cree Church, to see it how it is: but I find no alteration there, as they say there was, for my Lord Mayor and Aldermen to come to sermon, as they do every Sunday, as they did formerly to Paul's.[5] There dined with me Mr. Turner and his daughter Betty. Betty is grown a fine young lady as to carriage and discourse. We had a good haunch of venison, powdered and boiled, and a good dinner. I walked towards White Hall, but, being wearied, turned into St. Dunstan's Church, where I heard an able sermon of the minister[1] of the place; and stood by a pretty, modest maid, whom I did labour to take by the hand; but she would not, but got further and further from me; and, at last, I could perceive her to take pins out of her pocket to prick me if I should touch her again—which, seeing, I did forbear, and was glad I did spy her design. And then I fell to gaze upon another pretty maid, in a pew close to me, and she on me; and I did go about to take her by the hand, which she suffered a little, and then withdrew. So the sermon ended, and the church broke up, and my amours ended also. Took coach and home, and there took up my wife, and to Islington. Between that and Kingsland, there happened an odd adventure: one of our coach-horses fell sick of the staggers, so as he was ready to fall down. The coachman was fain to 'light, and hold him up, and cut his tongue to make him bleed, and his tail: then he blew some tobacco in his nose, upon which the horse sneezed, and, by and by, grew well, and drew us all the rest of our way, as well as ever he did.

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[1] Spratt's. [2] 1588.

[3] Pepys here, as elsewhere, took the second title of the piece, as, perhaps, it appeared in the bills of the day. He alludes to the revival of a play by Thomas Heywood, originally printed in 1605, under the title of "If you know not me, you know nobody, or the Troubles of Queen Elizabeth," which especially relates to the defeat of the Armada in 1588. It was so popular, that it went through eight or nine early editions. In 1667, it was no doubt brought out with some alterations, but probably not printed.

[4] John Bide, brewer, Sheriff of London in 1647.

[5] The Church of St. Catherine Cree, having escaped the fire, was resorted to by the Corporation after the destruction of St. Paul's, and so many other ecclesiastical edifices; and Pepys probably expected to see alterations made for their accommodation.

19th. To the Duke of York's house all alone, and there saw "Sir Martin Marall" again, though I saw him but two days since, and do find it the most comical play that ever I saw in my life. Mr. Moore do agree with most people that I meet with, that we shall fall into a commonwealth in a few years, whether we will or no; for the charge of a monarchy is such as the kingdom cannot be brought to bear willingly, nor are things managed so well now-a-days under it, as heretofore.

20th. Sir W. Coventry fell to discourse of retrenchments; and therein he tells how he would have but only one Clerk of the Acts. He do tell me he hath propounded how the charge of the Navy in peace shall come within £200,000, by keeping out twenty-four ships in summer, and ten in the winter. And several other particulars we went over of retrenchment: and I find I must provide some things to offer, that I may be found studious to lessen the King's charge. We up to the Duke of York, but no money to be heard of—nay, not £100 upon the most pressing service that can be imagined of bringing in the King's timber from Whittlewood,[2] while we have the utmost want of it. Sir W. Coventry did single out Sir W. Pen and me, and desired us to lend the King some money, out of the prizes we have taken by Hogg. He did not much press it, and we made but a merry answer thereto: but I perceive he did ask it seriously, and did tell us that there never was so much need of it in the world as now, we being brought to the lowest straits that can be in the world. My wife mighty pressing for a new pair of cuffs, which I am against the laying out of money upon yet, which makes her angry.

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[1] John Thompson, vicar of St. Dunstan's in the West.

[2] Whittlebury Forest.

21st. I sent my cozen Roger a tierce of claret, which I give him. This morning come two of Captain Cooke's boys, whose voices are broke, and are gone from the Chapel, but have extraordinary skill; and they and my boy, with his broken voice, did sing three parts; their names were Blaew and Loggings; but, notwithstanding their skill, yet to hear them sing with their broken voices, which they could not command to keep in tune, would make a man mad—so bad it was.

22d. Up, and to the Office; whence Lord Brouncker, J. Minnes, W. Pen, and I went to examine some men that are put in there, for rescuing of men that were pressed into the service: and we do plainly see that the desperate condition that we put men into for want of their pay makes them mad, they being as good men as ever were in the world, and would as readily serve the King again, were they but paid. Two men leapt overboard—among others, into the Thames, out of the vessel into which they were pressed, and were shot by the soldiers placed there to keep them, two days since; so much people do avoid the King's service! And then these men are pressed without money, and so we cannot punish them for any thing, so that we are forced only to make a show of severity[1] by keeping them in prison, but are unable to punish them. Returning to the Office, I did ask whether we might visit Commissioner Pett, to which, I confess, I have no great mind; and it was answered that he was close prisoner, and we could not; but the Lieutenant of the Tower would send for him to his lodgings, if we would: so we put it off to another time. To Captain Cocke's to dinner; where Lord Brouncker and his lady, Matt. Wren, and Bulteale, and Sir Allan Apsly; the last of whom did make good sport, he being already fallen under the retrenchments of the new Committee, as he is Master Falconer,[2] which makes him mad, and swears that we are doing that the Parliament would have done—that is, that we are now endeavouring to destroy one another. But it was well observed by some at the table, that they do not think this retrenchment of the King's charge will be so acceptable to the Parliament, they having given the King a revenue of so many £100,000 a year more than his predecessors had, that he might live in pomp, like a king. With my Lord Brouncker and his mistress to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Indian Emperour:" where I find Nell come again, which I am glad of; but was most infinitely displeased with her being put to act the Emperour's daughter, which is a great and serious part,[1] which she does most basely. The rest of the play, though pretty good, was not well acted by most of them, methought; so that I took no great content in it. But that, that troubled me most was, that Knipp sent by Moll[2] to desire to speak to me after the play; and she beckoned to me at the end of the play, and I promised to come; but it was so late, and I forced to step to Mrs. Williams's lodgings with my Lord Brouncker and her, where I did not stay, however, for fear of her showing me her closet, and thereby forcing me to give her something; and it was so late, that, for fear of my wife's coming home before me, I was forced to go straight home, which troubled me. Anon, late, comes home my wife, with Mr. Turner and Mrs. Turner, with whom she supped, having been with Mrs. Turner to-day at her daughter's school, to see her daughters dancing, and the rest, which she says is fine. My wife very fine to-day, in her new suit of laced cuffs and perquisites. This evening Mr. Pelling comes to me, and tells me that this night the Dutch letters are come, and that the peace was proclaimed there the 19th inst., and that all is finished; which, for my life, I know not whether to be glad or sorry for, a peace being so necessary, and yet so bad in its terms.

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[1] Shooting the men was rather more than "a *show* of severity."

[2] The post of Master Falconer was afterwards granted to Charles's son by Nell Gwyn, and it is still held by the Duke of St. Albans as an hereditary office.

23d. Abroad to White Hall in a hackney-coach with Sir W. Pen; and in our way, in the narrow street near Paul's, going the backway by Tower Street, and the coach being forced to put back, he was turning himself into a cellar,[3] which made people cry out to us, and so we were forced to leap out—he out of one, and I out of the other door, *Query*, whether a glass-coach would have permitted us to have made the escape? neither of us getting any hurt; nor could the coach have got much hurt had we been in it; but, however, there was cause enough for us to do what we could to save ourselves. So, being all dusty, we put into the Castle tavern, by the Savoy, and there brushed ourselves. To White Hall, to attend the Council. The King there: and it was about considering how the fleete might be discharged at their coming in shortly, the peace being now ratified, and it takes place on Monday next. I to Westminster to the Exchequer, to see what sums of money other people lend upon the Act; and find of all sizes from £1000 to £100—nay, to £50, and to £20, and to £5: for I find that one Dr. Reade, Doctor of Law, gives no more, and others of them £20; which is a poor thing, methinks, that we should stoop so low as to borrow such sums. Upon the whole, I do think to lend, since I must lend, £300, though, God knows! it is much against my will to lend my [money], unless things were in better condition, and likely to continue so. To the Treasury-chamber, where I waited, talking with Sir G. Downing till the Lords met. He tells me how he will make all the Exchequer officers, of one side and the other, to lend the King money upon the Act; and that the least Clerk shall lend money, and he believes the least will £100: but this I do not believe. He made me almost ashamed that we of the Navy had not in all this time lent any; so that I find it necessary I should, and so will speedily do it, before any of my fellows begin, and lead me to a bigger sum. By and by the Lords come; and I perceive Sir W. Coventry is the man, and nothing done till he comes. Among other things, I heard him observe, looking over a paper, that Sir John Shaw is a miracle of a man, for he thinks he executes more places than any man in England; for there he finds him a Surveyor of some of the King's woods, and so reckoned up many other places, the most inconsistent in the world. Their business with me was to consider how to assigne such of our commanders as will take assignements upon the Act for their wages; and the consideration thereof was referred to me to give them an answer the next sitting: which is a horrid poor thing: but they scruple at nothing of honour in the case. So away, and called my wife, and to the King's house, and saw "The Mayden Queene," which pleased us mightily; and then away, and took up Mrs. Turner at her door, and so to Mile End, and there drank, and so back to her house, it being a fine evening, and there supped. The first time I ever was there since they lived there; and she hath all things so neat and well done, that I am mightily pleased with her, and all she do. So here very merry, and then home and to bed. I find most people pleased with their being at ease, and safe of a peace, that they may know no more charge or hazard of an ill-managed war: but nobody speaking of the peace with any content or pleasure, but are silent in it, as of a thing they are ashamed of; no, not at Court, much less in the City.

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[1] Nell Gwyn's dislike to serious parts is commemorated in the Epilogue to the Duke of Lerma, spoken of her:—

"I know you in your hearts,
Hate serious plays, as I hate serious parts."

[2] Orange Moll, mentioned before.

[3] So much of London was yet in ruins.

24th. (St. Bartholomew's-day.) This morning was proclaimed the peace[1] between us and the States of the United Provinces, and also of the King of France and Denmarke; and in the afternoon the Proclamations were printed and came out; and at night the bells rung, but no bonfires that I hear of any where, partly from the dearness of firing, but principally from the little content most people have in the peace. After dinner to a play, and there saw "The Cardinall" at the King's house, wherewith I am mightily pleased: but, above all, with Becke Marshall. But it is pretty to see how I look up and down for, and did spy Knipp; but durst not own it to my wife, for fear of angering her, and so I was forced not to take notice of her, and so homeward: and my belly now full with plays, that I do intend to bind myself to see no more till Michaelmas. Most of our discourse is about our keeping a coach the next year, which pleases my wife mightily; and if I continue as able as now, it will save us money. This day comes a letter from the Duke of York to the Board to invite us, which is as much as to fright us, into the lending the King money; which is a poor thing, and most dishonourable, and shows in what a case we are at the end of the war to our neighbours. And the King do now declare publicly to give 10 per cent. to all lenders; which makes some think that the Dutch themselves will send over money, and lend it upon our publick faith, the Act of Parliament.

25th. (Lord's day.) Up and to church, and thence home; and Pelling comes by invitation to dine with me, and much pleasant discourse with him. After dinner, away by water to White Hall, where I landed Pelling, who is going to his wife, where she is in the country, at Parson's Greene[2]; and myself to Westminster, and to the parish church, thinking to see Betty Michell; and did stay an hour in the crowd, thinking, by the end of a nose that I saw, that it had been her; but at last the head turned towards me, and it was her mother, which vexed me. So I back to my boat, which had broke one of her oars in rowing, and had now fastened it again; and so I up to Putney, and there stepped into the church, to look upon the fine people there, whereof there is great store, and the young ladies; and so walked to Barne-Elmes, whither I sent Russel,[1] reading of Boyle's Hydrostatickes, which are of infinite delight. I walked in the Elmes a good while, and then to my boat, and leisurely home, with great pleasure to myself; and there supped, and W. Hewer with us, with whom a great deal of good talk touching the Office, and so to bed.

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[1] See 9th August, *ante.*

[2] In the parish of Fulham, Middlesex.

26th. To the Office, where we sat upon a particular business all the morning: and my Lord Anglesey with us: who, and my Lord Brouncker, do bring us news how my Lord Chancellor's seal is to be taken away from him to-day. The thing is so great and sudden to me, that it put me into a very great admiration what should be the meaning of it; and they do not own that they know what it should be: but this is certain, that the King did resolve it on Saturday, and did yesterday send the Duke of Albemarle, the only man fit for those works, to him for his purse: to which the Chancellor answered, that he received it from the King, and would deliver it to the King's own hand, and so civilly returned the Duke of Albemarle without it; and this morning my Lord Chancellor is to be with the King, to come to an end in the business. Dined at Sir W. Batten's, where Mr. Boreman was, who came from White Hall; who tells us that he saw my Lord Chancellor come in his coach with some of his men, without his seal, to White Hall to his chamber: and thither the King and Duke of York came and staid together alone, an hour or more: and it is said that the King do say that he will have the Parliament meet, and that it will prevent much trouble by having of him out of their enmity, by his place being taken away; for that all their enmity will be at him. It is said also that my Lord Chancellor answers, that he desires he may be brought to his trial, if he have done any thing to lose his office; and that he will be willing, and is most desirous, to lose that, and his head both together. Upon what terms they parted nobody knows: but the Chancellor looked sad, he says. Then in comes Sir Richard Ford, and says he hears that there is nobody more presses to reconcile the King and Chancellor than the Duke of Albemarle and Duke of Buckingham: the latter of which is very strange, not only that he who was so lately his enemy should do it, but that this man, that but the other day was in danger of losing his own head, should so soon come to be a mediator for others: it shows a wise Government. They all say that he [Clarendon] is but a poor man, not worth above £3000 a-year in land; but this I cannot believe: and all do blame him for having built so great a house, till he had got a better estate. So I walked to the King's playhouse, and saw "The Surprizall,"[1] a very mean play, I thought: or else it was because I was out of humour, and but very little company in the house. Sir W. Pen and I had a great deal of discourse with Moll; who tells us that Nell is already left by my Lord Buckhurst, and that he makes sport of her, and swears she hath had all she could get of him; and Hart,[2] her great admirer, now hates her; and that she is very poor, and hath lost my Lady Castlemaine, who was her great friend also: but she is come to the House, but is neglected by them all.[3]

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[1] His waterman.

27th. To White Hall, and there hear how it is like to go well enough with my Lord Chancellor; that he is like to keep his Seal, desiring that he may stand his trial in Parliament, if they will accuse him of any thing. Here Sir J. Minnes and I looking upon the pictures; and Mr. Cheffins,[4] being by, did take us, of his own accord, into the King's closet, to show us some pictures, which, indeed, is a very noble place, and exceeding great variety of brave pictures, and the best hands. I could have spent three or four hours there well, and we had great liberty to look; and Cheffins seemed to take pleasure to show us, and commend the pictures. I to visit Colonel Fitzgerald,[5] who hath been sick at Woolwich, where most of the officers and soldiers quartered there, since the Dutch being in the river, have died or been sick, and he among the rest; and, by the growth of his beard and gray hairs, I did not know him. This day, Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, was with me; and tells me how this business of my Lord Chancellor's was certainly designed in my Lady Castlemaine's chamber; and that, when he went from the King on Monday morning, she was in bed, though about twelve o'clock, and ran out in her smock into her aviary looking into White Hall garden; and thither her woman brought her her nightgown; and stood blessing herself at the old man's going away: and several of the gallants of White Hall, of which there were many staying to see the Chancellor's return, did talk to her in her bird-cage; among others, Blancford,[1] telling her she was the bird of passage.[2]

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[1] A Comedy, by Sir Robert Howard.

[2] The celebrated actor.

[3] The King afterwards took her into keeping. His son by her was born 8th May, 1670, and was subsequently made Duke of St. Albans. It may be well doubted if Charles were indeed the father. See also note, 28th Sept., 1667, *post*.

[4] William Chiffinch, noticed vol. ii., p. 26.

[5] Deputy-Governor of Tangier.

28th. Up; and staid undressed till my tailor's boy did mend my vest, in order to my going to the christening anon. To White Hall: till past twelve in a crowd of people in the lobby, expecting the hearing of the great cause of Alderman Barker[3] against my Lord Deputy of Ireland, for his ill usage in his business of land there; but the King and Council sat so long, as they neither heard them, nor me. So when they rose, I into the House, and saw the King and Queen at dinner, and heard a little of their viallins' musick, and so home. In the afternoon with my Lady Batten, Pen, and her daughter, and my wife, to Mrs. Poole's, where I mighty merry among the women, and christened the child, a girl, Elizabeth, which, though a girl, yet my Lady Batten would have me to give the name. After christening comes Sir W. Batten, W. Pen, and Mr. Lowther, and mighty merry there, and I forfeited for not kissing the two godmothers presently after the christening, before I kissed the mother, which made good mirth. Went twice round Bartholomew fayre; which I was glad to see again, after two years missing it by the plague.

29th. Mr. Moore tells me that my Lord Crewe and his friends take it very ill of me that my Lord Sandwich's sea-fee should be retrenched, and so reported from this Office, and I give them no notice of it. The thing, though I know it to be false—at least, that nothing went from our Office towards it—yet it troubled me, and therefore I went and dined with my Lord Crewe, and I did enter into that discourse, and laboured to satisfy him; but found, though he said little, yet that he was not yet satisfied; but after dinner did pray me to go and see how it was, whether true or no. Did tell me that if I was not their friend, they could trust to nobody, and that he did not forget my service and love to my Lord, and adventures for him in dangerous times, and therefore would not willingly doubt me now; but yet asked my pardon if, upon this news, he did begin to fear it. This did mightily trouble me: so I away thence to

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[1] See note, Feb. 1664–5, *ante*.

[2] See Clarendon's account of this scene, *Life*, vol. iii., p. 832. 8vo. 1761.

[3] William Barker, who married Martha, daughter of William Turner, and widow of Daniel Williams. His son William was created a Baronet in 1676.

White Hall, but could do nothing. In the evening to White Hall again, and there met Sir Richard Browne, Clerk to the Committee for retrenchments, who assures me no one word was ever yet mentioned about my Lord's salary; and the mistake ended very merrily, and to all our contents. I find at Sir G. Carteret's that they do mightily joy themselves in the hopes of my Lord Chancellor's getting over this trouble; and I make them believe, and so, indeed, I do believe he will, that my Lord Chancellor is become popular by it. I find by all hands that the Court is at this day all to pieces, every man of a faction of one sort or other, so as it is to be feared what it will come to. But that, that pleases me is, I hear to-night that Mr. Brouncker is turned away yesterday by the Duke of York, for some bold words he was heard by Colonel Werden[1] to say in the garden, the day the Chancellor was with the King—that he believed the King would be hectored out of everything. For this the Duke of York, who all say hath been very strong for his father-in-law at this trial, hath turned him away: and every body, I think, is glad of it; for he was a pestilent rogue, an atheist, that would have sold his King and country for 6*d.* almost, so corrupt and wicked a rogue he is, by all men's report. But one observed to me, that there never was the occasion of men's holding their tongues at Court and every where else as there is at this day, for nobody knows which side will be uppermost.

30th. At White Hall I met with Sir G. Downing, who tells me of Sir W. Pen's offering to lend £500; and I tell him of my £300 which he would have me to lend upon the credit of the latter part of the Act; saying, that by that means my 10 per cent. will continue to me the longer. But I understand better, and will do it upon the £380,000 which will come to be paid the sooner; there being no delight in lending money now, to be paid by the King two years hence. But here he and Sir William Doyly were attending the Council as Commissioners for sick and wounded, and prisoners: and they told me their business, which was to know how we shall do to release our prisoners; for it seems the Dutch have got us to agree in the treaty, as they fool us in anything, that the dyet of the prisoners on both sides shall be paid for, before they be released; which they have done, knowing our's to run high, they having more prisoners of our's than we have of their's; so that they are able and most ready to discharge the debt of their's, but we are neither able nor willing to do that for our's, the debt of those in Zealand only, amounting to above £5000 for men taken in the King's own ships, besides others taken in merchantmen, who expect, as is usual, that the King should redeem them; but I think he will not, by what Sir G. Downing says. This our prisoners complain of there; and say in their letters, which Sir G. Downing showed me, that they have made a good feat that they should be taken in the service of the King, and the King not pay for their victuals while prisoners for him. But so far they are from doing thus with their men, as we do to discourage ours, that I find in the letters of some of our prisoners there, which he showed me, that they have with money got our men, that they took, to work and carry their ships home for them; and they have been well rewarded, and released when they come into Holland: which is done like a noble, brave, and wise people. To Walthamstow, to Sir W. Pen's by invitation: a very bad dinner, and everything suitable. Merry at some ridiculous humours of my Lady Batten, who, as being an ill-bred woman, would take exceptions at anything anybody said, and I made good sport at it. Into the garden and wilderness, which is like the rest of the house, nothing in order, nor looked after. By and by my Lady Viner come to see Mrs. Lowther, and all the pleasure I had here was to see her, which I did, and saluted her, and find she is pretty, though not so eminently so as people talked of her, and of very pretty carriage and discourse. Leaving my wife to come home with them, I to Bartholomew fayre, to walk up and down; and there among other things find my Lady Castlemaine at a puppet-play, "Patient Grizill,"[1] and the street full of people expecting her coming out. I confess I did wonder at her courage to come abroad, thinking the people would abuse her: but they, silly people! do not know the work she makes, and therefore suffered her with great respect to take coach, and she away, without any trouble at all. I, among others, saw Tom Pepys, the turner, who had a shop, and I think lives in the fair, when the fair is not. Captain Cocke tells me that there is yet expectation that the Chancellor will lose the Seal; and assures me that there have been high words between the Duke of

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[1] Colonel Werden afterwards held office under James II. and Queen Mary. His eldest son, John, was created a Baronet in 1672. See note to June 23, 1667, *ante.*

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[1] The well-known story, first told by Boccacio, then by Petrarca, afterwards by Chaucer, and which has since become proverbial. Tom Warton, writing about 1770, says, "I need not mention that it is to this day represented in England, on a stage of the lowest species, and of the highest antiquity: I mean at a puppet show."—*Hist. of English Poetry*, sect. xv.

York and Sir W. Coventry, for his being so high against the Chancellor; so as the Duke of York would not sign some papers that he brought, saying that he could not endure the sight of him: and that Sir W. Coventry answered, that what he did was in obedience to the King's commands; and that he did not think any man fit to serve a prince, that did not know how to retire and live a country life.

31st. At the Office all the morning; where by Sir W. Pen I do hear that the Seal was fetched away to the King yesterday from the Lord Chancellor by Secretary Morrice; which puts me into a great horror. My Lord Brouncker tells me that he hath of late discoursed about this business with Sir W. Coventry, who he finds is the great man in the doing this business of the Chancellor's, and that he do persevere in it, though against the Duke of York's opinion, to which he says that the Duke of York was once of the same mind, and if he had thought fit since, for any reason, to alter his mind, he hath not found any to alter his own, and so desires to be excused, for it is for the King's and kingdom's good. And it seems that the Duke of York himself was the first man that did speak to the King of this, though he hath since altered his mind; and W. Coventry did tell the Duke of York that he was not fit to serve a Prince that did not know how to retire, and live a private life; and that he was ready for that, if it be his and the King's pleasure. In the evening, Mr. Ball, of the Excise-office, tells me that the Seal is delivered to Sir Orlando Bridgeman; the man of the whole nation that is the best spoken of, and will please most people; and therefore I am mighty glad of it. He was then at my Lord Arlington's, whither I went, expecting to see him come out; but staid so long, and Sir W. Coventry coming there, whom I had not a mind should see me there idle upon a post-night, I went home without seeing him; but he is there with his Seal in his hand. This day, being dissatisfied with my wife's learning so few songs of Goodgroome, I did come to a new bargain with him to teach her songs at so much, viz., 10*s.* a song, which he accepts of, and will teach her.

September 1st. (Lord's day.) Up, and betimes by water from the Tower, and called at the Old Swan for a glass of strong water, and sent word to have little Michell and his wife come, and dine with us to-day; and so, taking in a gentleman and his lady that wanted a boat, to Westminster. Our new Lord-keeper, Bridgeman, did this day, the first time, attend the King to chapel with his Seal. Sir H. Cholmly tells me there are hopes that the women also will have a rout, and particularly that my Lady Castlemaine is coming to a composition with the King to be gone; but how true this is, I know not. Blancford is made Privy-purse to the Duke of York; the Attorney-general[1] is made Chief Justice, in the room of my Lord Bridgman; the Solicitor-general[1] is made Attorney-general; and Sir Edward Turner made Solicitor-general.[1] It is pretty to see how strange every body looks, nobody knowing whence this arises; whether from my Lady Castlemaine, Bab. May, and their faction; or from the Duke of York, notwithstanding his great appearance of defence of the Chancellor; or from Sir William Coventry, and some few with him. But greater changes are yet expected. Spent all the afternoon, Pelling, Howe, and I, and my boy, singing of Lock's response to the Ten Commandments, which he hath set very finely, and was a good while since sung before the King, and spoiled in the performance, which occasioned his printing them for his vindication, and are excellent good.

2d. This day is kept in the City as a publick fast for the fire this day twelve months: but I was not at church, being commanded, with the rest, to attend the Duke of York; and, therefore, with Sir J. Minnes to St. James's, where we had much business before the Duke of York, and observed all things to be very kind between the Duke of York and Sir W. Coventry; which did mightily joy me. When we had done, Sir W. Coventry called me down with him to his chamber, and there told me that he is leaving the Duke of York's service, which I was amazed at. But he tells me that it is not with the least unkindness on the Duke of York's side, though he expects, and I told him he was in the right, it will be interpreted otherwise, because done just at this time; "but," says he, "I did desire it a good while since, and the Duke of York did, with much entreaty, grant it, desiring that I would say nothing of it, that he might have time and liberty to choose his successor, without being importuned for others whom he should not like:" and that he hath chosen Mr. Wren, which I am glad of, he being a very ingenious man; and so Sir W. Coventry says of him, though he knows him little; but particularly commends him for the book he writ in answer to "Harrington's Oceana,"[2] which, for that reason, I intend to buy. He tells me the true reason is, that he, being a man not willing to undertake more business than he can go through, and being desirous to have his whole time to spend upon the business of the Treasury, and a little for his own ease, he did desire this of the Duke of York. He assures me that the kindness with which he goes away from the Duke of York is one of the greatest joys that ever he had in the world. I used some freedom with him, telling him how the world hath discoursed of his having offended the Duke of York, about the late business of the Chancellor. He does not deny it, but says that perhaps the Duke of York might have some reason for it, he opposing him in a thing wherein he was so earnest: but tells me, that, notwithstanding all that, the Duke of York does not now, nor can blame him; for he was the man that did propose the removal of the Chancellor; and that he did still persist in it, and at this day publickly owns it, and is glad of it: but that the Duke of York knows that he did first speak of it to the Duke of York, before he spoke to any mortal creature besides, which was fair dealing: and the Duke of York was then of the same mind with him, and did speak of it to the King; though since, for reasons best known to himself, he afterwards altered. I did then desire to know what was the great matter that grounded his desire of the Chancellor's removal? He told me many things not fit to be spoken, and yet not any thing of his being unfaithful to the King; but, *instar omnium*, he told me, that while he was so great at the Council-board, and in the administration of matters, there was no room for any body to propose any remedy to what was amiss, or to compass any thing, though never so good, for the kingdom, unless approved of by the Chancellor, he managing all things with that greatness which now will be removed, that the King may have the benefit of others' advice. I then told him that the world hath an opinion that he hath joined himself with my Lady Castlemaine's faction: but in this business, he told me, he cannot help it, but says they are in an errour: for he will never, while he lives, truckle under any body or any faction, but do just as his own reason and judgment directs; and, when he cannot use that freedom, he will have nothing to do in public affairs: but then he added that he never was the man that ever had any discourse with my Lady Castlemaine, or with others from her, about this or any public business, or ever made her a visit, or at least not this twelvemonth, or been in her lodgings but when called on any business to attend the King there, nor hath had any thing to do in knowing her mind in this business. He ended all with telling me that he knows that he that serves a prince must expect, and be contented to stand, all fortunes, and be provided to retreat; and that he is most willing to do whatever the King shall please. And so we parted, he setting me down out of his coach at Charing Cross, and desired me to tell Sir W. Pen what he had told me of his leaving the Duke of York's service, that his friends might not be the last that know it. I took a coach and went homewards; but then turned again, and to White Hall, where I met with many people; and, among other things, do learn that there is some fear that Mr. Brouncker is got into the King's favour, and will be cherished there: which will breed ill will between the King and Duke of York, he lodging at this time in White Hall since he was put away from the Duke of York; and he is great with Bab. May, my Lady Castlemaine, and that wicked crew. But I find this denied by Sir G. Carteret, who tells me that he is sure he hath no kindness from the King; that the King at first, indeed, did endeavour to persuade the Duke of York from putting him away; but when, besides this business of his ill words concerning his Majesty in the business of the Chancellor, he told him that he hath had, a long time, a mind to put him away for his ill offices, done between him and his wife, the King held his peace, and said no more, but wished him to do what he pleased with him; which was very noble. I met with Fenn; and he tells me, as I do hear from some others, that the business of the Chancellor's had proceeded from something of a mistake, for the Duke of York did first tell the King that the Chancellor had a desire to be eased of his great trouble; and that the King, when the Chancellor came to him, did wonder to hear him deny it, and the Duke of York was forced to deny to the King that ever he did tell him so in those terms: but the King did answer that he was sure that he did say some such things to him; but, however, since it had gone so far, did desire him to be contented with it, as a thing very convenient for him as well as for himself, the King: and so matters proceeded, as we find. Now it is likely the Chancellor might, some time or other, in a compliment or vanity, say to the Duke of York, that he was weary of this burden, and I know not what; and this comes of it. Some people, and myself among them, are of good hope from this change that things are reforming; but there are others that do think it is a hit of chance, as all other our greatest matters are, and that there is no general plot or contrivance in any number of people what to do next, though, I believe, Sir W. Coventry may in himself have further designs; and so that, though other changes may come, yet they shall be accidental, and laid upon [no] good principles of doing good. Mr. May[1] showed me the King's new buildings, in order to their having of some old sails for the closing of the windows this winter. I dined with Sir G. Carteret, with whom dined Mr. Jack Ashburnham and Dr. Creeton, who I observe to be a most good man and scholar. In discourse at dinner concerning the change of men's humours and fashions touching meats, Mr. Ashburnham told us, that he remembers since the only fruit in request, and eaten by the King and Queen at table as the best fruit, was the Catharine payre,[2] though they knew at the time other fruits of France and our own country. After dinner comes in Mr. Townsend: and there I was witness of a horrid rateing, which Mr. Ashburnham, as one of the Grooms of the King's Bedchamber, did give him for want of linen for the King's person; which he swore was not to be endured, and that the King would not endure it, and that the King, his father, would have hanged his Wardrobe-man should he have been served so; the King having at this day no hankerchers, and but three bands to his neck, he swore. Mr. Townsend pleaded want of money and the owing of the linen-draper £5000; and that he hath of late got many rich things made—beds, and sheets, and saddles, without money, and that he can go no further: but still this old man, indeed, like an old loving servant, did cry out for the King's person to be neglected. But, when he was gone, Townsend told me that it is the grooms taking away the King's linen at the quarter's end, as their fee, which makes this great want: for, whether the King can get it or no, they will run away at the quarter's end with what he hath had, let the King get more as he can. All the company gone, Sir G. Carteret and I to talk: and it is pretty to observe how already he says that he did always look upon the Chancellor indeed as his friend, though he never did do him any service at all, nor ever got any thing by him, nor was he a man apt, and that, I think, is true, to do any man any kindness of his own nature; though I do know that he was believed by all the world to be the greatest support of Sir G. Carteret with the King of any man in England: but so little is now made of it! He observes that my Lord Sandwich will lose a great friend in him; and I think so too, my Lord Hinchingbroke being about a match calculated purely out of respect to my Lord Chancellor's family.[3] By and by Sir G.

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[1] This was a false report; Bridgman continued to preside in the Common Pleas till May 23, 1668, when he was succeeded by Lord Chief Justice Vaughan, and neither of the other changes took place.

[2] See note, March 7, 1666, *ante*.

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[1] Hugh May.

[2] A small red fruit, yet common in the London markets.

[3] See April 29, 1667, *ante*.

Carteret, and Townsend, and I to consider of an answer to the Commissioners of the Treasury about my Lord Sandwich's profits in the Wardrobe; which seem, as we make them, to be very small, not £1000 a-year, but only the difference in measure at which he buys and delivers out to the King, and then 6*d.* in the pound from the tradesmen for what money he receives for him; but this, it is believed, these Commissioners will endeavour to take away. From him I went to see a great match at tennis, between Prince Rupert and one Captain Cooke against Bab. May and the elder Chichly; where the King was, and Court; and it seems they are the best players at tennis in the nation. But this puts me in mind of what I observed in the morning, that the King, playing at tennis, had a steele-yard carried to him; and I was told it was to weigh him after he had done playing; and at noon Mr. Ashburnham told me that it is only the King's curiosity, which he usually hath of weighing himself before and after his play, to see how much he loses in weight by playing: and this day he lost 4½lbs. I to Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen, and there discoursed of Sir W. Coventry's leaving the Duke of York, and Mr. Wren's succeeding him. They told me both seriously that they had long cut me out for Secretary to the Duke of York, if ever Sir W. Coventry left him; which agreeing with what I have heard from other hands heretofore, do make me not only think that something of that kind hath been thought on, but do comfort me to see that the world hath such an esteem of my qualities as to think me fit for any such thing: though I am glad, with all my heart, that I am not so; for it would never please me to be forced to the attendance that that would require, and leave my wife and family to themselves, as I must do in such a case; thinking myself now in the best place that ever man was in to please his own mind in, and, therefore, I will take care to preserve it.

3d. Attended the Duke of York about the list of ships that we propose to sell: and here there attended Mr. Wren the first time, who hath not yet, I think, received the Duke of York's seal and papers. At our coming hither, we found the Duke and Duchess all alone at dinner, methought melancholy; or else I thought so, from the late occasion of the Chancellor's fall, who, they say, however, takes it very contentedly.

4th. By coach to White Hall to the Council-chamber; and there met with Sir W. Coventry going in, who took me aside, and told me that he was just come from delivering up his seal and papers to Mr. Wren; and told me he must now take his leave of me as a naval man, but that he shall always bear respect to his friends there,[1] and particularly to myself, with great kindness; which I returned to him with thanks, and so, with much kindness, parted; and he into the Council. Sir Samuel Morland shewed me two orders upon the Exchequer, one of £600, and another of £400, for money assigned to him, which he would have me lend him money upon, and he would allow 12 per cent. I would not meddle with them, though they are very good, and I would, had I not so much money out already on public credit. But I see by this his condition: all trade will be bad. Staid and heard Alderman Barker's case of his being abused by the Council of Ireland, touching his lands there: all I observed there is the silliness of the King, playing with his dog all the while, and not minding the business; and what he said was mighty weak: but my Lord Keeper I observe to be a mighty able man. With my wife and W. Hewer to Bartholomew fayre, and there Polichinelli, where we saw Mrs. Clerke and all her crew; and so to a private house, and sent for a side of pig, and eat it at an acquaintance of W. Hewer's, where there was some learned physic and chymical books, and, among others, a natural "Herball"[2] very fine. To the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw "Mustapha;" which, the more I see, the more I like; and is a most admirable poem, and bravely acted; only both Betterton and Harris could not contain from laughing in the midst of a most serious part, from the ridiculous mistake of one of the men upon the stage; which I did not like.

5th. To the Duke of York's house, and there saw "Heraclius," which is a good play; but they did so spoil it with their laughing, and being all of them out, and with the noise they made within the theatre, that I was ashamed of it, and resolved not to come thither again a good while, believing that this neligence, which I never observed before, proceeds only from their want of company in the pit, that they have no care how they act. This morning I was told by Sir W. Batten that he do hear from Mr. Grey, who hath good intelligence, that our Queen is to go into a nunnery, there to spend her days; and that my Lady Castlemaine is going into France, and is to have a pension of £4000 a-year. This latter I do more believe than the other, it being very wise in her to do it, and save all she hath, besides easing the King and kingdom of a burden and reproach.

6th. To Westminster, and then into the Hall, and there bought

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[1] The officers of the Navy Board.

[2] Evidently a *Hortus siccus*.

"Guillim's Heraldry."[1] To Bartholomew fair, and there, it being very dirty, and now night, we saw a poor fellow, whose legs were tied behind his back, dance upon his hands with his breech above his head, and also dance upon his crutches, without any legs upon the ground to help him, which he did with that pain that I was sorry to see it, and did pity him and give him money after he had done. Then we to see a piece of clocke, work made by an Englishman—indeed, very good, wherein all the several states of man's age, to 100 years old, is shewn very pretty and solemne; and several other things more cheerful, and so we ended, and took a link, the women resolving to be dirty, and walked up and down to get a coach; and my wife, being a little before me, had like to be taken up by one, whom we saw to be Sam Hartlib. My wife had her vizard on: yet we cannot say that he meant any hurt; for it was just as she was by a coach-side, which he had, or had a mind to take up; and he asked her, "Madam, do you go in this coach?" but, as soon as he saw a man come to her, I know not whether he knows me, he departed away apace. By and by did get a coach, and so away home, and there to supper, and to bed.

7th. To the 'Change, and I to see the price of a copper cisterne for the table, which is very pretty, and they demand £6 or £7 for one; but I will have one. Bought a night-gown for my wife; cost but 24*s.*

8th. To St. James's; but there I find Sir W. Coventry gone from his chamber, and Mr. Wren not yet come thither. With my Lord Brouncker, and he told me, in discourse, how that, though it is true that Sir W. Coventry did long since propose to the Duke of York the leaving his service, as being unable to fulfill it, as he should do, now he hath so much public business, and that the Duke of York did bid him to say nothing of it, but that he would take time to please himself in another to come in his place; yet the Duke, doing it at this time, declaring that he hath found out another, and this one of the Chancellor's servants, he cannot but think was done with some displeasure, and that it could not well be otherwise, that the Duke of York should keep one in that place, that had so eminently opposed him in the defence of his father-in-law, nor could the Duchess ever endure the sight of him, to be sure. But he thinks that the Duke of York and he are parted upon clear terms of friendship. Lord Brouncker says he do believe that my Lady Castlemaine is compounding with the King for a pension, and to leave the Court; but that her demands are mighty high: but he believes the King is resolved. and so do every body else I speak with, to do all possible to please the Parliament; and he do declare that he will deliver every body up to give an account of their actions: and that last Friday, it seems, there was an Act of Council passed, to put out all Papists in office, and to keep out any from coming in. I went to the King's Chapel to the closet, and there I heard Cresset[1] sing a tenor part along with the Church musick very handsomely, but so loud that people did laugh at him, as a thing done for ostentation. Here I met Sir G. Downing, who would speak with me, and first to inquire what I paid for my kid's leather gloves I had on my hand, and shewed me others on his, as handsome as this in all points, cost him but 12*d.* a pair, and mine me 2*s.* He told me he had been seven years finding out a man that could dress English sheepskin as it should be—and, indeed, it is now as good, in all respects, as kid, and he says will save £100,000 a year, that goes out to France for kid's skins. Thus he labours very worthily to advance our own trade, but do it with mighty vanity and talking. But then he told me of our base condition, in the treaty with Holland and France, about our prisoners, that whereas before we did clear one another's prisoners, man for man, and we upon the publication of the peace, did release all our's, 300 at Leith, and others in other places for nothing, the Dutch do keep their's, and will not discharge them without paying their debts according to the Treaty. That his instruments in Holland, writing to our Embassadors about this to Bredah, they answer them that they do not know of any thing that they have done therein, but left it just as it was before. To which, when they answer, that by the treaty their Lordships had not bound our countrymen to pay their debts in prison, they answer they cannot help it, and we must get them off as cheap as we can. On this score, they demand £1100 for Sir G. Ascue, and £5000 for the one province of Zealand, for the prisoners that we have therein. He says that this is a piece of shame that never any nation committed, and that our very Lords here of the Council, when he related this matter to them, did not remember that they had agreed to this article; and swears that all their articles are alike, as the giving away Polleron, and Surinam, and Nova Scotia, which hath a river 300 miles up the country, with copper mines more than Swedeland, and Newcastle coals,[1] the only place in America that hath coals that we know of; and that Cromwell did value those places, and would for ever have made much of them; but we have given them away for nothing, besides a debt to the King of Denmarke. But, which is most of all, they have discharged those very particular demands of merchants of the Guinny company and others, which he, when he was there, had adjusted with the Dutch, and come to an agreement in writing, and they undertaken to satisfy, and that this was done in black and white under their hands; and yet we have forgiven all these, and not so much as sent to Sir G. Downing to know what he had done, or to confer with him about any one point of the treaty, but signed to what they would have, and we here signed to whatever in grosse was brought over by Mr. Coventry. And Sir G. Downing tells me, just in these words, "My Lord Chancellor had a mind to keep himself from being questioned by clapping up a peace upon any terms." When I answered that there was other privy-counsellors to be advised with besides him, and that, therefore, this whole peace could not be laid to his charge, he answered that nobody durst say any thing at the council-table but himself, and that the King was as much afraid of saying any thing there as the meanest privy-councillor; and says more, that at this day the King, in familiar talk, do call the Chancellor "the insolent man," and says that he would not let him speak himself in Council: which is very high, and do show that the Chancellor is like to be in a bad state, unless he can defend himself better than people think. And yet Creed tells me that he do hear that my Lord Cornbury[2] do say that his father do long for the coming of the Parliament, in order to his own vindication, more than any one of his enemies. And here it comes into my head to set down what Mr. Rawlinson, whom I met in Fenchurch Street on Friday last, looking over his ruines there, told me, that he was told by one of my Lord

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[1] The real author of this esteemed book was John Barkham, who, being a grave divine, gave the manuscript to John Guillim, in whose name it was published. It first appeared in 1610, and has often been reprinted with additions. Scott well represents the use made of it in many families, when he says old Sir Hildebrand Osbaldiston took up Guillim for Sunday reading.

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[1] This was most likely Francis Cresset, a Shropshire gentleman, whose father and brother had fallen in the King's service during the Civil War, and he was on that account strongly recommended to Charles II., at the Restoration.—Kennet's *Register.*

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[1] The eastern portion of Nova Scotia is rich in minerals. Coal has been discovered at least in ten places between the Isthmus of Chignecto and Merigomish, and the great coal-field of Picton occupies an area of more than one hundred square miles. Iron ore abounds in the same district, as well as in the vicinity of the Annapolis Basin. Indications of copper and lead occur along the Northumberland Strait.

[2] Henry Hyde, afterwards second Earl of Clarendon.

Chancellor's gentlemen lately, that a grant coming to him to be sealed, wherein the King hath given my Lady Castlemaine, or somebody by her means, a place which he did not like well of, he did stop the grant; saying, that he thought this woman would sell every thing shortly: which she, hearing of, she sent to let him know that she had disposed of this place, and did not doubt, in a little time, to dispose of his. To White Hall, and saw the King and Queen at dinner; and observed, which I never did before, the formality, but it is but a formality, of putting a bit of bread wiped upon each dish into the mouth of every man that brings a dish;[1] but it should be in the sauce. Here were some Russes come to see the King at dinner: among others, the interpreter, a comely Englishman, in the Envoy's own clothes; which the Envoy, it seems, in vanity did send to show his fine clothes upon this man's back, he being one, it seems, of a comelier presence than himself: and yet it is said that none of their clothes are their own, but taken out of the King's own Wardrobe; and which they dare not bring back dirty or spotted, but clean, or are in danger of being beaten, as they say: insomuch that, Sir Charles Cotterell[2] says, when they are to have an audience they never venture to put on their clothes till he appears to come to fetch them; and, as soon as ever they come home, put them off again. I to Sir G. Carteret's to dinner; where Mr. Cofferer Ashburnham; who told a good story of a prisoner's being condemned at Salisbury for a small matter. While he was on the bench with his father-in-law, Judge Richardson,[3] and while they were considering to transport him to save his life, the fellow flung a great stone at the Judge, that missed him, but broke through the wainscoat. Upon this, he had his hand cut off, and was hanged presently.[4]

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[1] A vestige of the old custom of tasting, or assay.

[2] Master of the ceremonies from 1641 to 1686, when he resigned in favour of his son.

[3] Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Beaumont, widow of Sir John Ashburnham, and mother of John Ashburnham and William Ashburnham, the Cofferer, remarried Sir Thomas Richardson, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. She was, in 1629, created Baroness Cramond, in Scotland, for her life only, *with remainder to the heirs male of her second husband by a former wife.* No reason is assigned for this strange limitation of the patent.

[4] This anecdote is confirmed in Chief Justice Treby's *Notes to Dyer's Reports*, folio edition, p. 188, b. " Richardson, Ch. Just. de C. Banc. al Assises at Salisbury, in summer 1631, fuit assault per prisoner la condemne pur felony; que puis son condemnation ject un brickbat a le dit Justice, qui narrowly mist; et pur ceo immediately fuit indictment drawn, per Noy [the Attorney General], envers le prisoner, et son dexter manus ampute, and fix at gibbet, sur que luy meme immediatement hange in

Here was a gentleman, one Sheres, one come lately from my Lord Sandwich, with an express; but, Lord! I was almost ashamed to see him, lest he should know that I have not yet wrote one letter to my Lord since his going.

9th. After dinner, Creed and I and my wife to the Bear-Garden, to see a prize fought there. To White Hall; and here do hear, by Tom Killigrew and Mr. Progers, that for certain news is come of Harman's having spoiled nineteen of twenty-two French ships, somewhere about the Barbadoes, I think they said; but wherever it is, it is a good service, and very welcome. I fell in talk with Tom Killigrew about musick, and he tells me that he will bring me to the best musick in England, of which, indeed, he is master, and that is two Italians and Mrs. Yates, who, he says, is come to sing the Italian manner as well as ever he heard any: he says that Knipp won't take pains enough, but that she understands her part so well upon the stage, that no man nor woman in the House do the like. To the Bear-Garden, where now the yard was full of people, and those most of them seamen, striving by force to get in, that I was afraid to be seen among them, but got into the ale-house, and so by a back way was put into the bull-house, where I stood a good while all alone among the bulls, and was afraid I was among the bears, too; but by and by the door opened. I got into the common pit; and there, with my cloak about my face, I stood and saw the prize fought, till one of them, a shoemaker, was so cut in both his wrists that he could not fight any longer, and then they broke off: his enemy was a butcher. The sport very good, and various humours to be seen among the rabble that is there. To Sir W. Batten's, to invite them to dinner on Wednesday next, having a whole buck come from Hampton Court, by the warrant which Sir Stephen Fox did give me.

10th. At the Office, where little to do but bemoan ourselves under the want of money; and indeed little is, or can be done, we having not now received one penny for any service in many weeks, and none in view, saving for paying of some seamen's wages. To St. James's, where we all met, and did our usual weekly business with the Duke of York. But, Lord! methinks both he and we are mighty flat and dull to what we

presence de Court." The Chief Justice happened to be leaning low on his elbow when the stone was thrown; so it flew too high, and only took off his hat. Soon after, some friends, congratulating him on his escape, he replied (as his fashion was to make a jest of everything), "If I had been an upright Judge, I had been slain."—Thoms's *Anecdotes and Traditions.*

used to be, when Sir W. Coventry was among us. Met Mr. Povy; and he and I to walk an hour or more in the Pell Mell, talking of the times. He tells me, among other things, that this business of the Chancellor do breed a kind of inward distance between the King and the Duke of York, and that it cannot be avoided; for though the latter did at first move it through his folly, yet he is made to see that he is wounded by it, and is become much a less man than he was, and so will be: but he tells me that they are, and have always been, great dissemblers one towards another; and that their parting heretofore in France[1] is never to be thoroughly reconciled between them. He tells me that he believes there is no such thing likely to be, as a composition with my Lady Castlemaine, and that she shall be got out of the way before the Parliament comes; for he says she is as high as ever she was, though he believes the King is as weary of her as is possible, and would give anything to remove her, but he is so weak in his passion that he dare not do it; that he do believe that my Lord Chancellor will be doing some acts in the Parliament which shall render him popular; and that there are many people now do speak kindly of him that did not before; but that, if he do do this, it must provoke the King, and that party that removed him. He seems to doubt what the King of France will do, in case an accommodation shall be made between Spain and him for Flanders, for then he will have nothing more easy to do with his army than to subdue us.

11th. Up, and with Mr. Gauden to the Exchequer. By the way, he tells me this day he is to be answered whether he must hold Sheriff or no; for he would not hold unless he may keep it at his office, which is out of the city, and so my Lord Mayor must come with his sword down, whenever he comes thither, which he do, because he cannot get a house fit for him in the city, or else he will fine for it. Among others that they have in nomination for Sheriff, one is little Chaplin,[2] who was his servant, and a very young man to undergo that place: but as the city is now, there is no great honour nor joy to be had, in being a public officer. Come to dine with me Sir W. Batten and his lady, and Mr. Griffith, their ward, and Sir W. Pen and his lady, and Mrs. Lowther, who is grown, either through pride or want of manners, a fool, having not a word to say; and, as a further mark of a beggarly, proud fool, hath a bracelet of diamonds and rubies about her wrist, and a sixpenny necklace about her neck, and not one good rag of clothes upon her back; and Sir John Chichly in their company, and Mrs. Turner. Here I had an extraordinary good and handsome dinner for them, better than any of them deserve or understand, saving Sir John Chichly and Mrs. Turner, and not much mirth, only what I by discourse made, and that against my genius. To the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw part of "The Ungratefull Lovers;"[1] and sat by Beck Marshall, whose hand is very handsome. Here came Mr. Moore, and sat and discoursed with me of public matters: the sum of which is, that he do doubt that there is more at the bottom than the removal of the Chancellor; that is, he do verily believe that the King do resolve to declare the Duke of Monmouth legitimate, and that we shall soon see it. This I do not think the Duke of York will endure without blows; but his poverty, and being lessened by having the Chancellor fallen and Sir W. Coventry gone from him, will disable him from being able to do anything almost, he being himself almost lost in the esteem of people; and will be more and more, unless my Lord Chancellor, who is already begun to be pitied by some people, and to be better thought of than was expected, do recover himself in Parliament. He do say that, that is very true, that my Lord Chancellor did lately make some stop of some grants of £2000 a-year to my Lord Grandison,[2] which was only in his name, for the use of my Lady Castlemaine's children; and that this did incense her, and she did speak very scornful words, and sent a scornful message to him about it.

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[1] In 1652. See an account of it in Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, book xiii., and of Sir John Berkeley's part in the matter, to which he is said to have owed his peerage.

[2] Francis Chaplin, cloth-worker, son of Robert Chaplin, of Bury St. Edmond's: Sheriff of London in 1668, knighted and Lord Mayor in 1678.

12th. To the Exchequer for some tallies for Tangier; and that being done, to the Dog taverne, and there I spent half a piece upon the clerks. To the Duke's house, where "Tu Quoque"[3] was the first time acted, with some alterations of Sir W. Davenant's; but the play is a very silly play, methinks;

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[1] "The Ungrateful Lovers" is an odd title; nor has a play of that name been traced. Is it a mistake for Davenant's "Unfortunate Lovers"?

[2] George Villiers, fourth Viscount Grandison, and younger brother of Lady Castlemaine's father, who had died without issue male.

[3] This play, which was called "Greene's Tu Quoque," on account of the celebrity of the actor Thomas Greene in the part of Bubble, was written by John Cooke, and first printed in 1614, having been published by the well-known dramatist Thomas Heywood. It was afterwards known as "The City Gallant," the second title being made the first: it is reprinted in all the editions of Dodsley's *Old Plays*.

for I, and others that sat by me, Mr. Povy and Mr. Progers, were weary of it; but it will please the citizens.

13th. Called up by people come to deliver in ten chaldron of coals, brought in one of our prizes from Newcastle. The rest we intend to sell, we having above ten chaldron between us. They sell at about 28*s.* or 29*s.* per chaldron: but Sir W. Batten hath sworn that he was a cuckold that sells under 30*s.*, and that makes us lay up all but what we have for our own spending, which is very pleasant; for I believe we shall be glad to sell them for less.

14th. The King and Duke of York and the whole Court is mighty joyful at the Duchess of York's being brought to bed this day, or yesterday, of a son;[1] which will settle men's minds mightily. And Pierce tells me that he do think that what the King do, of giving the Duke of Monmouth the command of his Guards, and giving my Lord Gerard £12,000 for it, merely to find an employment for him upon which he may live, and not out of any design to bring him into any title to the Crowne; which Mr. Moore did the other day put me into great fear of. To the King's playhouse to see "The Northerne Castle," which I think I never did see before. Knipp acted in it, and did her part very extraordinary well; but the play is but a mean, sorry play; but the house very full of gallants. It seems, it hath not been acted a good while.

15th. (Lord's day.) To church, where I stood, in continual fear of Mrs. Markham's coming, and offering to come into our pew, to prevent which, soon as ever I heard the great door open, I did step back, and clap my breech to our pew-door, that she might be forced to shove me to come in; but as God would have it, she did not come. Mr. Mills preached, and after sermon, by invitation, he and his wife come to dine with me, which is the first time they have been in my house, I think, these five years, I thinking it not amiss, because of their acquaintance in our country, to shew them some respect. Mr. Turner and his wife, and their son the Captain, dined with me, and I had a very good dinner for them, and very merry, and after dinner, Mr. Mills was forced to go, though it rained, to Stepney, to preach. We also to church, and then home, and there comes Mr. Pelling, with two men,[2] by promise, one Wallington and Piggott, the former whereof, being a very little fellow, did sing a most excellent bass, and yet a poor fellow, a working goldsmith, that goes without gloves to his hands. Here we sung several good things. They supped with me, and so broke up.

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[1] Edgar, created Duke of Cambridge, the third of James's sons who had borne that title.

[2] These three persons were members of the late Music Society in the old Jewry, to whom Playford dedicated his "Catch that Catch can; or the Metrical Companion." Some of Wallington's compositions are in that work,

16th. Sir H. Cholmly was with me a good while; who tells me that the Duke of York's child is christened, the Duke of Albemarle and the Marquis of Worcester[1] godfathers, and my Lady Suffolke godmother; and they have named it Edgar, which is a brave name. But it seems they are more joyful in the Chancellor's family, at the birth of this Prince, than in wisdom they should, for fear it should give the King cause of jealousy. Sir H. Cholmly thinks there may possibly be some persons that would be glad to have the Queen removed to some monastery, or somewhere or other, to make room for a new wife; for they will all be unsafe under the Duke of York. He says the King and Parliament will agree; that is, that the King will do anything that they will have him. At the New Exchange,[2] I staid reading Mrs. Phillip's poems till my wife and Mercer called me to Mrs. Pierce's, by invitation to dinner, where I find her painted, which makes me loathe her, and the nastiest poor dinner that made me sick. Here I met with "a Fourth Advice[3] to the Painter upon the coming in of the Dutch to the River and end of the war," that made my heart ake to read, it being too sharp, and so true. Here I also saw a printed account of the examinations taken, touching the burning of the City of London, showing the plot of the Papists therein; which, it seems, hath been ordered to be burnt by the hands of the common hangman, in Westminster Palace. My wife and Mercer and I away to the King's playhouse, to see "The Scornfull Lady;" but it being now three o'clock there was not one soul in the pit; whereupon, for shame, we could not go in, but, against our wills, went all to see "Tu Quoque" again, where there was pretty store of company. Here we saw Madam Morland,[4] who is grown mighty fat, but is very comely. But one of the best parts of our sport was a mighty pretty lady that sat behind us, that did laugh so heartily and constantly, that it

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and in a collection called "New Ayres and Dialogues, composed for Voices and Vyols." London, 1678, 8vo.

[1] Henry Somerset, third Marquis of Worcester, afterwards created Duke of Beaufort.

[2] At Herringman's. See 10th August, 1667, *ante*.

[3] See Jan. 20, 1666-7, *ante*.

[4] Sir Samuel Morland's first wife, Caroline Harsnet, buried in Westminster Abbey.

did me good to hear her. Thence to the King's house, upon a wager of mine with my wife, that there would be no acting there to-day, there being no company: so I went in and found a pretty good company there, and saw their dance at the end of the play.

17th. This evening Captain Cocke and Sir W. Batten did come to me, and sat, and drank a bottle of wine, and told me how Sir W. Pen hath got an order for the "Flying Greyhound" for himself, which is so false a thing, and the part of a knave, as nothing almost can be more. This vexed me; but I resolve to bring it before the Duke, and try a pull for it.

18th. I walked in the Exchange, which is now made pretty, by having windows and doors before all their shops, to keep out the cold.

19th. Comes my cozen, Kate Joyce, and an aunt of our's, Lettice, formerly Haynes, and now Howlett, come to town to see her friends, and also Sarah Kite, with her little boy in her armes. The child I like very well, and could wish it my own. My wife being all unready, did not appear. I made as much of them as I could such ordinary company; and yet my heart was glad to see them, though their condition was a little below my present state, to be familiar with. She tells me how the life-guard, which we thought a little while since was sent down into the country about some insurrection, was sent to Winchcombe,[1] to spoil the tobacco there, which, it seems, the people there do plant contrary to law, and have always done, and still been under force and danger of having it spoiled, as it hath been oftentimes, and yet they will continue to plant it. The place, she says, is a miserable poor place.

20th. I out to pay some debts; among others to the taverne at the end of Billiter Lane, where my design was to see the pretty mistress of the house, which I did, and indeed is, as I always thought, one of the modestest, prettiest, plain women that ever I saw. By coach to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Mad Couple,"[2] my wife having been at the same play with Jane, in the 18*d.* seat.

21st. The King, Duke of York, and the men of the Court, have been these four or five days a-hunting at Bagshot.

22d. (Lord's day.) At noon comes Mr. Sheres, whom I find a good, ingenious man, but do talk a little too much of his travels. He left my Lord Sandwich well, but in pain to be at home for want of money, which comes very hardly. I have indulged myself more in pleasure for these last two months than ever I did in my life before, since I came to be a person concerned in business; and I doubt, when I come to make up my accounts, I shall find it so by the expence.

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[1] Winchcombe St. Peter, a market-town in Gloucestershire. Tobacco was first cultivated in this parish, after its introduction into England, in 1583, and it proved a considerable source of profit to the inhabitants, till the trade was placed under restrictions.

[2] "All Mistaken; or A Mad Couple," a comedy by the Hon. James Howard.

23d. To Westminster, and there, among other things, bought the examinations of the businesses about the Fire of London, which is a book that Mrs. Pierce tells me hath been commanded to be burnt.[1] The examinations indeed are very plain. At my Lord Ashly's,[2] by invitation, to dine there: at table it is worth remembering that my Lord tells us that the House of Lords is the last appeal that a man can make, upon a point of interpretation of the law, and that therein they are above the Judges; and that he did assert this in the Lords' House upon the late occasion of the quarrel between my Lord Bristoll and the Chancellor, when the former did accuse the latter of treason, and the Judges did bring it in not to be treason: my Lord Ashly did declare that the judgement of the Judges was nothing in the presence of their Lordships, but only as far as they were the properest men to bring precedents; but not to interpret the law to their Lordships, but only the inducements of their persuasions: and this the Lords did concur in. Another pretty thing was my Lady Ashly's[3] speaking of the bad qualities of glass coaches; among others, the flying open of the doors upon any great shake: but another was, that my Lady Peterborough being in her glass-coach, with the glass up, and seeing a lady pass by in a coach whom she would salute, the glass was so clear, that she thought it had been open, and so ran her head through the glass! We were put into my Lord's room before he could come to us, and there had opportunity to look over his state of his accounts of the prizes; and there saw how bountiful the King hath been to several people: and hardly any man almost, Commander of the Navy of any note, but hath had some reward or other out of them; and many sums to the Privy-purse, but not so many, I see, as I thought there had been: but we could not look quite through it. But several Bed-chamber-men and people about the Court had good sums; and, among others, Sir John Minnes and Lord Brouncker have £200 a-piece for looking to the East India prizes, while I did their work for them. By and by my Lord came, and we did look over Yeabsly's business a little; and I find how prettily this cunning Lord can be partial and dissemble it in this case, being privy to the bribe he is to receive. With Sir H. Cholmly to Westminster; who by the way told me how merry the King and Duke of York and Court were the other day, when they were abroad a-hunting. They came to Sir G. Carteret's house at Cranbourne, and there were entertained, and all made drunk; and being all drunk, Armerer[1] did come to the King, and swore to him "by God, Sir," says he, "you are not so kind to the Duke of York of late as you used to be."—"Not I?" says the King. "Why so?"—"Why," says he, "if you are, let us drink his health."—"Why, let us," says the King. Then he fell on his knees and drank it; and having done, the King began to drink it. "Nay, Sir," says Armerer, "by God you must do it on your knees!" So he did, and then all the company: and having done it, all fell a-crying for joy, being all maudlin and kissing one another, the King the Duke of York, and the Duke of York the King: and in such a maudlin pickle as never people were: and so passed the day. But Sir H. Cholmly tells me, that the King hath this good luck, that the next day he hates to have any body mention what he had done the day before, nor will suffer any body to gain upon him that way; which is a good quality. By and by comes Captain Cocke about business; who tells me that Mr. Brouncker is lost for ever, notwithstanding my Lord Brouncker hath advised with him, Cocke, how he might make a peace with the Duke of York and Chancellor, upon promise of serving him in the Parliament: but Cocke says that is base to offer, and will have no success there. He says that Mr. Wren hath refused a present of Tom Wilson's for his place of Store-keeper at Chatham, and is resolved never to take any thing; which is both wise in him, and good to the King's service.

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[1] The tract alluded to was called "a true and faithful account of the several informations exhibited to the Honourable Committee appointed by the Parliament to enquire into the late dreadful burning of the City of London," 1667: reprinted in the *Antiquarian Repertory*, vol. i., p. 123.

[2] Lord Ashley resided in Aldersgate Street.

[3] Margaret, daughter of William, Lord Spencer of Wormleighton, was third wife of Lord Ashley, according to Collins; but second according to Dugdale.

24th. To the Office, where all the morning very busy. Home, where there dined with me Anthony Joyce and his wife, and Will and his wife, and my aunt Lettice, that was here the other day, and Sarah Kite, and I had a good dinner for them, and were as merry as I could be in that company where W. Joyce is, who is still the same impertinent fellow that ever he was. After dinner to St. James's, where we had an audience of the Duke of York of many things of weight, about which we stayed till past candle-light, and so Sir W. Batten and W. Pen and I fain to go in a hackney-coach all round by London Wall, for fear of cellars. We tired one coach upon Holborne-Conduit Hill, and got another, and made it a long journey home. My wife tells me that W. Batelier hath been here to-day, and brought with him the pretty girl he speaks of, to come to serve my wife as a woman, out of the school at Bow. My wife says she is extraordinary handsome, and inclines to have her, and I am glad of it—at least, that if we must have one, she should be handsome. But I shall leave it wholly to my wife, to do what she will therein.

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[1] Sir William Armorer, equerry to the King.

25th. With Sir H. Cholmly, who came to me about his business to Whitehall: and thither came also my Lord Brouncker: and we by and by called in, and our paper read; and much discourse thereon by Sir G. Carteret, my Lord Anglesey, Sir W. Coventry, and my Lord Ashly, and myself: but I could easily discern that they none of them understood the business; and the King at last ended it with saying lazily, "Why," says he, "after all this discourse, I now come to understand it; and that is, that there can nothing be done in this more than is possible," which was so silly as I never heard: "and therefore," says he, "I would have these gentlemen do as much as possible to hasten the Treasurer's accounts; and that is all." And so we broke up: and I confess I went away ashamed, to see how slightly things are advised upon there. Here I saw the Duke of Buckingham sit in Council again, where he was re-admitted, it seems, the last Council-day: and it is wonderful to see how this man is come again to his places, all of them, after the reproach and disgrace done him: so that things are done in a most foolish manner quite through. The Duke of Buckingham did second Sir W. Coventry in the advising the King that he would not concern himself in the evening or not evening any man's accounts, or anything else, wherein he had not the same satisfaction that would satisfy the Parliament; saying, that nothing would displease the Parliament more than to find him defending anything that is not right, nor justifiable to the utmost degree: but methought he spoke it but very poorly. After this, I walked up and down the Gallery till noon; and here I met with Bishop Fuller, who, to my great joy, is made, which I did not hear before, Bishop of Lincoln.[1] At noon I took coach, and to Sir G. Carteret's, in Lincoln's-

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[1] See 29th July, *ante*.

Inn-Fields, to the house that is my Lord's, which my Lord lets him have: and this is the first day of dining there. And there dined with him and his lady my Lord Privy-seale,[1] who is indeed a very sober man; who, among other talk, did mightily wonder at the reason of the growth of the credit of bankers, since it is so ordinary a thing for citizens to break, out of knavery. Upon this we had much discourse; and I observed therein, to the honour of this City, that I have not heard of one citizen of London broke in all this war, this plague, or this fire, and this coming up of the enemy among us; which he owned to be very considerable.[2] I to the King's playhouse, my eyes being so bad since last night's straining of them, that I am hardly able to see, besides the pain which I have in them. The play was a new play; and infinitely full: the King and all the Court almost there. It is "The Storme," a play of Fletcher's; which is but so-so, methinks; only there is a most admirable dance at the end, of the ladies, in a military manner, which indeed did please me mightily. So, it being a mighty wet day and night, I with much ado got a coach, and, with twenty stops which he made, I got him to carry me quite through, and paid dear for it, and so home, and then comes my wife home from the Duke of York's playhouse, where she hath been with my aunt and Kate Joyce.

26th. To my chamber, whither Jonas Moore[3] comes, and tells me the mighty use of Napier's bones;[4] so that I will have a pair presently. With my wife abroad to the King's playhouse, to show her yesterday's new play, which I like as I did yesterday, the principal thing extraordinary being the dance, which is very good.

27th. While I was busy at the Office, my wife sends for me to come home, and what was it but to see the pretty girl which she is taking to wait upon her: and though she seems not altogether so great a beauty as she had before told me, yet indeed she is mighty pretty; and so pretty, that I find I shall be too much pleased with it, and therefore could be contented as to my judgment, though not to my passion, that she might not come, lest I may be found too much minding her, to the discontent of my wife. She is to come next week. She seems, by her discourse, to be grave beyond her bigness and age, and exceeding well bred as to her deportment, having been a scholar in a school at Bow these seven or eight years. Creed and Sheres come and dined with me; and we had a great deal of pretty discourse of the ceremoniousness of the Spaniards, whose ceremonies are so many and so known, that, Sheres tells me, upon all occasions of joy or sorrow in a Grandee's family, my Lord Embassador is fain to send one with an *en hora buena*, if it be upon a marriage, or birth of a child, or a *pesa me*, if it be upon the death of a child, or so. And these ceremonies are so set, and the words of the compliment, that he hath been sent from my Lord, when he hath done no more than send in word to the Grandee that one was there from the Embassador; and he knowing what was his errand, that hath been enough, and he never spoke with him: nay, several Grandees having been to marry a daughter, have wrote letters to my Lord to give him notice, and out of the greatness of his wisdom to desire his advice, though people he never saw; and then my Lord he answers by commending the greatness of his discretion in making so good an alliance, etc., and so ends. He says that it is so far from dishonour to a man to give private revenge for an affront, that the contrary is a disgrace; they holding that he that receives an affront is not fit to appear in the sight of the world till he hath revenged himself; and therefore, that a gentleman there that receives an affront oftentimes never appears again in the world till he hath, by some private way or other, revenged himself: and that, on this account, several have followed their enemies privately to the Indys, thence to Italy, thence to France and back again, waiting for an opportunity to be revenged. He says my Lord was fain to keep a letter from the Duke of York to the Queen of Spain a great while in his hands, before he could think fit to deliver it, till he had learnt whether the Queen could receive it, it being directed to his cozen. He says that many ladies in Spain, after they are found to be with child, do never stir out of their beds or chambers till they are brought to bed: so ceremonious they are in that point also. He tells me of their wooing by serenades at the window, and that their friends do always make the match; but yet they have opportunities to meet at masse at church, and there they make love; that the Court there hath no dancing, nor visits at night to see the King or Queen, but is always just like a cloyster, nobody stirring in it: that my Lord Sandwich wears a beard now, turned up in the Spanish manner. But that which pleased me most indeed is, that the peace which he hath made with Spain is now printed here, and is acknowledged by all the merchants to be the best peace that ever England had with them: and it appears that the King thinks it so, for this is printed before the ratification is gone over; whereas that with France and Holland was not in a good while after, till copys came over of it in English out of Holland and France, that it was a reproach not to have it printed here. This I am mighty glad of; and is the first and only piece of good news, or thing fit to be owned, that this nation hath done several years. Anon comes Pelling, and he and I to Gray's-Inne Fields, thinking to have heard Mrs. Knight[1] sing at her lodgings, by a friend's means of his; but we come too late; so must try another time.

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[1] John, Lord Robarts: see Aug. 21, 1660.

[2] This remarkable fact is confirmed by Evelyn, in a letter to Sir Samuel Tuke, Sept. 27, 1666.

[3] See May 23, 1661, *ante*.

[4] Napier's bones, or rods, an instrument contrived by John Lord Napier, of Murcheston, for simplifying arithmetical operations, first described in his *Rabdologiæ seu Numerationes per virgulas, Libri duo.* Ed. 1617.

28th. All the morning at the Office, busy upon an Order of Council, wherein they are mightily at a loss what to advise about our discharging of seamen by ticket, there being no money to pay their wages before January. And this did move Mr. Wren at the table to-day to say, that he did believe that if ever there be occasion more to raise money, it will become here, as it is in Poland, that there are two treasurers—one for the King, and the other for the kingdom. Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, dropped in, who I feared did come to bespeak me to be godfather to his son, which I am unwilling now to be, having ended my liking to his wife, since I find she paints. After dinner comes Sir Fr. Hollis to me about business; and I with him by coach to the Temple, and there I 'light; all the way he telling me romantic lies of himself and his family, how they have been Parliament-men for Grimsby, he and his forefathers, this 140 years; and his father is now: and himself, at this day, stands for to be, with his father,[2] by the death of his fellow-burgess; and that he believes it will cost him as much as it did his predecessor, which was £300 in ale, and £52 in buttered ale;[3] which I believe is one of his devilish lies. To he Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw a piece of "Sir Martin Marrall," with great delight.

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[1] Mrs. Knight, a celebrated singer, and favourite of Charles II. There is in Waller's *Poems*, a song sung by her to the Queen on her birthday. In her portrait, engraved by Faber, after Kneller, she is represented in mourning, and in a devout posture, before a crucifix. There is a story that she was sent by Charles with overtures to Nell Gwynne; but that Lord Buckhurst would not resign her till the expenses which he had lavished upon her were repaid; and till he was promised the Earldom of Middlesex for his compliance.

[2] He succeeded Sir Henry Bellasis, who had been returned for Grimsby on the death of Sir Adrian Scrope, and who had been killed in a duel with Porter.

[3] "In the evening, the English take a certain beverage, which they call buttered ale, composed of sugar, cinnamon, butter, and beer brewed without

29th. (Lord's day.) Put off first my summer's silk suit, and put on a cloth one. Then to church. All the afternoon talking n my chamber with my wife, about my keeping a coach the next year, and doing some things to my house, which will cost money—that is, furnish our best chamber with tapestry, and other rooms with pictures. In the evening read good books—my wife to me; and I did even my kitchen accounts.

30th. To the Duke of York to Council, where the officers of the Navy did attend; and my Lord Ashly did move that an assignment for money on the Act might be put into the hands of the East India Company, or City of London, which he thought the seamen would believe. But this my Lord Anglesey did very handsomely oppose, and I think did carry it that it will not be: and it is indeed a mean thing that the King should so far own his own want of credit as to borrow their's in this manner. My Lord Anglesey told him that this was the way indeed to teach the Parliament to trust the King no more for the time to come, but to have a kingdom's Treasurer distinct from the King's. To Mrs. Martin's, to bespeak some inen, and drank, and away, having first promised my goddaughter a new coat—her first coat. So home, and there find our pretty girl Willet come, brought by Mr. Batelier, and she s very pretty, and so grave as I never saw a little thing in my ife. I wish my wife may use her well.

October 1st. To White Hall; and there in the Boarded Gallery did hear the musick with which the King is presented this night by Monsieur Grebus,[1] the master of his musick; both nstrumentall—I think twenty-four violins—and vocall; an English song upon Peace. But, God forgive me! I never was so little pleased with a concert of musick in my life. The manner of setting of words and repeating them out of order, and that with a number of voices, makes me sick, the whole design of vocall musick being lost by it. Here was a great press of people; but I did not see many pleased with it, only the instrumental musick he had brought by practice to play very just.

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hops."—Jorevin's "Description of England in the 17th century." (*Antiquarian Repertory*, vol. iv., p. 572.)

[1] Louis Grabut, or Grabu, a French composer, and Master of the King's band, whom Charles had the bad taste to prefer to Purcell. In 1685, Dryden's opera of Albion and Albanius was set to music by Grabut; but he piece did not succeed, and the favourers of the English school riumphed in its downfall.—Dryden's *Works*, vol. vii., p. 212.

2d. This morning come to me Mr. Gauden about business, with his gold chain about his neck, as being Sheriff of the City this year. To the New Exchange, and there met my wife and girl, and took them to the King's house to see "The Traytour," which still I like as a very good play, and thence, round by the wall, home, having drunk at the Cock ale-house, as I of late have used to do.

3d. I understand that Sir W. Batten is gone to bed on a sudden again this morning, being struck very ill. To St. James's, where Sir W. Coventry took me into the gallery, and walked with me an hour, discoursing of Navy business, and with much kindness to, and confidence in, me still; which I must endeavour to preserve, and will do; and, good man! all his care how to get the Navy paid off, and that all other things therein may go well. He gone, I thence to my Lady Peterborough, who sent for me; and with her an hour talking about her husband's pension, and how she hath got an order for its being paid again; though I believe, for all that order, it will hardly be; but of that I said nothing; but her design is to get it paid again: and how to raise money upon it, to clear it from the engagement which lies upon it to some citizens, who lent her husband money, without her knowledge, upon it, to vast loss. She intends to force them to take their money again, and release her husband of those hard terms. The woman is a very wise woman, and is very plain in telling me how her plate and jewels are at pawne for money, and how they are forced to live beyond their estate, and do get nothing by his being a courtier. The lady I pity, and her family. Took out my wife and Willet, thinking to have gone to a play, but both houses were begun, and so we to the 'Change, and thence to my tailor's, and there, the coachman desiring to go home to change his horses, we went with him into a nasty end of all St. Giles's, and there went into a nasty room, a chamber of his, where he hath a wife and child, and there staid, it growing dark, too, and I angry thereat, till he shifted his horses, and then home apace.

4th. To White Hall; and in the Robe-Chamber the Duke of York come to us, the officers of the Navy, and there did meet together about business, where Sir W. Coventry did recommend his Royal Highness, now the prizes were disposing, to remember Sir John Harman to the King for some bounty, and also for my Lady Minnes, which was very nobly done of him. Thence all of us to attend the Council, where we were anon called on, and there was a long hearing of Commissioner Pett, who was there, and there were the two Masters Attendant of Chatham called in, who did deny their having any order from Commissioner Pett about bringing up the great ships, which gives the lie to what he says; but, in general, I find him to be but a weak, silly man, and that is guilty of horrid neglect in this business all along. Here broke off without coming to any issue, but that there should be another hearing on Monday next. I to my Lord Crewe's to dinner; but he having dined, I took a very short leave, confessing I had not dined; and so to an ordinary hard by the Temple-gate, where I have heretofore been, and there dined—cost me 10*d.* And so to my Lord Ashly's; and thence to my Lord Crewe's, and there did stay with him an hour till almost night, discoursing about the ill state of my Lord Sandwich, that he can neither be got to be called home, nor money got to maintain him there;[1] which will ruin his family. And the truth is, he do almost deserve it, for by all relation he hath, in a little more than a year and half, spent £20,000 of the King's money, and the best part of £10,000 of his own; which is a most prodigious expence, more than ever Embassador spent there, and more than these Commissioners of the Treasury will or do allow. And they demand an account before they will give him any more money; which puts all his friends to a loss what to answer. But more money we must get him, or to be called home. I offer to speak to Sir W. Coventry about it; but my Lord will not advise to it, without consent of Sir G. Carteret. To see Sir W. Batten. He is asleep: and so I could not see him, but in an hour after, word is brought to me that he is so ill, that it is believed he cannot live till to-morrow, which troubles me and my wife mightily, partly out of kindness—he being a good neighbour—and partly because of the money he owes me, upon our bargain of the late prize.[2]

5th. Up, and to the office; and there all the morning; none but my Lord Anglesey and myself; but much surprized with the news of the death of Sir W. Batten, who died this morning, having been but two days sick. Sir W. Pen and I did despatch a letter this morning to Sir W. Coventry, to recommend Colonel Middleton, who we think a most honest and understanding man, and fit for that place. Sir G. Carteret did also come this morning, and walked with me in the garden; and concluded not to concern himself or have any advice made to Sir W. Coventry, in behalf of my Lord Sandwich's business: so I do rest satisfied, though I do think they are all mad, that they will judge Sir W. Coventry an enemy, when he is indeed no such man to any body, but is severe and just, as he ought to be, where he sees things ill done. To my Lord Crewe, and there met my Lord Hinchingbroke and Lady Jemimah, and there dined with them and my Lord, where pretty merry. To the King's house: and there, going in, met with Knipp, and she took us up into the tireing-rooms: and to the women's shift, where Nell was dressing herself, and was all unready, and is very pretty, prettier than I thought. And into the scene-room, and there sat down, and she gave us fruit: and here I read the questions to Knipp, while she answered me, through all her part of "Flora Figarys," which was acted to-day. But, Lord! to see how they were both painted would make a man mad, and did make me loath them; and what base company of men comes among them, and how lewdly they talk! and how poor the men are in clothes, and yet what a show they make on the stage by candle-light, is very observable. But to see how Nell cursed, for having so few people in the pit, was pretty; the other house carrying away all the people at the new play, and is said, now-a-days, to have generally most company, as being better players. By and by into the pit, and there saw the play, which is pretty good.

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[1] In Spain.

[2] See 14th August, *ante.*

6th. (Lord's day.) Up, and walked out with the boy to Smithfield to Cow Lane, to Lincolne's, and there spoke with him, and agreed upon the hour to-morrow, to set out towards Brampton; but vexed that he is not likely to go himself, but sends another for him. Here I took a hackney coach, and to White Hall, and there met Sir W. Coventry, and discoursed with him, and then with my Lord Brouncker, and many others, to end my matters in order to my going into the country to-morrow for five or six days, which I have not been now for above three years. Walked with Creed into the park a little, and at last went into the Queen's side, and there saw the King and Queen, and saw the ladies, in order to my hearing any news stirring to carry into the country, but met with none. Pelling tells us how old Mr. Batelier is dead last night, going to bed well, which I am mightily troubled for, he being a good man.

7th. Up betimes, in order to my journey this day, and did leave my chief care, and the key of my closet, with Mr. Hater, with directions what papers to secure, in case of fire or other accident; and so, about nine o'clock, I, and my wife, and Willet, set out in a coach I have hired, with four horses; and W. Hewer and Murford rode by us on horseback: and so my wife and she in their morning gowns, very handsome and pretty, and to my great liking. We set out, and so out at Allgate, and so to the Green Man, and so on to Enfield, in our way seeing Mr. Lowther and his lady in a coach, going to Walthamstow; and he told us that he would overtake us at night, he being to go that way. So we to Enfield, and there bayted, it being but a foul, bad day, and there Lowther and Mr. Burford, an acquaintance of his, did overtake us, and there drank and eat together; and, by and by, we parted, we going before them, and very merry, my wife and girl talking, and telling tales, and singing, and before night come to Bishop Stafford,[1] where Lowther and his friend did meet us again, and carried us to the Rayne-deere, where Mrs. Aynsworth,[2] who lived heretofore at Cambridge, and whom I knew better than they think for, do live. It was the woman that, among other things, was great with my cozen Barnston, of Cottenham, and did use to sing to him, and did teach me "Full forty times over," a very lewd song: a woman they are very well acquainted with, and is here what she was at Cambridge, and all the good fellows of the country come hither. Lowther and his friend staid and drank, and then went further this night; but here we stayed, and supped, and lodged. But, as soon as they were gone, and my supper getting ready, I fell to write my letter to my Lord Sandwich, which I could not finish before my coming from London, and a good letter, telling him the present state of all matters, and did get a man to promise to carry it to-morrow morning, to be there, at my house, by noon, and I paid him well for it; so, that being done, and my

[1] Stortford.

[2] Elizabeth Aynsworth, here mentioned, is said to have been a noted Procuress at Cambridge, banished from that town by the University authorities for her evil courses. She subsequently kept the Rein Deer Inn at Bishops Stortford, at which the Vice-Chancellor, and some of the Heads of Colleges, had occasion to sleep, in their way to London, and were nobly entertained, their supper being served off plate. The next morning their hostess refused to make any charge, saying, that she was still indebted to the Vice-Chancellor, who, by driving her out of Cambridge, had made her fortune. No tradition of this woman has been preserved at Bishops Stortford; but it appears, from the register of that parish, that she was buried there 26th March, 1686. It is recorded in the *History of Essex*, vol. iii., p. 130, 8vo., 1770, and in a pamphlet in the British Museum, entitled "Boteler's Case," that she was implicated in the murder of Captain Wood, a Hertfordshire gentleman, at Manuden, in Essex, and for which offence a person named Boteler was executed at Chelmsford, 10th Sept., 1667, and that Mrs. Aynsworth, tried at the same time as an accessory before the fact, was acquitted for want of evidence, though in her way to the jail she endeavoured to throw herself into the river but was prevented. See *post*, May 25, 1668.

mind at ease, we to supper, and so to bed, my wife and I in one bed, and the girl in another, in the same room, and lay very well, but there was so much tearing company in the house, that we could not see the landlady; so I had no opportunity of renewing my old acquaintance with her.

8th. Up pretty betimes, though not so soon as we intended, by reason of Murford's not rising, and then not knowing how to open our door, which, and some other pleasant simplicities of the fellow, did give occasion to us to call him Sir Martin Marrall,[1] and W. Hewer being his helper and counsellor, we did call him, all this journey, Mr. Warner, which did give us good occasion of mirth now and then. At last, rose, and up, and broke our fast, and then took coach, and away, and at Newport did call on Mr. Lowther, and he and his friend, and the master of the house, their friend, where they were, a gentleman, did presently get a-horseback, and went with us to Audley-End, and did go along with us all over the house and garden: and mighty merry we were. The house indeed do appear very fine, but not so fine as it hath heretofore to me; particularly the ceilings are not so good as I always took them to be, being nothing so well wrought as my Lord Chancellor's are; and though the figure of the house without be very extraordinary good, yet the stayre-case is exceeding poor; and a great many pictures, and not one good one in the house but one of Harry the Eighth, done by Holben;[2] and not one good suit of hangings in all the house, but all most ancient things, such as I would not give the hanging-up of in my house; and the other furniture, beds and other things, accordingly. Only the gallery is good, and, above all things, the cellars, where we went down and drank of much good liquor; and indeed the cellars are fine: and here my wife and I did sing to my great content. And then to the garden, and there eat many grapes, and took some with us: and so away thence, exceeding well satisfied, though not to that degree that, by my old esteem of the house, I ought and did expect to have done, the situation of it not pleasing me. Here we parted with Lowther and his friends, and away to Cambridge, it being foul, rainy weather, and there did take up at the Rose, for the sake of Mrs. Dorothy Drawwater, the vintner's daughter, which is mentioned in the play of Sir Martin Marrall. Here we had a good chamber, and bespoke a good supper; and then I took my wife, and W. Hewer, and Willet, it holding up a little, and shewed them Trinity College and St. John's library, and went to King's College Chapel, to see the outside of it only; and so to our inne, and with much pleasure did this, they walking in their pretty morning gowns, very handsome, and I proud to find myself in condition to do this; and so home to our lodging, and there, by and by, to supper, with much good sport, talking with the Drawers concerning matters of the town, and persons whom I remember, and so, after supper, to cards; and then to bed, lying, I in one bed, and my wife and girl in another, in the same room, and very merry talking together, and mightily pleased both of us with the girl. Saunders, the only voillin in my time, is, I hear, dead of the plague in the late plague there.

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[1] From the Duke of Newcastle's play.

[2] This portrait of Henry VIII., and many other pictures formerly at Audley End, passed into the hands of the Skeffington family; they were dispersed at the auction at Skeffington Hall, many years ago.—See Nichols's *Leicestershire.*

9th. Up, and got ready, and eat our breakfast; and then took coach: and the poor, as they did yesterday, did stand at the coach to have something given them, as they do to all great persons; and I did give them something: and the town musick did also come and play: but, Lord! what sad music they made! So through the town, and observed at our College of Magdalene the posts new painted, and understand that the Vice-Chancellor[1] is there this year. And so away for Huntingdon; and come to Brampton at about noon, and there find my father and sister and brother all well: and up and down to see the garden with my father, and the house, and do altogether find it very pretty; especially the little parlour and the summer-houses in the garden, only the wall do want greens upon it, and the house is too low-roofed; but that is only because of my coming from a house with higher ceilings. But altogether is very pretty; and I bless God that I am like to have such a pretty place to retire to. After dinner, I walked up to Hinchingbroke, where my Lady expected me; and there spent all the afternoon with her: the same most excellent, good, discreet lady that ever she was; and, among other things, is mightily pleased with the lady that is like to be her son Hinchingbroke's wife. By and by my wife comes with Willet, my wife in her velvett vest, which is mighty fine, and becomes her exceedingly. I am pleased with my Lady Paulina and Anne,[2] who both are grown very proper ladies, and handsome enough. But a thousand questions my Lady asked me, till she could think of no more almost, but walked up and down the house with me. But I do find, by my Lady, that they are reduced to great straits for money, having been forced to sell her plate, 8 or £900 worth; and she is now going to sell a suit of her best hangings, of which I could almost wish to buy a piece or two, if the pieces will be broke. But the house is most excellently furnished, and brave rooms and good pictures, so that it do please me infinitely beyond Audley End. Home, and there Mr. Shepley staid with us and supped. Supper done, we all to bed, only I a little troubled that my father tells me that he is troubled that my wife shows my sister no countenance, and him but very little, but is as a stranger in the house; and I do observe she do carry herself very high; but I perceive there was some great falling out when she was here last, but the reason I have no mind to enquire after, for vexing myself, being desirous to pass my time with as much mirth as I can while I am abroad. My wife and I in the high bed in our chamber, and Willet in the trundle bed,[1] which she desired to lie in, by us.

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[1] John Howarth, D.D., Prebendary of Peterborough.

[2] She became the wife of Sir Richard Edgecumbe, and by him had a son Richard, created an English baron in 1742. She married, secondly, the Hon. Christopher Montagu, elder brother of Charles, Lord Halifax.

10th. Up, to walk up and down in the garden with my father, to talk of all our concernments: about a husband for my sister, whereof there is at present no appearance; but we must endeavour to find her one now, for she grows old and ugly: then for my brother; and resolve he shall stay here this winter, and then I will either send him to Cambridge for a year, till I get him some church promotion, or send him to sea as a chaplain, where he may study, and earn his living. Then walked round about our Greene, to see whether, in case I cannot buy out my uncle Thomas and his son's right in this house, that I can buy another place as good thereabouts to build on, and I do not see that I can. But this, with new building, may be made an excellent pretty thing, and I resolve to look after it as soon as I can, and Goody Gorum dies. By coach round the towne of Brampton, to observe any other place as good as our's, and find none; and so back with great pleasure; and thence went all of us, my sister and brother and W. Hewer, to dinner to Hinchingbroke, where we had a good plain country dinner, but most kindly used; and here dined the Minister of Brampton and his wife, who is reported a very good, but poor man. Here I spent alone with my Lady, after dinner, the most of the afternoon, and anon the two twins[1] were sent for from school, at Mr. Taylor's, to come to see me, and I took them into the garden, and there, in one of the summer-houses, did examine them, and do find them so well advanced in their learning, that I am amazed at it: they repeating a whole ode without book out of Horace, and give me a very good account of any thing almost, and did make me very readily very good Latin, and did give me good account of their Greek grammar, beyond all possible expectation; and so grave and manly as I never saw, I confess, nor could have believed; so that they will be fit to go to Cambridge in two years at most. They are both little, but very like one another, and well-looked children. Took leave for a great while again, but with extraordinary kindness from my Lady, who looks upon me like one of her own family and interest. Thence I walked over the park with Mr. Shepley, and through the grove, which is mighty pretty, as is imaginable, and so over their drawbridge to Nun's Bridge,[2] and so to my father's, and there sat and drank, and talked a little, and then parted. And he being gone, and what company there was, my father and I with a dark lantern, it being now night, into the garden with my wife, and there went about our great work to dig up my gold. But, Lord! what a tosse I was for some time in, that they could not justly tell where it was; that I begun heartily to sweat, and be angry, that they should not agree better upon the place, and at last to fear that it was gone: but by and by poking with a spit, we found it, and then begun with a spudd to lift up the ground. But, good God! to see how sillily they did it, not half a foot under ground, and in the sight of the world from a hundred places, if any body by accident were near hand, and within sight of a neighbour's window: only my father says that he saw them all gone to church before he began the work, when he laid the money. But I was out of my wits almost, and the more from that, upon my lifting up the earth with the spudd, I did discern that I had scattered the pieces of gold round about the ground among the grass and loose earth; and taking up the iron head-pieces wherein they were put, I perceived the earth was got among the gold, and wet, so that the bags were all rotten, and all the notes, that I could not tell what in the world to say to it, not knowing how to judge what was wanting, or what had been lost by Gibson in his coming down: which, all put together, did make me mad; and at last I was forced to take up the head-pieces, dirt and all, and as many of the scattered pieces as I could with the dirt discern by candle-light, and carry them up into my brother's chamber, and there locke them up till I had eat a little supper: and then, all people going to bed, W. Hewer and I did all alone, with several pails of water and besoms, at last wash the dirt off of the pieces, and parted the pieces and the dirt, and then began to tell them by a note which I had of the value of the whole, in my pocket; and do find that there was short above a hundred pieces: which did make me mad; and considering that the neighbour's house was so near that we could not possibly speak one to another in the garden at that place where the gold lay—especially my father being deaf—but they must know what we had been doing, I feared that they might in the night come and gather some pieces and prevent us the next morning; so W. Hewer and I out again about midnight, for it was now grown so late, and there by candle-light did make shift to gather forty-five pieces more. And so in, and to cleanse them: and by this time it was past two in the morning; and so to bed, with my mind pretty quiet to think that I have recovered so many. I lay in the trundle-bed, the girl being gone to-bed to my wife, and there lay in some disquiet all night, telling of the clock till it was daylight.

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[1] A low bed, on small wheels, *trundled* under another in the daytime, and drawn out at night for a servant to sleep on.—Forby's *Vocabulary*.

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[1] The twins were the third and fourth sons of Lord Sandwich: Oliver Montagu, afterwards M.P. for Huntingdon, and in 1685 Solicitor-General to the Queen; he died unmarried in 1693: and John Montagu, made Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1683, and Dean of Durham, 1699, who also died a bachelor, in 1728–9.

[2] Nun's Bridge is still in existence, and known by that name. It is at the foot of Hinchingbrooke Hill, and adjoining to some old ponds, which belonged to the house when a nunnery.

11th. And then W. Hewer and I, with pails and a sieve, did lock ourselves into the garden, and there gather all the earth about the place into pails, and then sift those pails in one of the summer-houses, just as they do for dyamonds in other parts of the world; and there, to our great content, did by nine o'clock make the last night's forty-five up to seventy-nine: so that we are come to about twenty or thirty of what I think the true number should be; and perhaps within less; and of them I may reasonably think that Mr. Gibson might lose some: so that I am pretty well satisfied that my loss is not great, and do bless God that place is so well.[1] So do leave my father to make a second examination of the dirt; and my mind at rest in it, being but an accident: and so gives me some kind of content to remember how painful it is sometimes to keep money, as well as to get it, and how doubtful I was to keep it all night, and how to secure it to London: so got all my gold put up in bags. We to breakfast, and about ten o'clock took coach, my wife and I, and Willett, and W. Hewer, and Murford and Bowles, whom my Lady lent me to go along with me my journey, not telling her the reason, but it was only to secure my gold, and my brother John on horseback; and with these four I thought myself pretty safe. But, before we went out, the Huntingdon musick come to me and played, and it was better than that of Cambridge. Here I took leave of my father and did give my sister 20*s.* She cried at my going; but whether it was at her unwillingness for my going, or any unkindness of my wife's, or no, I know not; but, God forgive me! I take her to be so cunning and ill-natured, that I have no great love for her; but only [she] is my sister, and must be provided for. My gold I put into a basket, and sat under one of the seats; and so my work every quarter of an hour was to look to see whether all was well; and I did ride in great fear all the day. Mr. Shepley saw me beyond St. Neots, and there parted, and we straight to Stevenage, through Bald Lanes, which are already very bad; and at Stevenage we come well before night, and all sat, and there with great care I got the gold up to my chamber, my wife carrying one bag, and the girl another, and W. Hewer the rest in a basket, and set it all under a bed in our chamber, and then sat down to talk, and were very pleasant, satisfying myself, among other things, from John Bowles, in some terms of hunting, and about deere, bucks, and does. Brecocke alive still, and the best host I know almost.

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[1] About the year 1842, in removing the foundation of an old wall, adjoining a mansion at Brampton, always considered the quondam residence of the Pepys family, an iron pot, full of silver coins, was discovered, and taken to the Earl of Sandwich, the owner of the house, in whose possession they still remain. The pot was so much corroded, that a small piece of it only could be preserved. The coins were chiefly half-crowns of Elizabeth and the two elder Stuarts, and all of a date anterior to the Restoration.

12th. Up, and eat our breakfast, and set out about nine o'clock, and so to Barnett, where we baited. By five o'clock got home, where I find all well; and did bring my gold, to my heart's content, very safe, having not this day carried it in a basket, but in our hands: the girl took care of one, and my wife another bag, and I the rest, I being afraid of the bottom of the coach, lest it should break. At home we find that Sir W. Batten's body was to-day carried from hence, with a hundred or two of coaches, to Walthamstow, and there buried. The

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Although Pepys states that the treasure which he caused to be buried was gold exclusively, it is very probable that, in the confusion, a pot full of silver money was packed up with the rest; but, at all events, the coincidence appeared too singular to pass over without notice.

Parliament met on Thursday last, and adjourned to Monday next. The King did make them a very kind speech, promising them to leave all to them to do, and call to account what and whom they pleased; and declared by my Lord Keeper how many, thirty-six, actes he had done since he saw them: among others, disbanding the army, and putting all Papists out of employment, and displacing persons that had managed their business ill. The Parliament is mightily pleased with the King's speech, and voted giving him thanks for what he said and hath done; and, among other things, would by name thank him for displacing my Lord Chancellor, for which a great many did speak in the House, but it was opposed by some, and particularly Harry Coventry, who got that it should be put to a Committee to consider what particulars to mention in their thanks to the King, saying that it was too soon to give thanks for the displacing of a man, before they knew or had examined what was the cause of his displacing. And so it rested: but this do show that they are and will be very high: and Mr. Pierce do tell me that he fears, and do hear, that it hath been said among them, that they will move for the calling my Lord Sandwich home, to bring him to account; which do trouble me mightily; but I trust it will not be so. Anon comes home Sir W. Pen from the burial; and he says that Lady Batten and her children-in-law are all broke in pieces, and that there is but £800 found in the world, of money; and is in great doubt what we shall do towards the doing ourselves right with them, about the prize-money. With Sir W. Pen to my Lady Batten, whom I had not seen since she was a widow, which she took unkindly, but I did excuse it; and the house being full of company, and of several factions, she against the children, and they against one another and her, I away.

13th. (Lord's day.) To St. James's; and there to the Duke of York's chamber: and there he was dressing; and many Lords and Parliament-men come to kiss his hands, they being newly come to town. And there the Duke of York did of himself call me to him, and tell me that he had spoke to the King, and that the King had granted me the ship I asked for; and did, moreover, say that he was mightily pleased with my service, and that he would be willing to do any thing that was in his power for me: which he said with mighty kindness; which I did return him thanks for, and departed with mighty joy, more than I did expect. And so walked over the Park to White Hall, and then met Sir H. Cholmly, who walked with me, and told me most of the news I heard last night of the

Parliament; and thinks they will do all things very well, only hey will be revenged of my Lord Chancellor; and says, however, that he thinks there will be but two things proved on him; nd that one is, that he may have said to the King, and to thers, words to breed in the King an ill opinion of the Parliament—that they were factious, and that it was better to dissolve hem: and this, he thinks, they will be able to prove; but hat this will amount to, he knows not. And next, that he ath taken money for several bargains that have been made ith the Crown; and did instance one that is already complained f: but there are so many more involved in it, that, should hey unravel things of this sort, every body almost will be more r less concerned. But these are the two great points which e thinks they will insist on, and prove against him. Walked ith Sir W. Pen, and told him what the Duke of York told me o-day about the ship I begged; and he was knave enough, of is own accord, but, to be sure, in order to his own advantage, o offer me to send for the master of the vessel, "The Maybolt alliott," and bid him to get her furnished as for a long voyage, nd I to take no notice of it, that she might be the more worth o me: so that here he is a very knave to the King, and I oubt not his being the same to me on occasion. Evened ith W. Hewer for my expenses upon the road this last journey, nd do think that the whole journey will cost me little less than £18 or £20, one way or other; but I am well pleased with it.

14th. To Mr. Wren's; and he told me that my business was one about my warrant on the Maybolt Galliott; which I did ee, and thought it was not so full in the reciting of my services s the other was in that of Sir W. Pen's; yet I was well pleased ith it, and do intend to fetch it away anon. With Sir Thomas llen, in a little sorry coach that he hath set up of late, and Sir eremy Smith, to White Hall, and there hear that the House s this day again upon the business of giving the King the hanks of the House for his speech, and, among other things, or laying aside of my Lord Chancellor. To visit Sir G. arteret; and from him do understand that the King himself, ut this he told me as a great secret, is satisfied that these hanks which he expects from the House, for the laying aside f my Lord Chancellor, are a thing irregular; but, since it is ome into the House, he do think it necessary to carry it on, nd will have it, and hath made his mind known to be so, to ome of the House. But Sir G. Carteret do say he knows othing of what my Lord Brouncker told us to day, that the King was angry with the Duke of York yesterday, and advised him not to hinder what he had a mind to have done, touching this business; which is news very bad, if true. He tells me also that the King will have the thanks of the House go on: and commends my Lord Keeper's speech for all but what he was forced to say, about the reason of the King's sending away the House so soon the last time, when they were met. Walked with Mr. Scowen, who tells me that it is at last carried in the House that the thanks shall be given to the King—among other things, particularly for the removal of my Lord Chancellor; but he tells me that it is a strange act, and that which he thinks would never have been, but that the King did insist upon it, that, since it come into the House, it might not be let fall. To the Duke of York's House, and there went in for nothing into the pit, at the last act, to see Sir Martin Marall, and met my wife, who was there, and my brother, and W. Hewer and Willett, and carried them home, and there do find that John Bowles is not yet come thither. I suppose he is playing the good fellow in the town.

15th. My wife, and I, and Willett to the Duke of York's house, where, after long stay, the King and Duke of York come, and there saw "The Coffee-house,"[1] the most ridiculous, insipid play that ever I saw in my life, and glad we were that Betterton had no part in it. But here, before the play begun, my wife begun to complain to me of Willett's confidence in sitting cheek by jowl by us, which was a poor thing; but I perceive she is already jealous of my kindness to her, so that I begin to fear this girl is not likely to stay long with us.

16th. At home most of the morning with Sir H. Cholmly, about some accounts of his; and for news he tells me that the Commons and Lords have concurred, and delivered the King their thanks, among other things, for his removal of the Chancellor; who took their thanks very well, and, among other things, promised them, in these words, never, in any degree, to give the Chancellor any employment again. And he tells me that it is very true, he hath it from one that was by, that the King did give the Duke of York a sound reprimand; told him that he had lived with him with more kindness than ever any other King lived with a brother, and that he lived as much like a monarch as himself, but advised him not to cross him in his designs about the Chancellor; in which the Duke of York do very wisely acquiesce, and will be quiet as the King bade him, but presently commands all his friends to be silent in the business of the Chancellor, and they were so: but that the Chancellor hath done all that is possible to provoke the King, and to bring himself to lose his head by enraging of people. To White Hall, where the Duke of York is now newly come for this winter, and there did our usual business with him. To the Duke of York's house; and I was vexed to see Young, who is but a bad actor at best, act Macbeth, in the room of Betterton, who, poor man! is sick: but, Lord! what a prejudice it wrought in me against the whole play, and everybody else agreed in disliking this fellow. Thence home, and there find my wife gone home; because of this fellow's acting of the part, she went out of the house again.

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[1] Taruga's Wiles, or, The Coffee House. By Thomas St. Serfe; printed in 1668. See the Earl of Dorset's lines on this play, printed in his *Works*.

17th. Sent for, by my Lady Batten. I to her, and there she found fault with my not seeing her since her being a widow,[1] which I excuse as well as I could, though it is a fault, but it is my nature not to be forward in visits. But here she told me her condition, which is good enough, being sole executrix, to the disappointment of all her husband's children, and prayed my friendship about the accounts of the prizes, which I promised her. And here do see what creatures widows are in weeping for their husbands, and then presently leaving off; but I cannot wonder at it, the cares of the world taking place of all other passions. Mr. John Andrews and his wife come and dined with me, and pretty merry we were, only I out of humour the greatest part of the dinner, by reason that my people had forgot to get wine ready, I having none in the house, which I cannot say now these almost three years, I think, without having two or three sorts, by which we were fain to stay a great while, while some could be fetched. It was an odd, strange thing to observe of Mr. Andrews what a fancy he hath to raw meat, that he eats it with no pleasure unless the blood run about his chops, which it did now by a leg of mutton that was not above half boiled; but, it seems, at home all his meat is dressed so, and beef and all, and [he] eats it so at nights also. The Parliament run on mighty furiously, having yesterday been almost all the morning complaining against some high proceedings of my Lord Chief Justice Keeling, that the gentlemen of the country did complain against him in the House, and run very high. It is the man that did fall out with my cozen Roger Pepys,[2] once, at the Assizes there, and would have laid him by the heels; but, it seems, a very able lawyer.[1] This afternoon my Lord Anglesey tells us that the House of Commons have this morning run into the inquiry in many things; as, the sale of Dunkirke, the dividing of the fleete the last year, the business of the prizes with my Lord Sandwich, and many other things; so that now they begin to fall close upon it, and God knows what will be the end of it, but a Committee they have chosen to inquire into the miscarriages of the war.

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[1] He seems to have forgotten his visit on the 12th: see p. 362, *ante*.

[2] At the Cambridge Assizes held before Judge Kelynge, March 9, 1664, Roger Pepys, the Recorder, was bound over to his good behaviour for speaking slightly of Lord Chief Justice Hyde at the Town Sessions, on an

18th. To White Hall, and there attended the Duke of York; but first we find him to spend above an hour in private in his closet with W. Coventry; which I was glad to see, that there is so much confidence between them. By and by we were called in. The Duke of York considering that the King had a mind for Spragg to command the Rupert, which would not be well, by turning out Hubbert, who is a good man, said he did not know whether he did so well conforme, as at this time to please the people and Parliament. Sir W. Coventry answered, and the Duke of York merrily agreed to it, that it was very hard to know what it was that the Parliament would call conformity at this time. To several places to buy a hat, and books, and neckcloths, and several errands I did before I got home, and, among others, bought me two new pair of spectacles of Turlington, who, it seems, is famous for them; and his daughter, he being out of the way, do advise me two very young sights, and that that will help me most, and promises me great ease from them, and I will try them. I met Creed, and he tells me that Sir Robert Brookes is the man that did mention the business in Parliament yesterday about my Lord Sandwich, but that it was seconded by nobody, but that the matter will come before the Committee for miscarriages. To the King's house, and saw "Brenoralt," which is a good tragedy.

19th. Full of my desire of seeing my Lord Orrery's new play this afternoon at the King's house, "The Black Prince," the first time it is acted; where, though we came by two o'clock, yet there was no room in the pit, but were forced to go into one of the upper boxes, at 4*s.* a piece, which is the first time I ever sat in a box in my life. And in the same box came, by and by,

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appeal by Dr. Eade against a poor-rate. Cooper's *Cambridge Annals*, vol. iii., p. 516. See *postea*, 13th Dec., 1667.

[1] To Keeling was entrusted the drawing up of the Act of Uniformity—Burnet, *Own Time*, vol. i., p. 316. No record of the "high proceedings," referred to by Pepys, is to be found in the Parliamentary History.

behind me, my Lord Barkeley [of Stratton] and his lady,[1] but I did not turn my face to them to be known, so that I was excused from giving them my seat; and this pleasure I had, that from this place the scenes do appear very fine indeed, and much better than in the pit. The house infinite full, and the King and Duke of York there. By and by the play begun, and in it nothing particular but a very fine dance for variety of figures, but a little too long. But, as to the contrivance, and all that was witty, which, indeed, was much, and very witty, was almost the same that had been in his two former plays of "Henry the 5th" and "Mustapha," and the same points and turns of wit in both, and in this very same play often repeated, but in excellent language, and were so excellent that the whole house was mightily pleased all along till the reading of a letter,[2] which was so long and so unnecessary that they frequently began to laugh, and to hiss twenty times, that, had it not been for the King's being there, they had certainly hissed it off the stage. But I must confess that, as my Lord Barkeley says behind me, the having of that long letter was a thing so absurd, that he could not imagine how a man of his parts could possibly fall into it; or, if he did, if he had but let any friend read it, the friend would have told him of it; and, I must confess, it is one of the most remarkable instances of a wise man's not being wise at all times. After the play done, and nothing pleasing them from the time of the letter to the end of the play, people being put into a bad humour of disliking, which is another thing worth the noting, I home by coach, and could not forbear laughing almost all the way, and all the evening to my going to bed, at the ridiculousness of the letter, and the more because my wife was angry with me, and the world, for laughing, because the King was there.

20th. (Lord's day.) Up, and put on my new tunique of velvett; which is very plain, but good. This morning is brought to me an order for the presenting the Committee of Parliament to-morrow with a list of the commanders and ships' names of all the fleetes set out since the war, and particularly of those ships which are divided[3] from the fleete with Prince Rupert; which gives me occasion to see that they are busy after that business, and I am glad of it. This afternoon comes to me Captain O'Bryan, about a ship that the King hath given him; and he and I to talk of the Parliament; and he tells me that the business of the Duke of York's slackening sail in the first fight, at the beginning of the war, is brought into question, and Sir W. Pen and Captain Cox are to appear to-morrow about it; and it is thought will at last be laid upon Mr. Brouncker's giving orders from the Duke of York, which the Duke of York do not own, to Captain Cox to do it; but it seems they do resent this very highly, and are mad in going through all business, where they can lay any fault. I am glad to hear, that in the world I am as kindly spoke of as anybody; for, for aught I see, there is bloody work like to be, Sir W. Coventry having been forced to produce a letter in Parliament wherein the Duke of Albemarle did from Sheernesse write in what good posture all things were at Chatham, and that they were so well placed that he feared no attempt of the enemy: so that, among other things, I do see every body is upon his own defence, and spares not to blame another to defend himself, and the same course I shall take. But God knows where it will end! Pelling[1] tells me that my Lady Duchess Albemarle was at Mrs. Turner's this afternoon, she being ill, and did there publickly talk of business, and of our Office; and that she believed that I was safe, and had done well; and so, I thank God! I hear every body speaks of me; and indeed, I think, without vanity, I may expect to be profited rather than injured by this inquiry, which the Parliament makes into business.

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[1] Lady Berkeley was Christiana, daughter of Sir Andrew Rickard, and widow of Henry Rich, Lord Kensington.

[2] It occurs in the fifth act, and is certainly very long. It was read by Hart, but was afterward omitted in the acting: see 23d Oct., 1667.

[3] See April 4, *ante*, and Nov. 4, *post*.

21st. To Westminster, and up to the lobby, where many commanders of the fleete were, and Captain Cox, and Mr. Pierce, the Surgeon; the last of whom hath been in the House, and declared that he heard Brouncker advise, and give arguments to, Cox, for the safety of the Duke of York's person, to shorten sail,[2] that they might not be in the middle of the enemy in the morning alone; and Cox denying to observe his advice, having received the Duke of York's commands over night to keep within gun-shot, as they then were, of the enemy, Brouncker did go to Harman, and used the same arguments, and told him that he was sure it would be well pleasing to the King that care should be taken of not endangering the Duke of York; and, after much persuasion, Harman was heard to say, "Why, if it must be, then lower the topsail." And so did shorten sail, to the loss, as the Parliament will have it, of the greatest victory that ever was, and which would have saved all the expence of blood, and money, and honour, that followed; and this they do resent, so as to put it to the question, whether Brouncker should not be carried to the Tower: who do confess that, out of kindness to the Duke of York's safety, he did advise that they should do so, but did not use the Duke of York's name therein; and so it was only his error in advising it, but the greatest theirs in taking it, contrary to order. At last, it ended that it should be suspended till Harman comes home; and then the Parliament-men do all tell me that it will fall heavy, and, they think, be fatal to Brouncker or him. Sir W. Pen tells me he was gone to bed, having been all day labouring, and then not able to stand, of the gout, and did give order for the keeping the sails standing, as they then were, all night. But, which I wonder at, he tells me that he did not know the next day that they had shortened sail, nor ever did enquire into it till about ten days ago, that this began to be mentioned; and, indeed, it is charged privately as a fault on the Duke of York, that he did not presently examine the reason of the breach of his orders, and punish it. But Cox tells me that he did finally refuse it; and what prevailed with Harman he knows not, and do think that we might have done considerable service on the enemy the next day, if this had not been done. Thus this business ended to-day, having kept them[1] till almost two o'clock; and then I by coach with Sir W. Pen as far as St. Clement's, talking of this matter, and there set down; and I walked to Sir G. Carteret's, and there dined with him and several Parliament-men, who, I perceive, do all look upon it as a thing certain that the Parliament will inquire into every thing,

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[1] The Apothecary.

[2] The Duke of York's shortening sail in the Dutch fight is attributed ironically, by Sir John Denham, to his Duchess's anxiety for his safety:—

"She therefore the Duke's person recommends
To Brouncker, Pen, and Coventry, her friends;
To Pen much, Brouncker more, most Coventry;
For they, she knew, were all more 'fraid than he.
Of flying fishes one had saved the fin,
And hoped by this he through the air might spin;
The other thought he might avoid the knell,
By the invention of the diving bell;
The third had tried it, and affirmed a cable,
Coiled round about him, was impenetrable.
But these the Duke rejected, *only chose*
*To keep far off*; let others interpose.

* * * * *

When a sweet sleep began the Duke to drown,
And with soft diadems his temples crown:

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And first he orders all the rest to watch,
And *they* the *foe*, whilst *he* a *nap* doth catch:
But lo, Brouncker, by a secret instinct,
Slept on, nor needed; he all day had winked.
The *Duke* in bed, he then first draws his steel,
Whose virtue makes the misled compass wheel.
So e'er *He* waked, both Fleets were innocent,
And *Brouncker* member is of Parliament."

[1] The House of Commons.

and will be very severe where they can find any fault. Sir W. Coventry, I hear, did this day make a speech, in apology for his reading the letter of the Duke of Albemarle, concerning the good condition which Chatham was in before the enemy came thither: declaring his simple intention therein, without prejudice to my Lord. And I am told that he was also with the Duke of Albemarle yesterday to excuse it; but this I do hear, by some of Sir W. Coventry's friends, that they think he hath done himself much injury by making this man, and his interest, so much his enemy. After dinner, I away to Westminster, and up to the Parliament-house, and there did wait with great patience, till seven at night, to be called in to the Committee, who sat all this afternoon, examining the business of Chatham; and at last was called in, and told, that the least they expected from us, Mr. Wren had promised them, and only bade me to bring all my fellow-officers thither to-morrow afternoon. Sir Robert Brookes in the chair: methinks a sorry fellow to be there, because a young man; and yet he seems to speak very well. I gone thence, my cozen Pepys comes out to me, and walks in the Hall with me, and bids me prepare to answer to every thing; for they do seem to lay the business of Chatham upon the Commissioners of the Navy, and they are resolved to lay the fault heavy somewhere, and to punish it: and prays me to prepare to save myself, and gives me hints what to prepare against; which I am obliged to him for. This day I did get a list of the fourteen particular miscarriages which are already before the Committee to be examined; wherein, besides two or three that will concern this Office much, there are those of the prizes, and that of Bergen, and not following the Dutch ships, against my Lord Sandwich; that, I fear, will ruin him, unless he hath very good luck, or they may be in better temper before he can come to be charged: but my heart is full of fear for him and his family. I hear that they do prosecute the business against my Lord Chief Justice Keeling with great severity.

22d. Slept but ill all the last part of the night, for fear of this day's success in Parliament; therefore up, and all of us all the morning close, till almost two o'clock, collecting all we had to say and had done from the beginning, touching the safety of the River Medway and Chatham. And, having done this, and put it into order, we away, I not having time to eat my dinner; and so all in my Lord Brouncker's coach, that is to say, Brouncker, W. Pen, T. Hater, and myself, talking of the other great matter with which they charge us, that is, of discharging men by ticket, in order to our defence in case that should be asked. We came to the Parliament-door, and there, after a little waiting till the Committee was sat, we were, the House being very full, called in: Sir W. Pen went in and sat as a Member; and my Lord Brouncker would not at first go in, expecting to have a chair set for him, and his brother had bid him not go in, till he was called for; but, after a few words, I had occasion to mention him, and so he was called in, but without any more chair or respect paid him than myself: and so Brouncker, and T. Hater, and I, were there to answer: and I had a chair brought me to lean my books upon: and so did give them such an account, in a series of the whole business that had passed the Office touching the matter, and so answered all questions given me about it, that I did not perceive but they were fully satisfied with me and the business as to our office: and then Commissioner Pett (who was by at all my discourse, and this held till within an hour after candle-light, for I had candles brought in to read my papers by) was to answer for himself, we having lodged all matters with him for execution. But, Lord! what a tumultuous thing this Committee is, for all the reputation they have of a great Council, is a strange consideration; there being as impertinent questions, and as disorderly proposed, as any man could make. But Commissioner Pett, of all men living, did make the weakest defence for himself: nothing to the purpose, nor to satisfaction, nor certain; but sometimes one thing and sometimes another, sometimes for himself and sometimes against him; and his greatest failure was, that I observed, from his considering whether the question propounded was his part to answer or no, and the thing to be done was his work to do: the want of which distinction will overthrow him; for he concerns himself in giving an account of the disposal of the boats,[1] which he had no reason at all to do, or take any blame upon him for them. He charged the not carrying up of "The Charles" upon the Tuesday, to the Duke of Albemarle; but I see the House is mighty favourable to the Duke of Albemarle, and would give little weight to it. And something of want of armes he spoke, which Sir J. Duncomb answered with great imperiousness and earnestness; but, for all that, I do see the House is resolved to be better satisfied in the business of the unreadiness of Shereness, and want of armes and ammunition there and every where: and all their officers[2] were here to-day attending, but only one called in, about armes for boats, to answer Commissioner Pett. None of my brethren said anything but me there: but only two or three silly words my Lord Brouncker gave, in answer to one question about the number of men there were in the King's Yard at the time. At last, the House dismissed us, and shortly after did adjourn the debate till Friday next: and my cozen Pepys did come out and joy me in my acquitting myself so well, and so did several others, and my fellow-officers all very brisk to see themselves so well acquitted; which makes me a little proud, but not yet secure but we may yet meet with a back-blow which we see not.

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[1] See *ante*, 13th June, 1667.

[2] Of the Ordnance.

23d. To White Hall, there to attend the Duke of York; but came a little too late, and so missed it: only spoke with him, and heard him correct my Lord Barkeley, who fell foul on Sir Edward Spragg, who, it seems, said yesterday to the House, that if the Officers of the Ordnance had done as much work at Shereness in ten weeks as "The Prince" [Rupert] did in ten days, he could have defended the place against the Dutch: but the Duke of York told him that every body must have liberty, at this time, to make their own defence, though it be to the charging of the fault upon any other, so it be true; so I perceive the whole world is at work in blaming one another. Thence Sir W. Pen and I back into London; and there saw the King, with his kettledrums and trumpets, going to the Exchange, to lay the first stone of the first pillar of the new building of the Exchange;[1] which, the gates being shut, I could not get in to see: so, with Sir W. Pen, to Captain Cocke's, and then again towards Westminster; but in my way stopped at the Exchange, and got in, the King being newly gone; and there find the bottom of the first pillar laid. And here was a shed set up, and hung with tapestry, and a canopy of state, and some good victuals and wine, for the King, who, it seems, did it;[2] and so a great many people, as Tom Killigrew, and others of the Court, there. I do find Mr. Gauden in his gowne as Sheriffe, and understand that the King hath this morning knighted him upon the place, which I am mightily pleased with; and I think the other

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[1] "Oct. 23, 1667. This day having been appointed for the laying of the foundation of the Royal Exchange in the place where it formerly stood, His Majesty was pleased to be present, and assisting at the solemnity; and accordingly went on horseback, attended by several persons of quality of the Court, to the place, where the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, the Sheriffs, and a Committee of the Mercers' Company waited to receive him. His Majesty, with the usual ceremonies, placed the first stone, and was afterwards entertained on the place with an excellent treat, where he was pleased to confer the honour of knighthood on the two sheriffs, Mr. Dennis Gauden and Mr. Thomas Davis."—Rugge's *Diurnal.*

[2] *i.e.* Laid the stone.

Sheriffe, who is Davis,[1] the little fellow, my schoolfellow, the bookseller, who was one of Audley's[2] Executors, and now become Sheriffe; which is a strange turn, methinks. To Westminster Hall, where I came just as the House rose; and there, in the Hall, met with Sir W. Coventry, who is in pain to defend himself in the business of tickets, it being said that the paying of the ships at Chatham by ticket was by his direction, and he hath wrote to me to find his letters, and shew them him, but I find none; but did there argue the case with him, and I think no great blame can be laid on us for that matter, only I see he is fearfull. And he tells me his mistake in the House the other day, which occasions him much trouble, in shewing of the House the Duke of Albemarle's letter about the good condition of Chatham, which he is sorry for, and owns as a mistake, the thing not being necessary to have been done; and confesses that nobody can escape from such error, some times or other. He says the House was well satisfied with my Report yesterday; and so several others told me in the Hall that my Report was very good and satisfactory, and that I have got advantage by it in the House: I pray God it may prove so! To the King's playhouse, and saw "The Black Prince:" which is now mightily bettered by that long letter being printed, and so delivered to every body at their going in, and some short reference made to it in the play; but, when all is done, I think it the worst play of my Lord Orrery's. But here, to my great satisfaction, I did see my Lord Hinchingbroke and his mistress,[3] with her father and mother; and I am mightily pleased with the young lady, being handsome enough—and, indeed, to my great liking, as I would have her. Home, and then to my chamber, to read the true story, in Speed, of the Black Prince. This day, it was moved in the House that a day might be appointed to bring in an impeachment against the Chancellor, but it was decried as being irregular; but that, if there was ground for complaint, it might be brought to the Committee for miscarriages, and, if they thought good, to present it to the House; and so it was carried. They did also vote this day thanks to be given to the Prince[4] and Duke of Albemarle, for their care and conduct in the last year's war, which is a strange act; but, I know not how, the blockhead Albemarle hath strange luck to be loved, though he be, and every man must know it, the heaviest man in the world, but stout and honest to his country. This evening late, Mr. Moore come to me to prepare matters for my Lord Sandwich's defence; wherein I can little assist, but will do all I can; and am in great fear of nothing but the damned business of the prizes, but I fear my Lord will receive a cursed deal of trouble by it.

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[1] Thomas Davies, draper, son of John Davies, of London, knighted and Lord Mayor in 1677: ob. 1689. There is a monument to his memory in St. Sepulchre's Church, Snow Hill.

[2] Audley, the usurer: see Nov. 23, 1662, *ante*.

[3] See April 29, 1667, *ante*.

[4] Rupert.

24th. To write what letters I had to write, that I might go abroad with my wife, who was not well, only to jumble her, and so to the Duke of York's playhouse; and there Betterton, not being yet well, we would not stay, though since I hear that Smith[1] do act his part in "The Villaine," which was then acted as well or better than he, which I do not believe: but to Charing Cross, there to see Polichinelli. But, it being begun, we in to see a Frenchman, at the house, where my wife's father last lodged, one Monsieur Prin, play on the trump-marine,[2] which he do beyond belief; and, the truth is, it do so far outdo a trumpet as nothing more, and he do play anything very true. The instrument is open at the end, I discovered; but he would not let me look into it. Here we also saw again the two fat children come out of Ireland, and a brother and sister of theirs now come, which are of little ordinary growth, like other people. But, Lord! how strange it is to observe the difference between the same children, come out of the same little woman's belly! Thence to Mile-End Greene, and there drank, and so home, bringing home night with us.

25th. Up, and to make our answer ready for the Parliament this afternoon, to show how Commissioner Pett was singly concerned in the execution of all orders from Chatham, and that we did properly lodge all orders with him. Thence with Sir W. Pen to the Parliament Committee, and there I had no more matters asked me. They were examining several about the business of Chatham again, and particularly my Lord Brouncker did meet with two or three blurs that he did not think of. One from Spragg, who says that "The Unity" was ordered up contrary to his order, by my Lord Brouncker and Commissioner Pett. Another by Crispin, the waterman, who said he was upon "The Charles;" and spoke to Lord Brouncker coming by in his boat, to know whether they should carry up "The Charles," they being a great many naked men without armes, and he told him she was well as she was. Both these have little in them indeed, but yet both did stick close against him; and he is the weakest man in the world to make his defence, and so is like to have much fault laid on him, for a man that minds his pleasure, and little else of his whole charge. The Commissioners of the Ordnance, being examined with all severity and hardly used, did go away with mighty blame; and I am told by every body that is likely to stick mighty hard upon them: at which every body is glad, because of Duncomb's pride, and their expecting to have the thanks of the House; whereas they have deserved, as the Parliament apprehends, as bad as bad can be. Here is great talk of an impeachment brought in against my Lord Mordaunt, and that another will be brought in against my Lord Chancellor in a few days. Here I understand for certain that they have ordered that my Lord Arlington's letters, and Secretary Morrice's letters of intelligence, be consulted, about the business of the Dutch fleete's coming abroad; and I do hear how Birch[1] is the man that do examine and trouble every body with his questions.

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[1] See note 11th February, *post*.

[2] Trumpet-marine, an instrument with a bellows resembling a lute having a long neck with a string, which, being struck with a hair bow, sounds like a trumpet.—Phillips's *New World of Words*.

26th. Mrs. Pierce tells me that the two Marshalls at the King's house are Stephen Marshall's,[2] the great Presbyterian's daughters: and that Nelly and Beck Marshall, falling out the other day, the latter called the other my Lord Buckhurst's mistress. Nell answered her, "I was but one man's mistress, though I was brought up in a brothel to fill strong waters to the gentlemen; and you are a mistress to three or four, though a Presbyter's praying daughter!" Mrs. Pierce is still very pretty, but paints red on her face, which makes me hate her.

27th. After dinner, I down to Deptford, the first time that I went to look upon "The Maybolt," which the King hath given me, and there she is; and I did meet with Mr. Unthwayte, who do tell me that there are new sails ordered to be delivered her, and a cable, which I did not speak of at all to him. So, thereupon, I told him I would not be my own hindrance so much as to take her into my custody before she had them, which was all I said to him, but desired him to take a strict inventory of her, that I might not be cheated by the master nor the company, when they come to understand that the vessel is gone away, which he hath promised me. This evening come Sir J. Minnes to me, to let me know that a Parliament-man hath been with him, to tell him that the Parliament intend to examine him particularly about Sir W. Coventry's selling of places, and about my Lord Brouncker's discharging the ships at Chatham by ticket: for the former of which I am more particularly sorry that that business of Sir W. Coventry should come up again; though this old man tells me, and, I believe, that he can say nothing to it.

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[1] Colonel John Birch, M.P. for Penryn.

[2] There is an account of Stephen Marshall, the Presbyterian minister, in Neal's *History of the Puritans*. Sir Peter Leycester, who married a daughter of Lord Gerard, of Bromley, observes, in his *History of Cheshire*, that "the two famous women-actors in London" were daughters of —— Marshall, chaplain to Lord G., by Elizabeth, bastard daughter of John Dutton, of Dutton. Sir Peter being connected by marriage with the Duttons, ought to have known the fact; but it is difficult to suppose that Mrs. Pierce and Nell Gwyn could have been ignorant of the actress's real history. Nor does it seem likely that Lord Gerard, who was a staunch Royalist, would have selected a Presbyterian minister for his chaplain. If Nell Gwyn's story was untrue, the remark would have lost all its point. See Feb. 1, 1663-4.

28th. To Sir W. Coventry's lodging, but he was gone out, and I find him at his house, which is fitting for him; and there I to him, and was with him above an hour alone, discoursing of the matters of the nation, and our Office, and himself. He owns that he is, at this day, the chief person aymed at by the Parliament—that is, by the friends of my Lord Chancellor, and also of the Duke of Albemarle, by reason of his unhappy shewing of the Duke of Albemarle's letter, the other day, in the House; but that he thinks that he is not liable to any hurt they can fasten on him for anything. He says, he is so well armed to justify himself in every thing, unless in the old business of selling places, when he says every body did; and he will now not be forward to tell his own story, as he hath been; but tells me he is grown wiser, and will put them to prove any thing, and he will defend himself: besides that, he will dispute the statute, thinking that it will not be found to reach him. We did talk many things, which, as they come into my mind now, I shall set down without order: that he is weary of public employment; and neither ever designed, nor will ever, if his commission were brought to him wrapt in gold, accept of any single place in the State; as particularly Secretary of State; which, he says, the world discourses Morrice is willing to resign, and he thinks the King might have thought of him, but he would not, by any means, now take it, if given him, nor anything, but in commission with others, who may bear part of the blame; for now he observes well, that whoever did do anything singly are now in danger, however honest and painful they were, saying that he himself was the only man, he thinks, at the council-board that spoke his mind clearly, as he thought, to the good of the King; and the rest, who sat silent, have

othing said to them, nor are taken notice of. That the first
ime the King did take him so closely into his confidence and
inistry of affairs was upon the business of Chatham, when all
he disturbances were there, and in the kingdom ; and then,
hile everybody was fancying for himself, the King did find
im to persuade him to call for the Parliament, declaring that
t was against his own proper interest, forasmuch as it was
ikely they would find faults with him, as well as with others,
ut that he would prefer the service of the King before his
wn ; and, thereupon, the King did take him into his special
otice, and, from that time to this, hath received him so ; and
hat then he did see the folly and mistakes of the Chancellor
n the management of things, and that matters were never
ikely to be done well in that sort of conduct, and did persuade
he King to think fit of the taking away the seals from the
hancellor, which, when it was done, he told me that he him-
elf, in his own particular, was sorry for it ; for, while he stood,
here was he and my Lord Arlington to stand between him
nd harm ; whereas now there is only my Lord Arlington, and
e is now done, so that all their fury is placed upon him : but
hat he did tell the King, when he first moved it, that, if he
hought the laying of him, W. Coventry, aside, would at all
acilitate the removing of the Chancellor, he would most willingly
ubmit to it, whereupon the King did command him to try the
uke of York about it, and persuade him to it, which he did,
y the King's command, undertake, and compass, and the
uke of York did own his consent to the King, but afterwards
as brought to be of another mind for the Chancellor, and
ow is displeased with him, and [so is] the Duchess, so that
he will not see him ; but he tells me that the Duke of York
eems pretty kind, and hath said that he do believe that
V. Coventry did mean well, and do it only out of judgment.
He tells me that he never was an intriguer in his life, nor will
e, nor of any combination of persons to set up this, or fling
own that, nor hath, in his own business, this Parliament,
poke to three members to say any thing for him, but will
tand upon his own defence, and will stay by it, and thinks
hat he is armed against all they can [say], but the old business
f selling places, and in that thinks they cannot hurt him.
However, I do find him mighty willing to have his name used
s little as he can, and he was glad when I did deliver him up
letter of his to me, which did give countenance to the dis-
harging of men by ticket at Chatham, which is now coming
n question ; and wherein, I confess, I am sorry to find him so

tender of appearing, it being a thing not only good and fit, all that was done in it, but promoted and advised by him. But he thinks the House is set upon wresting anything to his prejudice that they can pick up. He tells me he did never, as a great many have, call the Chancellor rogue and knave, and I know not what; but all that he hath said, and will stand by, is, that his counsels were not good, nor his manner of managing things. I suppose he means suffering the King to run in debt; for by and by the King walking in the parke, with a great crowd of his idle people about him, I took occasion to say that it was a sorry thing to be a poor King, and to have others to come to correct the faults of his own servants, and that this was it that brought us all into this condition. He answered that he would never be a poor King, and then the other would mend of itself. "No," says he, "I would eat bread and drink water first, and this day discharge all the idle company about me, and walk only with two footmen; and this I have told the King, and this must do it at last." I asked him how long the King would suffer this. He told me the King must suffer it yet longer, that he would not advise the King to do otherwise; for it would break out again worse, if he should break them up before the core be come up. After this, we fell to other talk, of my waiting upon him hereafter, it may be to read a chapter in Seneca, in this new house, which he hath bought, and is making very fine, when he may be out of employment, which he seems to wish more than to fear, and I do believe him heartily. Thence home, and met news from Townsend of the Wardrobe that old Young, the yeoman taylor, whose place my Lord Sandwich promised my father, is dead. Upon which, resolving presently that my father shall not be troubled with it, but I hope I shall be able to enable him to end his days where he is, in quiet. At the new Exchange, and there buying "the Indian Emperour," newly printed. After dinner, my wife, and Mercer, who grows fat, and Willett, and I, to the King's house, and there saw "The Committee."

29th. To Westminster Hall, the House setting all this day about the method of bringing in the charge against my Lord Chancellor; and at last resolved for a Committee to draw up the heads.

30th. To White Hall, where we did a little business with the Duke of York, only I perceive that he do leave all of us, as the King do those about him, to stand and fall by ourselves, and I think is not without some cares himself what the Parliament may do in matters wherein his honour is concerned. To the

Parliament-house; where, after the Committee was sat, I was called in: and the first thing was upon the complaint of a dirty slut that was there, about a ticket which she had lost, and had applied herself to me for another. I did give them a short and satisfactory answer to that; and so they sent her away, and were ashamed of their foolery, in giving occasion to 500 seamen and seamen's wives to come before them, as there were this afternoon. When I come home, I did find my wife, and Betty Turner, the two Mercers, and Mrs. Parker, an ugly lass, but yet dances well, and speaks the best of them, and W. Batelier, and Pembleton dancing; and here I danced with them, and had a good supper, and as merry as I could be.

31st. After dinner, in comes Mr. Turner, of Eynsbury,[1] lately come to town, and also after him Captain Hill of the Coventry, who lost her at Barbadoes, and hath come out of France, where he hath been long prisoner. I to Westminster; and there at the lobby do hear by Commissioner Pett, to my great amazement, that he is in worse condition than before, by the coming in of the Duke of Albemarle's and Prince Rupert's Narratives[2] this day; wherein the former do most severely lay matters upon him, so as the House this day have, I think, ordered him to the Tower again, or something like it; so that the poor man is likely to be overthrown, I doubt, right or wrong, so infinite fond they are of any thing the Duke of Albemarle says or writes to them! I did then go down, and there met with Colonel Reames and cozen Roger Pepys; and there they do tell me how the Duke of Albemarle and the Prince have laid blame on a great many, and particularly on our Office in general; and particularly for want of provision, wherein I shall come to be questioned again in that business myself; which do trouble me. But my cozen Pepys and I had much discourse alone: and he do bewail the constitution of this House, and says there is a direct caball and faction, as much as is possible between those for and against the Chancellor, and so in other factions, that there is nothing almost done honestly and with integrity; only some few, he says, there are, that do keep out of all plots and combinations, and when their time comes will speak and see right done, if possible; and that he himself is looked upon to be a man that will be of no faction, and so they do shun to make him; and I am glad of it. He tells me that he thanks God that he never knew what it was to be tempted to be a knave in his life, till he did come into the House of Commons, where there is nothing done but by passion, and faction, and private interest. Reames did tell me of a fellow last night, one Kelsy, a commander of a fire-ship, who complains for want of his money paid him, did say that he did see one of the Commissioners of the Navy bring in three waggon-loads of prize-goods into Greenwich one night; but that the House did take no notice of it, nor enquire; but this is me, and I must expect to be called to account, and answer what I did as well as I can. I espied Sir D. Gauden's coach, and so went out of mine into his; and there had opportunity to talk of the business of victuals, which the Duke of Albemarle and Prince did complain that they were in want of the last year: but we do conclude we shall be able to show quite the contrary of that; only it troubles me that we must come to contend with these great persons, which will overrun us. Mr. Yeabsly and I to even some accounts, wherein I shall be a gainer about £200, which is a seasonable profit; for I have got nothing a great while.

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[1] John Turner, B.D., whose ancestors were of Hemel Hemsted, had been a Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, and became Rector of Eynesbury in 1649. He resigned the living, of which Lord Sandwich was the patron, to his son, Edward Turner, in 1689; and dying in 1705, æt. 84, had sepulture in the parish church. *M.I.*

[2] See these Narratives, each dated 31st October, 1667, in the *Harleian MS.*, 7170, entitled, Notes of Transactions in Parliament addressed to Pepys and Hewer. They are printed at length in the Journals of the day.

November 1st. To Sir W. Coventry's. The Duke of Albemarle's and Prince's narratives, given yesterday by the House, fall foul of him and Sir G. Carteret in something about the dividing of the fleete, and the Prince particularly charging the Commissioners of the Navy with negligence, whereof Sir W. Coventry is one. The Duke of Albemarle charges W. Coventry that he should tell him, when he come down to the fleete with Sir G. Carteret, to consult about the dividing the fleete,[1] that the Dutch would not be out in six weeks, which W. Coventry says is as false as is possible, and he can prove the contrary by the Duke of Albemarle's own letters. The Duke says that he did upon sight of the Dutch call a council of officers, and they did conclude they could not avoid fighting the Dutch; and yet we did go to the enemy, and found them at anchor, which is a pretty contradiction. And he tells me that Spragg did the other day say in the House, that the Prince, upon his going from the Duke of Albemarle with his fleete, did tell him that if the Dutch should come on, the Duke was to follow him, the Prince, with his fleete, and not fight the Dutch. But it is a sad consideration that all this picking of holes in one another's

[1] See April 4, and October 20, 1667, *ante*.

coats—nay, and the thanks of the House to the Prince and the Duke of Albemarle, and all this envy and design to ruin Sir W. Coventry—did arise from Sir W. Coventry's unfortunate mistake the other day, in producing of a letter from the Duke of Albemarle, touching the good condition of all things at Chatham just before the Dutch come up, and did us that fatal mischiefe; for upon this they are resolved to undo him, and I pray God they do not. To chapel, it being All-Hallows day, and heard a fine anthem, made by Pelham,[1] who is come over. I this morning before chapel visited Sir G. Carteret, who is vexed to see how things are likely to go, but cannot help it, and yet seems to think himself mighty safe. I also visited my Lord Hinchinbroke, at his chamber at White Hall; I am mightily pleased with his sobriety and few words; there I found Mr. Turner, Moore, and Creed talking of my Lord Sandwich, whose case I doubt is but bad, and, I fear, will not escape being worse. To the King's playhouse, and there saw a silly play and an old one, "The Taming of a Shrew."[2]

2d. To the King's playhouse, and there saw "Henry the Fourth:" and contrary to expectation, was pleased in nothing more than in Cartwright's[3] speaking of Falstaffe's speech about "What is Honour?" The house full of Parliament-men, it being holyday with them: and it was observable how a gentleman of good habit, sitting just before us, eating of some fruit in the midst of the play, did drop down as dead, being choked; but with much ado Orange Moll did thrust her finger down his throat, and brought him to life again.

3d. To church, and thither comes Roger Pepys to our pew, and thence home to dinner, whither comes by invitation, Mr. Turner, the Minister, and my cozen Roger brought with him Jeffrys, the apothecary at Westminster, who is our kinsman, and we had much discourse of Cottinhamshire.[4] Roger did tell me of a bargain which I may now have in Norfolke, that my she-cozen, Ned Pepys, is going to sell, the title whereof is very good, and the pennyworth is also good enough; but it is out of the way so of my life, that I shall never enjoy it, nor, it may be, see it, and so I shall have nothing to do with it. I find by discourse Mr. Turner to be a man mighty well read in the Roman history, which is very pleasant.

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[1] Pelham Humphrey, who had been educated under Captain Henry Cook, was admitted a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal in 1666, and distinguished himself so much as to excite the envy of his instructor, who died of discontent at his pupil's excelling him. Humphrey succeeded him as Master of the Children; but his career was very short; for he deceased at Windsor 14th July, 1674: æt. 27.

[2] See note, April 9, 1667, *ante*.

[3] William Cartwright, one of Killigrew's Company at the original establishment of Drury Lane. By his will, dated 1686, he left his books, pictures, and furniture to Dulwich College, where also his portrait still remains.

[4] We have already seen that Pepys's ancestors were seated at Cottenham, in Cambridgeshire, from which place the present Lord Chancellor (1848) derives his title.

4th. To Westminster; and there landing at the New Exchange stairs, I to Sir W. Coventry: and there he read over to me the Prince's and the Duke of Albemarle's Narratives; wherein they are very severe against him and our Office. But Sir W. Coventry do contemn them; only that their persons and qualities are great, and so I do perceive he is afraid of them, though he will not confess it. But he do say that, if he can get out of these briars, he will never trouble himself with Princes nor Dukes again. He finds several things in their Narratives, which are both inconsistent and foolish, as well as untrue. I confess I do see so much, that, were I but well possessed of what I should have in the world, I think I could willingly retreat, and trouble myself no more. Sir H. Cholmly owns Sir W. Coventry, in his opinion, to be one of the worthiest men in the nation, as I do really think he is. He tells me he do think really that they will cut off my Lord Chancellor's head, the Chancellor at this day having as much pride as is possible to those few that venture their fortunes by coming to see him; and that the Duke of York is troubled much, knowing that those that fling down the Chancellor cannot stop there, but will do something to him, to prevent his having it in his power hereafter to avenge himself and father-in-law upon them. And this Sir H. Cholmly fears may be by divorcing the Queen and getting another, or declaring the Duke of Monmouth legitimate: which God forbid! He tells me he do verily believe that there will come in an impeachment of High Treason against my Lord of Ormond; among other things, for ordering the quartering of soldiers in Ireland on free quarters; which, it seems, is High Treason in that country, and was one of the things that lost the Lord Strafford his head, and the law is not yet repealed; which, he says, was a mighty oversight of him not to have it repealed, which he might with ease have done, or have justified himself by an Act. To Turlington, the great spectacle-maker, for advice, who dissuades me from using old spectacles, but rather young ones, and do tell me that nothing can wrong my eyes more than for me to use reading-glasses, which do magnify much.

6th. The House is just now upon taking away the charter from the Company of Wood-mongers,[1] whose frauds, it seems, have been mightily laid before them. I to the House of Lords, and there first saw Dr. Fuller, as Bishop of Lincoln, to sit among the Lords. Here I spoke with the Duke of York and the Duke of Albemarle about Tangier; but methinks both of them do look very coldly upon one another, and their discourse mighty cold, and little to the purpose about our want of money. Thence called at Allestry's, the bookseller, who is bookseller to he Royal Society, and there did buy three or four books, and find great variety of French and foreign books. With my wife to a play, and the girl—"Macbeth," which we still like nightily, though mighty short of the content we used to have vhen Betterton acted, who is still sick. This day, in the Paynted-chamber, I met and walked with Mr. George Montagu, vho thinks it may go hard with my Lord Sandwich, but he says he House is offended with Sir W. Coventry much, and that he lo endeavour to gain them again in the most precarious manner n all things that is possible.

7th. At noon resolved with Sir W. Pen to go to see "The Tempest," an old play of Shakespeare's, acted, I hear, the first lay; and so my wife, and girl, and W. Hewer by themselves, ind Sir W. Pen and I afterwards by ourselves: and forced to sit in the side balcone over against the musique-room at the Duke's house, close by my Lady Dorset[2] and a great many great ones. The house mighty full; the King and Court there: ind the most innocent play that ever I saw; and a curious piece of musick[3] in an echo of half sentences, the echo repeating the ormer half, while the man goes on to the latter; which is nighty pretty. The play has no great wit, but yet good, above ordinary plays.

8th. Called up betimes by Sir H. Cholmly, and he and I to good purpose most of the morning—I in my dressing-gown with iim, on our Tangier accounts, and stated them well; and here ie tells me that he believes it will go hard with my Lord Chancellor. Thence I to the Office, where met on some special business; and here I hear that the Duke of York is very ill; and by and by word brought us that we shall not need to attend to-day on the Duke of York, for he is not well, which is bad news. They being gone, I to my workmen, who this day come to alter my office, by beating down the wall, and making me a fayre window there, and increasing the window of my closet, which do give me some present trouble; but will be mighty pleasant. So all the whole day among them till very late, and so home weary, to supper and to bed, troubled for the Duke of York, his being sick.

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[1] The Woodmongers' Company of London were incorporated by James . on the 29th August, 1605; but, for their malpractices, they, in the year 668, found it convenient, in order to avoid punishment, to *surrender* their harter.

[2] Frances, daughter of Lionel Cranfield, first Earl of Middlesex, wife of Richard Sackville, fifth Earl of Dorset.

[3] Evidently the song sung by Ferdinand, wherein Ariel echoes "Go thy vay," from Davenant's and Dryden's adaptation. The music was by Banister.

9th. The House very busy, and like to be so all day, about my Lord Chancellor's impeachment, whether treason or not. I spoke with my cozen Roger, he desirous to get back into the House, he having his notes in his hands. The lawyers being now speaking to the point of whether treason or not treason, the article of advising the King to break up the Parliament, and to govern by the sword. To the Hall, and there met Mr. King,[1] the Parliament man for Harwich, and there he did shew, and let me take a copy of, all the articles against my Lord Chancellor, and what members they were that undertook to bring witnesses to make them good. So away home, and there, by W. Pen, do hear that this article was over-voted in the House not to be a ground of impeachment of treason, at which I was glad, being willing to have no blood spilt, if I could help it.

10th. (Lord's day.) To Church. Here was my Lady Batten in her mourning. To White Hall, to speak with Sir W. Coventry; and there, beyond all we looked for, do hear that the Duke of York hath got, and is full of, the small-pox; and so we to his lodgings; and there find most of the family going to St. James's, and the gallery-doors locked up, that nobody might pass to nor fro: and so a sad house, I am sorry to see. I am sad to consider the effects of his death, if he should miscarry; but Dr. Frazier tells me that he is in as good condition as a man can be in his case. The eruption appeared last night: it seems he was let blood on Friday. W. Coventry told us that the counsel he hath too late learnt is, to spring nothing in the House, nor offer anything, but just what is drawn out of a man: that this is the best way of dealing with a Parliament, and that he hath paid dear, and knows not how much more he may pay, for not knowing it sooner, when he did unnecessarily produce the Duke of Albemarle's letter about Chatham.

11th. Sir G. Carteret and I towards the Temple in coach together; and there he did tell me how the King do all he can in the world to overthrow my Lord Chancellor, and that notice is taken of every man about the King that is not seen to promote the ruine of the Chancellor; and that this being another great day in his business, he dares not but be there. He tells me that as soon as Secretary Morrice brought the Great Seale from my Lord Chancellor, Bab. May fell upon his knees, and catched the King about the legs, and joyed him, and said that this was the first time that ever he could call him King of England, being freed from this great man: which was a most ridiculous saying. And he told me that, when first my Lord Gerard, a great while ago, came to the King, and told him that the Chancellor did say openly that the King was a lazy person and not fit to govern, which is now made one of the things in people's mouths against the Chancellor, "Why," says the King, "that is no news, for he hath told me so twenty times, and but the other day he told me so;" and made matter of mirth at it: but yet this light discourse is likely to prove bad to him. After dinner my wife, and I, and Willett to the King's play-house, and there saw "The Indian Emperour," a good play, but not so good as people cry it up, I think, though above all things Nell's ill speaking of a great part made me mad. Thence with great trouble and charge getting a coach. This day I had a whole doe sent me by Mr. Hozier, which is a fine present, and I had the umbles of it for dinner. I hear Kirton,[1] my bookseller, poor man, is dead, I believe, of grief for his losses by the fire.

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[1] Thomas King.

12th. Up, and to the Office, where sat all the morning; and there hear that the Duke of York do yet do very well with his smallpox: pray God he may continue to do so! This morning also, to my astonishment, I hear that yesterday my Lord Chancellor, to another of his Articles, that of betraying the King's councils to his enemies, is voted to have matter against him for an impeachment of High Treason, and that this day the impeachment is to be carried up to the House of Lords: which is very high, and I am troubled at it; for God knows what will follow, since they that do this must do more to secure themselves against any that will revenge this, if it ever come in their power!

13th. To Westminster; where I find the House sitting, and in a mighty heat about Commissioner Pett, that they would have him impeached, though the Committee have yet brought in but part of their Report: and this heat of the House is much heightened by Sir Thomas Clifford telling them, that he was the man that did, out of his own purse, employ people at the outports to prevent the King of Scots to escape after the battle of Worcester. The house was in a great heat all this day about it; and at last it was carried, however, that it should be referred back to the Committee to make further enquiry. By and by I met with Mr. Wren, who tells me that the Duke of York is in as good condition as is possible for a man, in his condition of the smallpox. He, I perceive, is mightily concerned in the business of my Lord Chancellor, the impeachment against whom is gone up to the House of Lords; and great differences there are in the Lords' House about it, and the Lords are very high one against another. To the Duke of York's house, and there saw the Tempest again, which is very pleasant, and full of so good variety, that I cannot be more pleased almost in a comedy, only the seaman's part a little too tedious. To my chamber, and do begin anew to bind myself to keep my old vows, and among the rest not to see a play till Christmas but once in every other week, and have laid aside £10, which is to be lost to the poor, if I do. This day Mr. Chichly told me, with a seeming trouble, that the House have stopped his son Jack (Sir John) his going to France, that he may be a witness against my Lord Sandwich: which do trouble me, though he can, I think, say little.

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[1] See vol. i., p. 21, note.

14th. At noon, all my clerks with me to dinner, to a venison pasty; and there comes Creed, and dined with me, and he tells me how high the Lords were in the Lords' House about the business of the Chancellor, and that they were not yet agreed to impeach him. After dinner, he and I, and my wife and girl, the latter two to their tailor's, and he and I to the Committee of the Treasury, where I had a hearing, but can get but £6,000 for the pay of the garrison, in lieu of above £16,000; and this Alderman Backewell gets remitted there, and I am glad of it. Thence by coach took up my wife and girl, and so home, and set down Creed at Arundel House, going to the Royal Society, whither I would be glad to go, but cannot. Thence home, and to the Office, where about my letters, and so home to supper, and to bed, my eyes being bad again; and by this means, the nights, now-a-days, do become very long to me, longer than I can sleep out.

15th. To Westminster, and do hear that there is to be a conference between the two Houses to-day; so I stayed: and it was only to tell the Commons that the Lords cannot agree to the confining or sequestring of the Earl of Clarendon from the Parliament, forasmuch as they do not specify any particular crime which they lay upon him and call Treason. This the House did receive, and so parted: at which, I hear, the Commons are like to grow very high, and will insist upon their privileges, and the Lords will own theirs, though the Duke of Buckingham, Bristoll, and others, have been very high in the House of Lords to have had him committed. This is likely to breed ill blood. Home, and there find, as I expected, Mr. Cæsar and little Pelham Humphreys, lately returned from France, and is an absolute Monsieur, as full of form, and confidence, and vanity, and disparages everything, and everybody's skill but his own. But to hear how he laughs at all the King's musick here, as Blagrave[1] and others, that they cannot keep time nor tune, nor understand anything; and that Grebus, the Frenchman, the King's master of the musick, how he understands nothing, nor can play on any instrument, and so cannot compose: and that he will give him a lift out of his place; and that he and the King are mighty great! The King hath, as Mr. Moore says Sir Thomas Crewe told him, been heard to say that the quarrel is not between my Lord Chancellor and him, but his brother and him; which will make sad work among us if that be once promoted, as to be sure it will, Buckingham and Bristoll being now the only counsel the King follows, so as Arlington and Coventry are come to signify little. He tells me they are likely to fall upon my Lord Sandwich; but, for my part, sometimes I am apt to think they cannot do him much harm, he telling me that there is no great fear of the business of Resumption.[2] This day, Poundy, the waterman, was with me, to let me know that he was summonsed to bear witness against me to Prince Rupert's people, who have a commission to look after the business of prize-goods, about the business of the prize-goods I was concerned in: but I did desire him to speak all he knew, and not to spare me, nor did promise nor give him any thing, but sent him away with good words.

16th. To White Hall, where there is to be a performance of musick of Pelham's before the King. The company not come; but I did go into the musick-room, where Captain Cocke and many others; and here I did hear the best and the smallest organ go that ever I saw in my life, and such a one as, by the grace of God, I will have the next year, if I continue in this condition, whatever it cost me. Met Mr. Gregory, my old acquaintance, an understanding gentleman; and he and I walked an hour together, talking of the bad prospect of the times; and the sum of what I learn from him is this: That the King is the most concerned in the world against the Chancellor, and all people that do not appear against him, and therefore is angry with the Bishops, having said that he had one Bishop on his side, Crofts, and but one: that Buckingham and Bristoll are now his only Cabinet Council;[1] and that, before the Duke of York fell sick, Buckingham was admitted to the King of his Cabinet, and there stayed with him several hours, and the Duke of York shut out. That it is plain that there is dislike between the King and Duke of York, and that it is to be feared that the House will go so far against the Chancellor, that they must do something to undo the Duke of York, or will not think themselves safe. That this Lord Vaughan,[2] that is so great against the Chancellor, is one of the lewdest fellows of the age, worse than Sir Charles Sedley; and that he was heard to swear he would do my Lord Clarendon's business. That he do find that my Lord Clarendon hath more friends in both Houses than he believes he would have, by reason that they do see what are the hands that pull him down; which they do not like. That Harry Coventry was scolded at by the King severely the other day; and that his answer was that, if he must not speak what he thought in this business in Parliament, he must not come thither. And he says that by this very business Harry Coventry hath got more fame and common esteem than any gentleman in England hath at this day, and is an excellent and able person. That the King, who not long ago did say of Bristoll, that he was a man able in three years to get himself a fortune in any kingdom in the world, and lose all again in three months, do now hug him, and commend his parts every where, above all the world. How fickle is this man [the King], and how unhappy we like to be! That he fears some furious courses will be taken against the Duke of York; and that he hath heard that it was designed, if they cannot carry matters against the Chancellor, to impeach the Duke of York himself; which God forbid! That Sir Edward Nicholas, whom he served while Secretary, is one of the best men in the world, but hated by the Queen-Mother, for a service he did the old King against her mind and her favourites; and that she and my Lady Castlemaine did make the King to lay him aside: but this man[1] says that he is one of the most heavenly and charitable men in the whole world. That the House of Commons resolve to stand by their proceedings, and have chosen a Committee to draw up the reasons thereof to carry to the Lords; which is likely to breed great heat between them. That the Parliament, after all this, is likely to give the King no money; and, therefore, that it is to be wondered what makes the King give way to so great extravagancies, which do all tend to the making him less than he is, and so will, every day more and more: and by this means every creature is divided against the other, that there never was so great an uncertainty in England, of what would be the event of things, as at this day; nobody being at ease, or safe. To White Hall; and there got into the theatre-room, and there heard both the vocall and instrumentall musick; where the little fellow[2] stood keeping time; but for my part, I see no great matter, but quite the contrary in both sorts of musick. Here was the King and Queen, and some of the ladies; among whom none more jolly than my Lady Buckingham,[3] her Lord being once more a great man.

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[1] Thomas Blagrave, a Gentleman of the Chapel of Charles II., and a performer on the cornet there; he was of the Berkshire family of that name. A few of his songs are printed in "Select Ayres and Dialogues," folio 1669. His portrait was in the Music School at Oxford.—Hawkins's *Hist. of Music.*

[2] Resumption, in a law sense, signifies the taking again into the King's hands such lands or tenements as before, upon false suggestions, or other error, he had delivered to the heir, or granted by letters patent to any man. The Bill for effecting these objects was brought into the House of Commons, but never passed.

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[1] The term *Cabinet Council*, as stated by Clarendon, originated thus, in 1640:—"The bulk and burden of the state affairs lay principally upon the shoulders of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Earl of Stafford and the Lord Cottington; some others being joined to them, as the Earl of Northumberland for ornament, the Bishop of London for his place, the two Secretaries, Sir H. Vane and Sir Francis Windebank, for service and communication of intelligence: only the Marquis of Hamilton, indeed, by his skill and interest, bore as great a part as he had a mind to do, and had the skill to meddle no further than he had a mind. The persons made up the committee of state, which was reproachfully after called the *junto*, and enviously then in the Court *the Cabinet Council*."—*Hist. of the Rebellion*, vol. i., p. 211, edit. 1849.

[2] John Vaughan, Lord Vaughan, eldest surviving son to Richard Earl of Carberry, whom he succeeded. He was well versed in literature, and President of the Royal Society from 1686 to 1689, and had been Governor of Jamaica. He was amongst Dryden's earliest patrons. Ob. 1712–13.

17th. (Lord's day.) Comes Captain Cocke, who sat with me all the evening. He tells me that he hears that Sir W. Coventry was, a little before the Duke of York fell sick, with the Duke of York in his closet, and fell on his knees, and begged his pardon for what he hath done to my Lord Chancellor; but this I dare not soon believe. But he tells me another thing, which he says he had from the person himself

[1] Gregory.

[2] Pelham Humphrey.

[3] The daughter of Fairfax.

who spoke with the Duke of Buckingham, who, he says, is a very sober and worthy man, that he did lately speak with the Duke of Buckingham about his greatness now with the King, and told him—"But, sir, these things that the King do now, in suffering the Parliament to do all this, you know are not fit for the King to suffer, and you know how often you have said to me that the King was a weak man, and unable to govern, but to be governed, and that you could command him as you listed; why do you suffer him to go on in these things?"—"Why," says the Duke of Buckingham, "I do suffer him to do this, that I may hereafter the better command him." He told me of one odd passage by the Duke of Albemarle, speaking how hasty a man he is, and how for certain he would have killed Sir W. Coventry, had he met him in a little time after his shewing his letter in the House. He told me that a certain lady, whom he knows, did tell him that, she being certainly informed that some of the Duke of Albemarle's family did say that the Earl of Torrington[1] was a bastard, [she] did think herself concerned to tell the Duke of Albemarle of it, and did first tell the Duchess, and was going to tell the old man, when the Duchess pulled her back by the sleeve, and hindered her, swearing to her that if he should hear it, he would certainly kill the servant that should be found to have said it, and therefore prayed her to hold her peace.

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[1] In 1652, General Monk was married, at the church of St. George, Southwark, to Anne, daughter of his regimental farrier, John Clarges, and in the following year had by her a son, Christopher, the "Earl of Torrington" here mentioned. The child was suckled by Honour Mills, a vendor of apples and oysters, and succeeded his father as Duke of Albemarle in 1670; but, dying in 1688, *s. p.*, all the honours and titles of the family became extinct. It came out, on a trial of trespass between William Sherwen, plaintiff, and Sir Walter Clarges, Bart., and others, defendants, at the bar of the King's Bench, 15th November, 1702, that Anne Clarges had married for her first husband Thomas Ratford, in 1632, and was separated from him in 1649; but no certificate of his death had ever appeared. This fact would invalidate the legitimacy of the Earl of Torrington: and the suspicion is strengthened by the low origin and vulgar habits of the Duchess, and the threats which she resorted to, to prevent the story being made public. One Pride, who, as the son of a daughter of an elder brother of George, Duke of Albemarle, claimed to be heir to Duke George, brought an ejectment against the Earl of Bath (who claimed under a deed from Duke Christopher), in the King's Bench in Hilary Term, 6 Wm. III., attempting to bastardize Duke Christopher, on the ground mentioned in the note. After a long trial, the jury, not being satisfied with the evidence, found for the Earl of Bath. This case, which is a different one from that given above, is reported in 1 Salkeld., 120, 3 Leving, 410, and Holt, 286. Leving was one of the counsel for the Earl of Bath.

18th. To White Hall, to the Commissioners of the Treasury, and so home, leaving multitudes of solicitors at their door, of one sort or other, complaining for want of such dispatch as they had in my Lord Treasurer's time. Among others, there was Gresham College come, about getting a grant of Chelsey College[1] for their Society, which the King, it seems, hath given them his right in; but they met with some other pretences, I think, to it, besides the King's.

19th. To the Committee, and Sir R. Brookes did take me alone, and pray me to prevent their trouble, by discovering the order he would have. I told him I would suppress none, nor could, but this would not satisfy him. Here I did stand by unseen, and did hear their impertinent yet malicious examinations of some rogues about the business of Bergen, wherein they would wind in something against my Lord Sandwich, which was plain by their manner of examining, as Sir Thomas Crewe did afterwards observe to me. But Sir Thomas Crewe and W. Hewer did tell me that they did hear Captain Downing give a cruel testimony against my Lord Brouncker, for his neglect, and doing nothing, in the time of straits at Chatham, when he was spoke to, and did tell the Committee that he, Downing, did presently after, in Lord Brouncker's hearing, tell the Duke of Albemarle, that if he might advise the King, he should hang both my Lord Brouncker and Pett. This is very hard. This night I wrote to my father, in answer to a new match which is proposed, the executor of Ensum, my sister's former servant, for my sister, that I will continue my mind of giving her £500, if he likes of the match. My father did also this week, by Shepley, return me up a guinny, which, it seems, upon searching the ground, they have found since I was there. I was told this day that Lory Hide,[2] second son of my Lord Chancellor, did some time since in the House say, that if he thought his father was guilty but of one of the things then said against him, he would be the first that should call for judgement against him: which Mr. Waller, the poet, did say was spoke like the old Roman, Brutus, for its greatness and worthiness.

20th. This afternoon Mr. Mills told me how fully satisfactory my first Report was to the House in the business of Chatham:

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[1] In 1669, Charles gave the ground and buildings of St. James's College, at Chelsea, to the Royal Society, who sold them again to Sir Stephen Fox, for the Crown, in January, 1682, for £1300.

[2] Laurence Hyde, Master of the Robes in 1682, created Earl of Rochester. Ob. 1711.

which I am glad to hear; and the more, for that I know that he is a great creature of Sir R. Brookes's.

21st. My wife not very well, but is to go to Mr. Mills's child's christening, where she is godmother. Among other things of news, I do hear, that upon the reading of the House of Commons' Reasons of the manner of their proceedings in the business of my Lord Chancellor, the Reasons were so bad, that my Lord Bristoll himself did declare that he would not stand to what he had, and did still, advise the Lords to concur to, upon any of the Reasons of the House of Commons; but if it was put to the question whether it should be done on their Reasons, he would be against them; and indeed it seems the Reasons—however they come to escape the House of Commons, which shows how slightly the greatest matters are done in this world, and even in Parliaments—were none of them of strength, but the principle of them untrue; they saying, that where any man is brought before a Judge, accused of Treason in general, without specifying the particular, the Judge is obliged to commit him. The question being put by the Lords to my Lord Keeper, he said that quite the contrary was true: and then, in the Sixth Article (I will get a copy of them if I can) there are two or three things strangely asserted to the diminishing of the King's power, as is said, at least; things that heretofore would not have been heard of. But then the question being put among the Lords, as my Lord Bristoll advised, whether, upon the whole matter and Reasons that had been laid before them, they would commit my Lord Clarendon, it was carried five to one against it; there being but three Bishops against him, of whom Cosens[1] and Dr. Reynolds were two, and I know not the third.[2] This made the opposite Lords, as Bristoll and Buckingham, so mad, that they declared and protested against it, speaking very broad that there was mutiny and rebellion in the hearts of the Lords, and that they desired they might enter their dissents, which they did do, in great fury. So that upon the Lords' sending to the Commons, as I am told, to have a conference for them to give their answer to the Commons' Reasons, the Commons did desire a free conference: but the Lords do deny it; and the reason is, that they hold not the Commons any Court, but that themselves only are a Court, and the Chief Court of Judicature, and therefore are not to dispute the laws and method of their own Court with them that are none, and so will not submit so much as to have their power disputed. And it is conceived that much of this eagerness among the Lords do arise from the fear some of them have, that they may be dealt with in the same manner themselves, and therefore do stand upon it now. It seems my Lord Clarendon hath, as is said and believed, had his horses several times in his coach, ready to carry him to the Tower, expecting a message to that purpose; but by this means his case is like to be laid by. With Creed to a tavern, where Dean Wilkins and others: and good discourse; among the rest, of a man that is a little frantic, that hath been a kind of minister, Dr. Wilkins saying that he hath read for him in his church, that is poor and a debauched man, that the College[1] have hired for 20*s.* to have some of the blood of a sheep let into his body;[2] and it is to be done on Saturday next. They purpose to let in about twelve ounces; which, they compute, is what will be let in in a minute's time by a watch. On this occasion, Dr. Whistler told a pretty story related by Muffet,[3] a good author, of Dr. Caius, that built Caius College; that, being very old, and living only at that time upon woman's milk, he, while he fed upon the milk of an angry, fretful woman, was so himself; and then, being advised to take it of a good-natured, patient woman, he did become so, beyond the common temper of his age. Their discourse was very fine; and if I should be put out of my office, I do take great content in the liberty I shall be at, of frequenting these gentlemen's company. Home, and there my wife tells me great stories of the gossiping women of the parish—what this, and what that woman was; and, among the rest, how Mrs. Hollworthy is the veriest confident bragging gossip of them all, which I should not have believed; but that Sir R. Brookes, her partner,[4] was mighty civil to her, and taken with her, and what not. Inventing a cypher to put on a piece of plate, which I must give, better than ordinary, to the Parson's child.

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[1] John Cosins, Master of Peter House and Dean of Peterborough in the time of Charles I.; afterwards Bishop of Durham. Ob. 1671–2, aged 78.

[2] Probably Crofts: see 16th Nov., *ante*.

22d. Met with Cooling, my Lord Chamberlain's Secretary, and from him to learn the truth of all I heard last night; and understand further, that this stiffness of the Lords is in no manner of kindness to my Lord Chancellor, for he neither hath, nor do, nor for the future can oblige any of them, but rather the contrary: but that they do fear what the consequence may be to themselves, should they yield in his case, as many of them have reason. And more, he showed me how this is rather to the wrong and prejudice of my Lord Chancellor; for that it is better for him to come to be tried before the Lords, where he can have right and make interest, than, when the Parliament is up, be committed by the King, and tried by a Court on purpose made by the King, of what Lords the King pleases, who have a mind to have his head. So that my Lord Cornbury himself, his son, he tells me, hath moved, that if they have Treason against my Lord of Clarendon, that they would specify it and send it up to the Lords, that he might come to his trial; so full of intrigues this business is! Walked a good while in the Temple church, observing the plainness of Selden's tomb, and how much better one of his executors hath, who is buried by him.[1]

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[1] The Royal Society, meeting at Gresham College.

[2] See an account of the experiment of transfusion performed at Arundel House, 23 November, 1667, upon the person of Arthur Coga.—*Philos. Transac.*, No. 30, p. 557. See 14th Nov., 1666, *ante.*

[3] The work alluded to is *Health's Improvement, or Rules for preparing all sorts of Food*, London, 1655, 4to., enlarged by Christopher Bennett, from a treatise written by Thomas Moufet, or Muffet, an English physician and naturalist.

[4] As sponsor, at the christening.

23d. Busy till late preparing things to fortify myself and fellows against the Parliament; and particularly myself against what I fear is thought, that I have suppressed the Order of the Board by which the discharging the great ships at Chatham by tickets was directed; whereas, indeed, there was no such Order.

24th. (Lord's day.) For want of other of my clerks, sent to Mr. Gibbs, whom I never used till now, for the writing over of my little pocket Contract-book; and there I laboured till nine at night with him, in drawing up the history of all that hath passed concerning tickets, in order to the laying the whole, and clearing myself and Office, before Sir R. Brookes; and in this I took great pains, and then sent him away, and proceeded, and had W. Hewer come to me, and he and I till past twelve at night in the Office, and he, which was a good service, did so inform me in the consequences of writing this report, and that what I said would not hold water, in denying this Board to have ever ordered the discharging out of the service whole ships by ticket, that I did alter my whole counsel, and fall to arme myself with good reasons to justify the Office in so doing, which hath been but rare. Having done this, I went, with great quiet in my mind, home, though vexed that so honest a business should bring me so much trouble; but mightily was pleased to find myself put out of my former design; and so, after supper, to bed.

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[1] Selden's executors were Matthew Hale, John Vaughan, and Rowland Jewks, here alluded to, who was buried in the Temple Church, in 1665. Vaughan survived till 1674 and had also sepulture there.

25th. This morning Sir W. Pen tells me that the House was very hot on Saturday last upon the business of liberty of speech in the House, and damned the vote in the beginning of the Long Parliament against it;[1] so that he fears that there may be some bad thing which they have a mind to broach, which they dare not do without more security than they now have. God keep us, for things look mighty ill!

26th. By coach as far as the Temple, and there saw a new book[2] in folio, of all that suffered for the King in the late times, which I will buy. At my goldsmith's, bought a basin for my wife to give the Parson's child, to which the other day she was godmother. It cost me £10 14*s.* besides graving, which I do with the cypher of the name, Daniel Mills. After dinner come to me Mr. Warren, and there did tell me that he come to pay his debt to me for the kindness I did him in getting his last ship out, which I must also remember was a service to the King, though I did not tell him so. He would present me with sixty pieces in gold. I told him I would demand nothing of his promises, though they were much greater, nor would have thus much, but if he could afford to give me but fifty pieces, it should suffice me. So now he brought something in a paper, which since proves to be fifty pieces. This evening comes to me to my closet at the Office Sir John Chichly, of his own accord, to tell me what he shall answer to the Committee, when, as he expects, he shall be examined about my Lord Sandwich; which is so little as will not hurt my Lord at all, I know.

27th. Mr. Pierce comes to me, and there, in general, tells me how the King is now fallen in and become a slave to the Duke of Buckingham, led by none but him, whom he, Mr. Pierce, swears he knows do hate the very person of the King, and would, as well as will, certainly ruin him. He do say, and I think is right, that the King do in this do the most ungrateful part of a master to a servant that ever was done, in this carriage of his, to my Lord Chancellor: that, it may be, the Chancellor may have faults, but none such as these they speak of: that he do now really fear that all is going to ruin, for he says he hears that Sir W. Coventry hath been, just before his sickness, with the Duke of York, to ask his forgiveness and peace for what he had done; for that he never could foresee that what he meant so well, in the councilling to lay by the Chancellor, should come to this.

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[1] The House resolved that the judgment given, 5th Car. I., against Sir John Elliott, Denzill Hollis, and Benjamin Valentine, in the King's Bench, was illegal, and against the freedom and privileges of Parliament.

[2] David Lloyd's *Memoirs of the Loyalists of Charles the First's time.*

28th. To the King's playhouse, and there sat by my wife, and saw "The Mistaken Beauty,"[1] which I never, I think, saw before, though an old play; and there is much in it that I like, though the name is but improper to it—at least, that name, it being also called "The Lyer," which is proper enough.

29th. Waked about seven o'clock this morning with a noise I supposed I heard, near our chamber, of knocking, which, by and by, increased: and I, more awake, could distinguish it better. I then waked my wife, and both of us wondered at it, and lay so great a while, while that increased, and at last heard it plainer, knocking, as if it were breaking down a window for people to get out; and then removing of stools and chairs; and plainly, by and by, going up and down our stairs. We lay, both of us, afraid; yet I would have rose, but my wife would not let me. Besides, I could not do it without making noise; and we did both conclude that thieves were in the house, but wondered what our people did, whom we thought either killed, or afraid, as we were. Thus we lay till the clock struck eight, and high day. At last, I removed my gown and slippers safely to the other side of the bed over my wife; and there safely rose, and put on my gown and breeches, and then, with a firebrand in my hand, safely opened the door, and saw nor heard any thing. Then, with fear, I confess, went to the maid's chamber-door, and all quiet and safe. Called Jane up, and went down safely, and opened my chamber-door, where all well. Then more freely about, and to the kitchen, where the cook-maid up, and all safe. So up again, and when Jane come, and we demanded whether she heard no noise, she said, "yes, but was afraid," but rose with the other maid, and found nothing; but heard a noise in the great stack of chimnies that goes from Sir J. Minnes through our house; and so we sent, and their chimnies have been swept this morning, and the noise was that, and nothing else. It is one of the most extraordinary accidents in my life, and gives ground to think of Don Quixote's adventures how people may be surprised, and the more from an accident last night, that our young gibb-cat did leap down our stairs from top to bottom, at two leaps, and frighted us, that we could not tell well whether it was the cat or a spirit, and do sometimes think this morning that the house might be haunted.

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[1] "The Mistaken Beauty, or, The Liar," a comedy, taken from the "Menteur" of Corneille, printed, in 1661, by its second title only, and without any author's name.—*Biog. Dram.*

30th. To Arundel House, to the election of Officers[1] for the next year; where I was near being chosen of the Council, but am glad I was not, for I could not have attended, though, above all things, I could wish it; and do take it as a mighty respect to have been named there. Then to Cary House,[2] a house now of entertainment, next my Lady Ashly's; where I have heretofore heard Common Prayer in the time of Dr Mossum.[3] I was pleased to see the person who had his blood taken out.[4] He speaks well, and did this day give the Society a relation thereof in Latin, saying that he finds himself much better since, and as a new man, but he is cracked a little in his head, though he speaks very reasonably, and very well. He had but 20*s*. for his suffering it, and is to have the same again tried upon him: the first sound man that ever had it tried on him in England, and but one that we hear of in France. My Lord Anglesey told me this day that he did believe the House of Commons would, the next week, yield to the Lords; but, speaking with others this day, they conclude they will not, but that rather the King will accommodate it by committing my Lord Clarendon himself. I remember what Mr. Evelyn said, that he did believe we should soon see ourselves fall into a Commonwealth again.

December 1st. (Lord's day.) I to church: and in our pew there sat a great lady, whom I afterwards understood to be my Lady Carlisle,[5] a very fine woman indeed in person.

2d. The Lords' answer is come down to the Commons, that they are not satisfied in the Commons' Reasons: and so the Commons are hot, and like to sit all day upon the business what to do herein, most thinking that they will remonstrate against the Lords. Thence to Lord Crewe's, and there dined with him; where, after dinner, he took me aside, and bewailed the condition of the nation, now the King and his brother are at a distance about this business of the Chancellor, and the two Houses differing: and he do believe that there are so many about the King like to be concerned and troubled by the Parliament, that they will get him to dissolve or prorogue the Parliament; and the rather, for that the King is likely, by this good husbandry of the Treasury, to get out of debt, and the Parliament is likely to give no money. Among other things, my Lord Crewe did tell me, with grief, that he hears that the King of late hath not dined nor supped with the Queen, as he used of late to do. To Westminster Hall, where my cozen Roger tells me of the high vote of the Commons this afternoon, that the proceedings of the Lords in the case of my Lord Clarendon are an obstruction to justice, and of ill precedent to future times.

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[1] Of the Royal Society.

[2] In the Strand, near the Savoy, where Carey Street now is.

[3] See 19th Feb., 1659-60, and note.

[4] See 14th Nov., 1666, *ante*.

[5] Anne, daughter of Edward, first Lord Howard of Escrick, wife to Charles, first Earl of Carlisle.

3d. To Sir W. Coventry's, the first time I have seen him at his new house since he came to lodge there. He tells me of the vote for none of the House to be of the Commission for the Bill of Accounts; which he thinks is so great a disappointment to Birch and others that expected to be of it, that he thinks, could it have been foreseen, there would not have been any Bill at all. We hope it will be the better for all that are to account; it being likely that the men, being few, and not of the House, will hear reason. The main business I went about was about Gilsthrop, Sir. W. Batten's clerk; who, being upon his death-bed, and now dead, hath offered to make discoveries of the disorders of the Navy and of £65,000 damage to the King: which made mighty noise in the Commons House; and Members appointed to go to him, which they did; but nothing to the purpose got from him, but complaints of false musters, and ships being refitted with victuals and stores at Plymouth, after they were fitted from other ports; but all this to no purpose, nor more than we know, and will owne. But the best is, that this loggerhead should say this, that understands nothing of the Navy, nor ever would; and hath particularly blemished his master by name among us. I told Sir W. Coventry of my letter to Sir R. Brookes, and his answer to me. He advises me, in what I write to him, to be as short as I can, and obscure, saving in things fully plain; for all that he do is to make mischief; and that the greatest wisdom in dealing with the Parliament in the world is to say little, and let them get out what they can by force: which I shall observe. He declared to me much of his mind to be ruled by his own measures, and not to go so far as many would have him to the ruin of my Lord Chancellor, and for which they do endeavour to do what they can against Sir W. Coventry. "But," says he, "I have done my do in helping to get him out of the administration of things, for which he is not fit; but for his life or estate I will have nothing to say to it: besides that, my duty to my master the Duke of York is such, that I will perish before I will do any thing to displease or disoblige him, where the very necessity of the kingdom do not in my judgment call me." Home; and there met W. Batelier, who tells me the first great news, that my Lord Chancellor is fled this day, and left a paper behind him[1] for the House of Lords, telling them the reason of his retiring, complaining of a design for his ruin. But the paper I must get: only the thing at present is great, and will put the King and Commons to some new counsels certainly. Sir Richard Ford told us this evening an odd story of the basenesse of the late Lord Mayor, Sir W. Bolton, in cheating the poor of the City, out of the collections made for the people that were burned, of £1800; of which he can give no account, and in which he hath forsworn himself plainly, so as the Court of Aldermen have sequestered him from their Court till he do bring in an account. He says also that this day hath been made appear to them that the Keeper of Newgate hath, at this day, made his house the only nursery of rogues, prostitutes, pickpockets, and thieves, in the world; where they were bred and entertained, and the whole society met: and that, for the sake of the Sheriffes, they durst not this day committ him, for fear of making him let out the prisoners, but are fain to go by artifice to deal with him. He tells me, also, speaking of the new street[2] that is to be made from Guild Hall down to Cheapside, that the ground is already, most of it, bought. And tells me of one particular, of a man that hath a piece of ground lying in the very middle of the street that must be; which, when the street is cut out of it, there will remain ground enough, of each side, to build a house to front the street. He demanded £700 for the ground, and to be excused paying anything for the melioration of the rest of his ground that he was to keep. The Court consented to give him £700, only not to abate him the consideration: which the man denied; but told them, and so they agreed, that he would excuse the City the £700, that he might have the benefit of the melioration without paying any thing for it. So much some will get by having the City burned! Ground, by this means, that was not 4*d.* a-foot before, will now, when houses are built, be worth 15*s.* a-foot. But he tells me of the common standard now reckoned on between man and man, in places where there is no alteration of circumstances, but only the houses burnt, there the ground, which, with a house on it, did yield £100 a-year, is now reputed worth £33 6*s.* 8*d.*; and that this is the common market-price between one man and another, made upon a good and moderate medium.

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[1] This paper, which was ordered to be burnt, has been many times printed; and sometimes under the title of "News from Dunkirk House."—See Somers's *Tracts*, vol. viii.

[2] King Street.

4th. I hear that the House of Lords did send down the paper which my Lord Clarendon left behind him, directed to the Lords, to be seditious and scandalous; and the Commons have voted that it be burned by the hands of the hangman, and that the King be desired to agree to it. I do hear, also, that they have desired the King to use means to stop his escape out of the nation.[1] This day Gilsthrop is buried, who hath made all the late discourse of the great discovery of £65,000, of which the King hath been wronged.

5th. This day, not for want, but for good husbandry, I sent my father, by his desire, six pair of my old shoes, which fit him, and are good; yet, methought, it was a thing against my mind to have him wear my old things.

6th. With Sir J. Minnes to the Duke of York, the first time that I have seen him, or we waited on him, since his sickness; and, blessed be God! he is not at all the worse for the small-pox, but is only a little weak yet. We did much business with him, and so parted. My Lord Anglesey told me how my Lord Northampton[2] brought in a Bill into the House of Lords yesterday, under the name of a Bill for the Honour and Privilege of the House, and Mercy to my Lord Clarendon: which, he told me, he opposed, saying that he was a man accused of treason by the House of Commons; and mercy was not proper for him, having not been tried yet, and so no mercy needful for him. However, the Duke of Buckingham and others did desire that the Bill might be read; and it was for banishing my Lord Clarendon from all his Majesty's dominions, and that it should be treason to have him found in any of them: the thing is only a thing of vanity, and to insult over him. By and by home with Sir J. Minnes, who tells me that my Lord Clarendon did go away in a Custom-house boat, and is now at Calais: and, I confess, nothing seems to hang more heavy than his leaving of this unfortunate paper behind him, that hath angered both Houses, and hath, I think, reconciled them in that which otherwise would have broke them in pieces; so that I do hence, and from Sir W. Coventry's late example and doctrine to me, learn that on these sorts of occasions there is nothing like silence; it being seldom any wrong to a man to say nothing, but for the most part, it is to say anything. Sir J. Minnes told me a story of my Lord Cottington, who, wanting a son, intended to make his nephew his heir, a country boy; but did alter his mind upon the boy's being persuaded by another young heir, in roguery, to crow like a cock at my Lord's table, much company being there, and the boy having a great trick at doing that perfectly. My Lord bade them take away that fool from the table, and so gave over the thoughts of making him his heir,[1] from this piece of folly. Captain Cocke comes to me; and, among other discourse, tells me that he is told that an impeachment against Sir W. Coventry will be brought in very soon. He tells me, that even those that are against my Lord Chancellor and the Court, in the House, do not trust nor agree one with another. He tells me that my Lord Chancellor went away about ten at night, on Saturday last, at Westminster; and took boat at Westminster, and thence by a vessel to Calais, where he believes he now is: and that the Duke of York and Mr. Wren knew of it, and that himself did know of it on Sunday morning: that on Sunday his coach, and people about it, went to Twittenham, and the world thought that he had been there: that nothing but this unhappy paper hath undone him, and that he doubts that this paper hath lost him everywhere: that his withdrawing do reconcile things so far as, he thinks, the heat of their fury will be over, and that all will be made well between the two [royal] brothers: that Holland do endeavour to persuade the King of France to break peace with us: that the Dutch will, without doubt, have sixty sail of ships out the next year; so knows not what will become of us, but hopes the Parliament will find money for us to have a fleete.

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[1] A copy of the original order for the apprehension of the Earl of Clarendon, signed by the Duke of York, and directed to Sir John Bramston, is given in *The Autobiography of Sir John Bramston*, p. 257 (Camden Society).

[2] James Compton, third Earl of Northampton, Lord Lieutenant of Warwickshire, and Constable of the Tower. Ob. 1681.

7th. Somebody told me this day that they hear that Thomson, with the wooden leg, and Wildman,[2] the Fifth-Monarchy man, a great creature of the Duke of Buckingham's, are in nomination to be Commissioners, among others, upon the Bill of Accounts.

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[1] He probably changed his mind. See note, 17th August, 1666.

[2] Major Wildman, who had been an agitator in Cromwell's army, and had opposed his Protectorship. After he regained his liberty, he returned to his old habits, and was repeatedly engaged in fomenting sedition.

8th. (Lord's day.) To White Hall, where I saw the Duchess of York, in a fine dress of second mourning for her mother,[1] being black, edged with ermine, go to make her first visit to the Queen since the Duke of York's being sick; and by and by, she being returned, the Queen came and visited her. But it was pretty to observe that Sir W. Coventry and I, walking an hour and more together in the Matted Gallery, he observed, and so did I, how the Duchess, soon as she spied him, turned her head a one side. Here he and I walked thus long, which we have not done a great while before. Our discourse was upon everything: the unhappiness of having our matters examined by people that understand them not; that it is better for us in the Navy to have men that do understand the whole, and that are not passionate; that we that have taken the most pains are called upon to answer for all crimes, while those that, like Sir W. Batten and Sir J. Minnes, did sit and do nothing, do lie still without any trouble; that, if it were to serve the King and kingdom again in a war, neither of us could do more, though upon this experience we might do better than we did; that the commanders, the gentlemen that could never be brought to order, but undid all, are now the men that find fault and abuse others; that it had been much better for the King to have given Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Batten £1000 a-year to have sat still, than to have had them in this business this war: that the serving a Prince that minds not his business is most unhappy for them that serve him well, and an unhappiness so great that he declares he will never have more to do with a war, under him. That he hath papers which do flatly contradict the Duke of Albemarle's Narrative; and that he hath been with the Duke of Albemarle and showed him them, to prevent his falling into another like fault; that the Duke of Albemarle seems to be able to answer them; but he thinks that the Duke of Albemarle and the Prince are contented to let their Narratives sleep, they being not only contradictory in some things, as he observed about the business of the Duke of Albemarle's being to follow the Prince upon dividing the fleete,[2] in case the enemy come out, but neither of them to be maintained in others. That the business the other night of my Lord Anglesey at the Council was happily got over for my Lord, by his dexterous silencing it, and the rest not urging it further; forasmuch as, had the Duke of Buckingham come in time enough, and had got it by the end, he would have toused[1] him in it; Sir W. Coventry telling me that my Lord Anglesey did, with such impudence, maintain the quarrel against the Commons and some of the Lords, in the business of my Lord Clarendon, that he believes there are enough would be glad but of this occasion to be revenged of him. He tells me that he hears some of the Thomsons are like to be of the Commission for the Accounts, and Wildman, which he much wonders at, as having been a false fellow to every body, and in prison most of the time since the King's coming in. But he do tell me that the House is in such a condition that nobody can tell what to make of them, and, he thinks, they were never in before; that every body leads, and nobody follows; and that he do now think that, since a great many are defeated in their expectation of being of the Commission, now they would put it into such hands as it shall get no credit from: for, if they do look to the bottom and see the King's case, they think they are then bound to give the King money; whereas, they would be excused from that, and, therefore, endeavour to make this business of the Accounts to signify little. Comes Captain Cocke to me; and there he tells me, to my great satisfaction, that Sir Robert Brookes did dine with him to-day; and that he told him, speaking of me, that he would make me the darling of the House of Commons, so much he is satisfied concerning me. And this Cocke did tell me that I might give him thanks for it; and I do think it may do me good, for he do happen to be held a considerable person, for a young man, both for sobriety and ability.

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[1] Frances, daughter of Sir Thomas Aylesbury, Bart., Master of Requests to Charles I., second wife of Lord Chancellor Clarendon: see *ante* Nov. 13, 1661, note.

[2] See 1st November, 1667, *ante*.

9th. Comes Sir G. Carteret to talk with me; who seems to think himself safe as to his particular, but do doubt what will become of the whole kingdom, things being so broke in pieces. He tells me that the King himself did the other day very particularly tell the whole story of my Lord Sandwich's not following the Dutch ships, with which he is charged; and shows the reasons of it to be the only good course he could have taken, and do discourse it very knowingly. This I am glad of, though, as the King is now, his favour, for aught I see, serves very little in stead at this day, but rather is an argument against a man; and the King do not concern himself to relieve or justify any body, but is wholly negligent of everybody's concernment. This morning I was troubled with my Lord Hinchingbroke's sending to borrow £200 of me; but I did answer that I had none, nor could borrow any; for I am resolved I will not be undone for any body, though I would do much for my Lord Sandwich—for it is to answer a bill of exchange of his—but not ruin myself. Called at Cade's, the stationer, where he tells me how my Lord Gerard is troubled for several things in the House of Commons, and in one wherein himself is concerned; and, it seems, this Lord is a very proud and wicked man, and the Parliament is likely to order him.[1]

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[1] Equivalent to teazed.—*Nares.*

10th. The King did send a message to the House to-day that he would adjourne them on the 17th instant to February; by which time, at least, I shall have more respite to prepare things on my own behalf, and the Office, against their return. Met Mr. Hingston,[2] the organist, walking, and I walked with him; and, asking him many questions, I do find that he can no more give an intelligible answer to a man that is not a great master in his art, than another man. And this confirms me that it is only the want of an ingenious man that is master in musick, to bring musick to a certainty, and ease in composition. I home, having finished my letter to Commissioner Middleton, who is now coming up to town from Portsmouth, to enter upon his Surveyorship.

11th. Attended the Duke of York, as we are wont, who is now grown pretty well, and goes up and down White Hall, and this night will be at the Council. Here I met Rolt and Sir John Chichly, and I met Harris, the player, and talked of "Catiline,"[3] which is to be suddenly acted at the King's house; and there all agree that it cannot be well done at that house, there not being good actors enough: and Burt[4] acts Cicero, which they all conclude he will not be able to do well. The King gives them £500 for robes, there being, as they say, to be sixteen scarlet robes. Comes Sir W. Warren[5] to talk about some business of his and mine: and he, I find, would have me not to think that the Parliament, in the mind they are in, and having so many good offices in their view to dispose of, will leave any of the King's officers in, but will rout all, though I am likely to escape as well as any, if any can escape; and I think he is in the right, and I do look for it accordingly. Come Sir W. Pen, and he there told me what passed to-day with him in the Committee, by my Lord Sandwich's breaking bulk of the prizes; and it do seem to me that he hath left it pretty well understood by them, he saying that what my Lord did was done at the desire, and with the advice, of the chief officers of the fleete, and that it was no more than admirals heretofore have done in like cases, which, if it be true that he said it, is very well.

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[1] *Sic orig.*

[2] John Hingston, a scholar of Orlando Gibbons, after being in the service of Charles I., became organist to Cromwell for a pension of £100, and instructed his daughters in music. His picture was in the Music School at Oxford.

[3] A tragedy, by Ben Jonson.

[4] Nicholas Burt. See note, Oct. 11, 1660.

[5] See Dec. 29, 1660.

12th. To the Duke of York's house, and saw "The Tempest," and the house very full. But I could take little pleasure more than the play, from not being able to look about, for fear of being seen. Here only I saw a French lady in the pit, with a tunique, just like one of ours, only a handkercher about her neck; but this fashion for a woman did not look decent. My bookseller did give me a list of the twenty who were mentioned for the Commission in Parliament for the Accounts: and it is strange that of the twenty the Parliament could not think fit to choose their nine, but were fain to add three that were not in the list of the twenty, they being many of them factious people and ringleaders in the late troubles; so that Sir John Talbot did fly out and was very hot in the business of Wildman's being named, and took notice how he was entertained in the bosom of the Duke of Buckingham, a Privy-counsellor; and that it was fit to be observed by the House, and punished. The men that I know of the nine I like very well; that is, Mr. Pierrepont, Lord Brereton,[1] and Sir William Turner; and I do think the rest are so, too; but such as will not be able to do this business as it ought to be, to do any good with. Here I did also see their votes against my Lord Chief Justice Keeling, that his proceedings were illegal, and that he was a contemner of Magna Charta (the great preserver of our lives, freedoms, and properties) and an introduction to arbitrary government; which is very high language, and of the same sound with that in the year 1640. This day my Lord Chancellor's letter was burned at the 'Change.[2]

13th. To Westminster, to the Parliament-door, to speak with Roger: and here I saw my Lord Keeling go into the House to the bar, to have his business heard by the whole House to-day; and a great crowd of people to stare upon him. Here I hear that the Lords' Bill for banishing and disabling my Lord Clarendon from bearing any office, or being in the King's dominions, and it being made felony for any to correspond with him but his own children, is brought to the Commons: but they will not agree to it, being not satisfied with that as sufficient, but will have a Bill of Attainder brought in against him: but they make use of this against the Lords, that they, that would not think there was cause enough to commit him without hearing, will have him banished without hearing. By and by comes my cozen Roger to me, he being not willing to be in the House at the business of my Lord Keeling,[1] lest he should be called upon to complain against him for his abusing him at Cambridge, very wrongfully and shamefully, but not to his reproach, but to the Chief Justice's in the end, when all the world cried shame upon him for it. Among other news, it is now fresh that the King of Portugall[2] is deposed, and his brother made King;[3] and that my Lord Sandwich is gone from Madrid with great honour to Lisbon, to make up, at this juncture, a peace to the advantage, as the Spaniard would have it, of Spain. I wish it may be for my Lord's honour, if it be so; but it seems my Lord is in mighty estimation in Spain. After dinner comes Mr. Moore, and he and I alone a while, he telling me my Lord Sandwich's credit is like to be undone, if the bill of £200 my Lord Hinchingbroke wrote to me about be not paid to-morrow, and that, if I do not help him about it, they have no way but to let it be protested. So, finding that Creed hath supplied them with £150 in their straits, and that this is no bigger sum, I am very willing to serve my Lord, though not in this kind; but yet I will endeavour to get this done for them, and the rather because of some plate that was lodged the other day with me, by my Lady's order, which may be in part of security for my money. This do trouble me; but yet it is good luck that the sum is no bigger. With my cozen Roger to Westminster Hall; and there we met the House rising: and they have voted my Lord Chief Justice Keeling's proceedings illegal; but that, out of particular respect to him, and the mediation of a great many, they have resolved to proceed no further against him.

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[1] William, third Lord Brereton, of Leaghlin, in Ireland, M.P. for Cheshire. He disposed of his estates in that county, on account of the exigencies of the times, and his father's losses, incurred in the cause of Charles I. He was educated at Breda, esteemed an accomplished and amiable nobleman, and was one of the Founders of the Royal Society. Ob. 1679.

[2] "Dec. 12, 1667. Between twelve and one of the clock, the paper called 'The Humble Petition and Address of Edward, Earl of Clarendon,' directed to the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in Parliament assembled, was, according to a late order of Parliament, burnt by the hands of the common hangman, before the gate of Gresham College, now the place of the Exchange, in the presence of the Sheriffs."—Rugge's *Diurnal.*

15th. (Lord's day.) Up, and to church, where I heard a

[1] See *ante*, Oct. 17, 1667.

[2] Alphonso the Sixth.

[3] Dom Henrique.

German preach, in a tone hard to be understood, but yet an extraordinary good sermon, and wholly to my great content. Mrs. Turner to visit us, who hath been long sick, and she sat and supped with us—her son Francke being there, now upon the point of his going to the East Indys. I did give him "Lex Mercatoria,"[1] and my wife my old pair of tweezers, which are pretty, and my book an excellent one for him. Most of our talk was of the great discourse the world hath against my Lady Batten, for getting her husband to give her all, and disinherit his eldest son; though the truth is, the son, as they say, did play the knave with his father when time was, and the father no great matter better with him, nor with other people also.

16th. To several places, to pay what I owed. Among others, to my mercer, to pay for my fine camlott cloak, which costs me, the very stuff, almost £6; and also a velvet coat—the outside cost me above £8. And so to Westminster, where I find the House mighty busy upon a petition against my Lord Gerard, which lays heavy things to his charge, of his abusing the King in his Guards; and very hot the House is upon it.

17th. This day I do hear at White Hall that the Duke of Monmouth is sick, and in danger of the smallpox.

18th. To look after the providing of £60 for Mr. Moore, towards the answering of my Lord Sandwich's bill of exchange, he being come to be contented with my lending him £60 in part of it, which pleases me; and this, which I do do, I hope to secure out of the plate, which was delivered into my custody of my Lord's, which I did get Mr. Stokes, the goldsmith, last night to weigh at my house, and there is enough to secure £100.

19th. To the Office, where Commissioner Middleton first took his place at the Board as Surveyor of the Navy; and indeed I think will be an excellent officer, I am sure much beyond what his predecessor was. With Sir W. Pen in his coach to Guildhall, to speak with Sheriff Gauden—I only for company; and did here look up and down this place, where I have not been before since the fire; and I see that the city are got on a pace in the building of Guildhall.[2] This evening, the King by message, which he never did before, hath passed several bills, among others that for the Accounts, and for banishing my Lord Chancellor, and hath adjourned the House to

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[1] The work of Gerard de Malynes, called *Lex Mercatoria, or The Ancient Law Merchant.* London, 1629.

[2] Guildhall was not destroyed by the fire, as Pepys seems to intimate. Dance, the architect, did more damage than the flames with his modern, tasteless fingers. The original roof remained until he was let loose upon the unlucky building.

February; at which I am glad, hoping in this time to get leisure to state my Tangier Accounts, and to prepare better for the Parliament's enquiries. Here I hear how the House of Lords, with great severity, if not tyranny, have proceeded against poor Carr, who only erred in the manner of the presenting his petition against my Lord Gerard, it being first printed before it was presented; which was, it seems, by Colonel Sands's[1] going into the country, into whose hands he had put it: the poor man is ordered to stand in the pillory two or three times, and to have his eares cut, and be imprisoned I know not how long.[2] But it is believed that the Commons, when they meet, will not be well pleased with it; and they have no reason, I think.

20th. To Sir W. Pen's with Sir R. Ford, and there was Sir D. Gauden, and there we only talked of sundry things; and I have found of late, by discourse, that the present sort of government is looked upon as a sort of government that we never had yet—that is to say, a King and House of Commons against the House of Lords; for so indeed it is, though neither of the two first care a fig for one another, nor the third for them both, only the Bishops are afraid of losing ground, as I believe they will. So home to my poor wife, who is in mighty pain, and her face miserably swelled: so as I was frighted to see it.

21st. The Nonconformists are mighty high, and their meetings frequented and connived at; and they do expect to have their day now soon; for my Lord of Buckingham is a declared friend to them, and even to the Quakers, who had very good words the other day from the King himself: and, what is more, the Archbishop of Canterbury[3] is called no more to the Cabal,[4] nor, by the way, Sir W. Coventry; which I am orry for, the Cabal at present being, as he says, the King, nd Duke of Buckingham, and Lord Keeper, the Duke of Albemarle, and Privy Seale. The Bishops, differing from the King in the late business in the House of Lords, have caused his and what is like to follow, for every body is encouraged now-a-days to speak, and even to preach, as I have heard one f them, as bad things against them as ever in the year 1640; which is a strange change. Home to sit with my wife, who is a ittle better, and her cheek aswaged. I read to her out of "The history of Algiers," which is mighty pretty reading, and did discourse alone about my sister Pall's match, which is now on foot with one Jackson, another nephew of Mr. Phillips's, to whom the former hath left his estate.

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[1] Samuel Sandys, of Ombersley, in Worcestershire, which county he then represented in Parliament. He was ancestor of the Lords Sandys, and died in 1685.

[2] The Journals of the day do not inform us that William Carr was adjudged to lose his ears. He was fined £1000, and ordered to stand in the pillory three times; and the libel was burnt by the common hangman.

[3] Gilbert Sheldon.

[4] This use of the word, which has already occurred in the same sense (see Oct. 14, 1665), is earlier than its application by Burnet (*Hist. of Own Time*) in 1672, when he states, in reference to the newly-formed government, that "Cabal" proved a technical word, every letter in it being the first letter of those five—Clifford, Ashly, Buckingham, Arlington, and Lauderdale. It is obvious that the names given by Pepys do not form the word. In the *Dream of the Cabal*, anno 1672, the Cabal is made to consist of *seven* members, thus—

"Methought there met the grand Cabal of Seven
(Odd numbers, some men say, do best please Heaven)."

22d. (Lord's day.) Up, and my wife, poor wretch! still in pain.

23d. To the Commissioners of the Treasury, and there I had a dispute before them with Sir Stephen Fox about our orders for money, who is very angry, but I value it not. But, Lord! to see with what folly my Lord Albemarle do speak in his business would make a man wonder at the good fortune of uch a fool. I to the Exchange, and there I saw Carr stand in he pillory for the business of my Lord Gerard, which is supposed will make a hot business in the House of Commons, when hey shall come to sit again, the Lords having ordered this with great injustice, as all people think, his only fault being his printing his petition before, by accident, his petition be read in he House. I hear by Creed that the Bishops of Winchester[1] nd of Rochester,[2] and the Dean of the Chapel, and some other great prelates, are suspended: and a cloud upon the Archbishop ever since the late business in the House of Lords; nd I believe it will be a heavy blow to the clergy. I bought a sermon of Dr. Lloyd's,[3] as well writ and as good, against the Church of Rome, as ever I read; but, Lord! how Hollier, poor man, was taken with it. This day, at the 'Change, Creed howed me Mr. Coleman, of whom my wife hath so good an opinion, and says he is as very a rogue for women as any in

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Burnet's words have often been mistaken. He noticed a coincidence, which many have taken to be the origin of the term.

[1] George Morley.

[2] John Dolben.

[3] A sermon entitled "Papists no Catholics, and Popery no Christianity," published in 1667, by William Lloyd, who became Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, then of St. Asaph, and lastly of Worcester, and died in 1717, aged 91.

the world; which did disquiet me, like a fool, and run in my mind a great while.

24th. By coach to St. James's, it being about six at night; my design being to see the ceremonys, this night being the eve of Christmas, at the Queen's chapel. I got in almost up to the rail, and with a great deal of patience staid from nine at night to two in the morning, in a very great crowd; and there expected, but found nothing extraordinary, there being nothing but a high masse. The Queen was there, and some ladies. But, Lord! what an odde thing it was for me to be in a crowd of people, here a footman, there a beggar, here a fine lady, there a zealous poor papist, and here a Protestant, two or three together, come to see the shew. I was afraid of my pocket being picked very much. But all things very rich and beautiful; and I see the papists have the wit, most of them, to bring cushions to kneel on, which I wanted, and was mighty troubled to kneel. All being done, I was sorry for my coming, and missing of what I expected; which was, to have had a child born and dressed there, and a great deal of do: but we broke up, and nothing like it done: and there I left people receiving the Sacrament: and the Queen gone, and ladies; only my Lady Castlemaine, who looked prettily in her night-clothes. So took my coach, which waited, and through Covent Garden, to set down two gentlemen and a lady, who come thither to see also, and did make mighty mirth in their talk of the folly of this religion. Drank some burnt wine at the Rose Tavern door, while the constables came, and two or three bellmen went by.

25th. Being a fine, light, moonshine morning, home round the city, and stopped and dropped money at five or six places, which I was the willinger to do, it being Christmas-day, and so home, and there find my wife in bed, and Jane and the maid making pyes. So I to bed. Rose about nine, and to church, and there heard a dull sermon of Mr. Mills, but a great many fine people at church; and so home. Wife and girl and I alone at dinner—a good Christmas dinner. My wife reading to me "The History of the Drummer of Mr. Mompesson,"[1] which is a strange story of spies, and worth reading indeed. In the evening comes Mr. Pelling, and he sat and supped with us; and very good company, he reciting to us many copies of good verses of Dr. Wilde's, who writ "Iter Boreale."

26th. To the Swan, and by chance met Mr. Spicer and another 'Chequer clerk, and there made them drink. At my

[1] See note, June 15, 1663, *ante*.

bookseller's, and there bought Mr. Harrington's works, "Oceana," etc., and two other books, which cost me £4. Home, and there eat a bit, and then with my wife to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Surprizall;"[1] which did not please me to-day, the actors not pleasing me; and especially Nell's acting of a serious part, which she spoils.[2] I hear this day that Mrs. Stewart do at this day keep a great court at Somerset House, with her husband the Duke of Richmond, she being visited for her beauty's sake by people, as the Queen is, at nights; and they say also that she is likely to go to Court again, and there put my Lady Castlemaine's nose out of joynt.

27th. A Committee of Tangier met: the Duke of York there; and there I did discourse over to them their condition as to money, which they were all mightily, as I could desire, satisfied with, but the Duke of Albemarle, who takes the part of the Guards against us in our supplies of money, which is an odd consideration for a dull, heavy blockhead as he is, understanding no more of either than a goose: but the ability and integrity of Sir W. Coventry, in all the King's concernments, I do and must admire. After the Committee, Sir W. Coventry told me how some of his enemies at the Duke of York's had got the Duke of York's commission for the Commissioners of his estate changed, and he and Brouncker and Povy left out: that this they did do to disgrace him, and imposes upon him at this time, but that he, though he values not the thing, did go and tell the Duke of York what he heard, and that he did not think that he had given him any reason to do this, out of his belief that he would not be as faithful and serviceable to him as the best of those that have got him put out. Whereupon the Duke of York did say that it arose only from his not knowing whether now he would have time to regard his affairs; and that, if he should, he would put him into the commission with his own hand, though the commission be passed. He answered that he had been faithful to him, and done him good service therein, so long as he could attend to it; and if he had been able to have attended it more, he would not have enriched himself with such and such estates as my Lord Chancellor hath got, that did properly belong to his Royal Highness, as being forfeited to the King, and so by the King's gift given to the Duke of York. Hereupon the Duke of York did call for the commission, and hath since put him in. He tells me that the business of getting the Duchess of Richmond to Court is broke off, her husband not suffering it; and thereby great trouble is brought among the people that endeavoured it, and thought they had compassed it.[1] And, Lord! to think that at this time the King should mind no other cares but these! He tells me that my Lord of Canterbury is a mighty stout man, and a man of a brave, high spirit, and cares not for this disfavour that he is under at Court, knowing that the King cannot take away his profits during his life, and therefore do not value it.

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[1] A Comedy, by Sir Robert Howard.

[2] See note, Aug. 22, 1667, *ante*.

28th. To the King's house, and there saw "The Mad Couple;" which is but an ordinary play; but only Nell's and Hart's mad parts are most excellent done, but especially her's: which makes it a miracle to me to think how ill she do any serious part,[2] as, the other day, just like a fool or changeling; and, in a mad part, do beyond imitation almost. It pleased us mightily to see the natural affection of a poor woman, the mother of one of the children brought on the stage: the child crying, she by force got upon the stage, and took up her child and carried it away off of the stage from Hart. Many fine faces here to-day. I am told to-day, which troubles me, that great complaint is made upon the 'Change, among our merchants, that the very Ostend little pickaroon[3] men-of-war do offer violence to our merchantmen, and search them, beat our masters, and plunder them, upon pretence of carrying Frenchmen's goods.

29th. (Lord's day.) At night comes Mrs. Turner to see us; and there, among other talk, she tells me that Mr. William Pen, who is lately come over from Ireland, is a Quaker again, or some very melancholy thing; that he cares for no company, nor comes into any: which is a pleasant thing, after his being abroad so long, and his father such a hypocritical rogue, and at this time an Atheist.

30th. Sir G. Carteret and I alone did talk of the ruinous condition we are in, the King being going to put out of the Council so many able men; such as my Lord Anglesey, Ashly, Hollis, Secretary Morrice, to bring in Mr. Trevor,[4] and the rchbishop of Canterbury, and my Lord Bridgewater. He ells me that this is true, only the Duke of York do endeavour o hinder it, and the Duke of York himself did tell him so: hat the King and the Duke of York do not in company disagree, ut are friendly; but that there is a core in their hearts, he oubts, which is not to be easily removed; for these men o suffer only for their constancy to the Chancellor, or at least rom the King's ill-will against him: that they do now all hey can to vilify the clergy, and do abuse Rochester [Dolben], nd so do raise scandals, all that is possible, against other f the Bishops. He do suggest that something is intended for he Duke of Monmouth, and, it may be, against the Queen lso: that we are in no manner sure against an invasion the ext year: that the Duke of Buckingham do rule all now, and he Duke of York comes indeed to the Cabal, but signifies ittle there. That this new faction do not endure, nor the King, ir W. Coventry; but yet that he is so usefull that they cannot e without him; but that he is not now called to the Cabal. hat my Lord of Buckingham, Bristoll, and Arlington, do seem o agree in these things; but that they do not in their hearts rust one another, but do drive several ways, all of them. n short, he do bless himself that he is no more concerned n matters now; and the hopes he hath of being at liberty, hen his accounts are over, to retire into the country. That he o give over the kingdom for wholly lost. Meeting with Mr. ooling, I with him by coach to the Wardrobe, where never was since the fire in Hatton Garden: and he tells me hat he fears that my Lord Sandwich will suffer much by r. Townsend's being untrue to him, he being now unable to ive the Commissioners of the Treasury an account of his oney received by many thousands of pounds, which I am roubled for. I met with Mr. Cooling at the Temple-gate, fter I had been at both my booksellers—and there laid out everal pounds in new books now against the new year. To ir G. Carteret's, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and there did dine ogether, there being there, among other company, Mr. Attorney ontagu,[1] and his fine lady, a fine woman. After dinner I did nderstand from my Lady Jemimah that her brother Hinchingroke's business was to be ended this day, as she thinks, towards is match,[2] and they do talk here of their intent to buy themelves some new clothes against the wedding, which I am very glad of. Thence with Sir Philip Carteret[1] to the King's playhouse, there to see "Love's Cruelty,"[2] an old play, but which I have not seen before; and in the first act Orange Moll come to me, with one of our porters by my house, to tell me that Mrs. Pierce and Knipp did dine at my house to-day, and that I was desired to come home. So I went out presently, and by coach home, and they were gone away: so, after a very little stay with my wife, I took coach again, and to the King's playhouse again, and come in the fourth act; and it proves to me a very silly play, and to everybody else, as far as I could judge. But the jest is, that here telling Moll how I had lost my journey, she told me that Mrs. Knipp was in the house, and so shows me to her, and I went to her, and sat out the play, and then with her to Mrs. Manuel's, where Mrs. Pierce was, and her boy and girl; and here I did hear Mrs. Manuel and one of the Italians, her gallant, sing well. But yet I confess I am not delighted so much with it, as to admire it: for, not understanding the words, I lose the benefit of the vocalitys of the musick, and it proves only instrumental; and therefore was more pleased to hear Knipp sing two or three little English things that I understood, though the composition of the other, and performance, was very fine. Thence to my bookseller's, and paid for the books I had bought, and away home, where I told my wife where I had been. But she was as mad as a devil, and nothing but ill words between us all the evening while we sat at cards—W. Hewer and the girl by—even to gross ill words, which I was troubled for. But I do see that I must use policy to keep her spirit down, and to give her no offence by my being with Knipp and Pierce, of which, though she will not own it, yet she is heartily jealous. This day I did carry money out, and paid several debts. Among others, my tailor, and shoemaker, and draper, Sir W. Turner, who begun to talk of the commission of accounts, wherein he is one; but though they are the greatest people that ever were in the nation as to power, and like to be our judges, yet I did never speak one word to him of desiring favour, or bidding him joy in it, but did answer him to what he said, and do resolve to stand or fall by my silent preparing to answer whatever can be laid to me, and that will be my best proceeding, I think. This day I got a little rent in my new fine camlot cloak with the latch of Sir G. Carteret's door; but it is darned up at my tailor's, that it will be no great blemish to it; but it troubled me. I could not but observe that Sir Philip Carteret would fain have given me my going into a play; but yet when he came to the door, he had no money to pay for himself, I having refused to accept of it for myself, but was fain; and I perceive he is known there, and do run upon the score for plays, which is a shame; but I perceive always he is in want of money. In the pit I met with Sir Ch. North,[1] formerly Mr. North, who was with my Lord at sea; and, he of his own accord, was so silly as to tell me he is married; and for her quality, (being a Lord's daughter,[2] my Lord Grey) and person and beauty, and years, and estate, and disposition, he is the happiest man in the world. I am sure he is an ugly fellow; but a good scholar and sober gentleman; and heir to his father, now Lord North, the old Lord being dead.

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[1] Considerable light is thrown upon these passages regarding the Duke and Duchess of Richmond and Archbishop Sheldon, which are here obscure, by Burnet, in the *History of his own Times*, vol. i., p. 436. 8vo. edit.

[2] See 22nd Aug., *ante*.

[3] From the Spanish *picaron*, a rogue or villain. It must here be taken to mean "privateer."

[4] John Trevor, knighted by Charles II., who made him Secretary of State, 1668, which office he held till his death, in 1672.

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[1] William Montagu, afterwards Lord Chief Baron. His wife was Mary, aughter of Sir John Aubrey, Bart.

[2] With Lady Anne Boyle.

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[1] Sir G. Carteret's eldest son, mentioned before, who had been knighted.

[2] A tragedy, by James Shirley.

31st. To White Hall, and there waited a long time, while the Duke of York was with the King in the Cabal, and there I and Creed stayed talking in the Vane-Room, and I perceive all people's expectation is, what will be the issue of this great business of putting these great Lords out of the council and power, the quarrel, I perceive, being only their standing against the will of the King in the business of the Chancellor. Anon the Duke of York comes out, and then to a committee of Tangier, where my Lord Middleton did come to-day, and seems to me but a dull, heavy man; but he is a great soldier, and stout, and a needy Lord. He will still keep that poor garrison from ever coming to be worth anything to the King. There dined with me my uncle Thomas, with a mourning hat-band on, for his daughter Mary. Captain Perryman did give an account, walking in the garden, that there were Irish in the town, up and down, that do labour to entice the seamen out of the nation by giving them £3 in hand, and promise of 40*s.* per month, to go into the King of France's service, which is a mighty shame, but yet I believe is true. I did advise with him about my little vessel, "The Maybolt," which he says will be best for me to sell, though my employing her to Newcastle this winter, and the next spring, for coles, will be a gainful trade, but yet make me great trouble. Thus ends the year, with great happiness to myself and family as to health and good condition in the world, blessed be God for it! only with great trouble to my mind in reference to the publick, there being but little hopes left but that the whole nation must in a very little time be lost, either by troubles at home, the Parliament being dissatisfied, and the King led into unsettled councils by some about him, himself considering little, and divisions growing between the King and Duke of York; or else by foreign invasion, to which we must submit if any, at this bad point of time, should come upon us, which the King of France is well able to do. These thoughts, and some cares trouble me, concerning my standing in this Office when the Committee of Parliament shall come to examine our Navy matters, which they will now shortly do. I pray God they may do the kingdom service therein, as they will have sufficient opportunity of doing it!

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[1] Charles, eldest son of Dudley, fourth Lord North, noticed 3d March, 1659-60. He was afterwards summoned to Parliament as Baron North and Grey of Rolleston. His mother was Anne, daughter of Sir Charles Montagu, whence his connexion with Lord Sandwich.

[2] Catharine, daughter to William Grey, Lord Grey of Warke, and widow of Sir Edward Moseley. She married, thirdly, Colonel Francis Russell (see Nov. 15, 1666), second son of Francis, fourth Earl of Bedford.

## 1667–8

January 1st. Dined with my Lord Crewe, with whom was Mr. Browne, Clerk of the House of Lords, and Mr. John Crewe. Here was mighty good discourse, as there is always; and among other things my Lord Crewe did turn to a place in the Life of Sir Philip Sidney, wrote by Sir Fulke Greville,[1] which do foretell the present condition of this nation, in relation to the Dutch, to the very degree of a prophecy; and is so remarkable that I am resolved to buy one of them, it being, quite throughout, a good discourse. Here they did talk much of the present cheapness of corne, even to a miracle; so as their farmers can pay no rent, but do fling up their lands; and would pay in corne: but, which I did observe to my Lord, and he liked well of it, our gentry are grown so ignorant in every thing of good husbandry, that they know not how to bestow this corne: which, did they understand but a little trade, they would be able to joyne together, and know what markets there are abroad, and send it thither, and thereby ease their tenants and be able to pay themselves. They did talk much of the disgrace the Archbishop is fallen under with the King, and the rest of the Bishops also. Thence I after dinner to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw "Sir Martin Mar-all;" which I have seen so often, and yet am mightily pleased with it, and think it mighty witty, and the fullest of proper matter for mirth that ever was writ; and I do clearly see that they do improve in their acting of it. Here a mighty company of citizens, 'prentices, and others; and it makes me observe, that when I began first to be able to bestow a play on myself, I do not remember that I saw so many by half of the ordinary 'prentices and mean people in the pit at *2s. 6d.* a-piece as now; I going for several years no higher than the 12*d.* and then the 18*d.* places, though I strained hard to go in when I did: so much the vanity and prodigality of the age is to be observed in this particular. Thence I to White Hall, and there walked up and down the house a while, and do hear nothing of anything done further in this business of the change of Privy-counsellors: only I hear that Sir G. Savile,[1] one of the Parliament Committee of nine, for examining the Accounts, is by the King made a Lord, the Lord Halifax; which, I believe, will displease the Parliament. By and by I met with Mr. Brisband; and having it in my mind this Christmas to do what I never can remember that I did, go to see the gaming at the Groome-Porter's, I having in my coming from the playhouse stepped into the two Temple-halls, and there saw the dirty 'prentices and idle people playing; wherein I was mistaken, in thinking to have seen gentlemen of quality playing there, as I think it was when I was a little child, that one of my father's servants, John Bassum, I think, carried me in his arms thither. I did tell Brisband of it, and he did lead me thither, where, after staying an hour, they begun to play at about eight at night, where to see how differently one man took his losing from another, one cursing and swearing, and another only muttering and grumbling to himself, a third without any apparent discontent at all: to see how the dice will run good luck in one hand, for half an hour together, and another have no good luck at all: to see how easily here, where they play nothing but guinnys, a £100 is won or lost: to see two or three gentlemen come in there drunk, and putting their stock of gold together, one 22 pieces, the second 4, and the third 5 pieces; and these two play one with another, and forget how much each of them brought, but he that brought the 22 thinks that he brought no more than the rest: to see the different humours of gamesters to change their luck, when it is bad, how ceremonious they are to call for new dice, to shift their places, to alter their manner of throwing, and that with great industry, as if there was anything in it: to see how some old gamesters, that have no money now to spend as formerly, do come and sit and look on, and among others, Sir Lewes Dives,[1] who was here, and hath been a great gamester in his time: to hear their cursing and damning to no purpose, as one man being to throw a seven if he could, and, failing to do it after a great many throws, cried he would be damned if ever he flung seven more while he lived, his despair of throwing it being so great, while others did it as their luck served almost every throw: to see how persons of the best quality do here sit down, and play with people of any, though meaner; and to see how people in ordinary clothes shall come hither, and play away 100, or 2 or 300 guinnys, without any kind of difficulty: and lastly, to see the formality of the groome-porter, who is their judge of all disputes in play and all quarrels that may arise therein, and how his under-officers are there to observe true play at each table, and to give new dice, is a consideration I never could have thought had been in the world, had I not now seen it. And mighty glad I am that I did see it, and it may be will find another evening, before Christmas be over, to see it again, when I may stay later, for their heat of play begins not till about eleven or twelve o'clock; which did give me another pretty observation of a man, that did win mighty fast when I was there. I think he won £100 at single pieces in a little time. While all the rest envied him his good fortune, he cursed it, saying, "it come so early upon me," for this fortune two hours hence would be worth something to me, but then I shall have no such luck. This kind of prophane, mad entertainment they give themselves. And so I, having enough for once, refusing to venture, though Brisband pressed me hard, and tempted me with saying that no man was ever known to lose the first time, the devil being too cunning to discourage a gamester; and he offered me also to lend me ten pieces to venture; but I did refuse, and so went away.

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[1] This work first appeared in 1652, and was reprinted by Sir Samuel Egerton Brydges at the Lee Priory press in 1816.

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[1] Of Rufford, co. Notts, Bart.; created Lord Savile of Eland and Viscount Halifax, 1668; Earl of Halifax, 1679; and Marquis of Halifax, 1682. Ob. 1695.

2d. Attended the King and the Duke of York in the Duke of York's lodgings, with the rest of the officers and many of the Commanders of the fleete, and some of our master shipwrights, to discourse the business of having the topmasts of ships made to lower abaft of the mainmast; a business I understand not, and so can give no good account; but I do see that by how much greater the Council, and the number of Counsellors is, the more confused the issue is of their councils; so that little was said to the purpose regularly, and but little use was made of it, they coming to a very broken conclusion upon it, to make trial in a ship or two. From this they fell to other talk about the fleete's fighting this late war, and how the King's ships have been shattered; though the King said that the world would not have it that above ten or twenty ships in any fight did do any service, and that this hath been told so to him himself, by ignorant people. The Prince,[1] who was there, was mightily surprised at it, and seemed troubled, but the King told him that it was only discourse of the world. But Mr. Wren whispered me in the eare, and said that the Duke of Albemarle had put it into his Narrative for the House, that not above twenty-five ships fought in the engagement wherein he was, but that he was advised to leave it out; but this he did write from sea, I am sure, or words to that effect: and did displease many commanders, among others, Captain Batts, who the Duke of York said was a very stout man, all the world knew; and that another was brought into his ship that had been turned out of his place when he was a boatswain, not long before, for being a drunkard. This the Prince took notice of, and would have been angry, I think, but they let their discourse fall: but the Duke of York was earnest in it. And the Prince said to me, standing by me, "If they will turn out every man that will be drunk, they must turn out all the commanders in the fleete. What is the matter if he be drunk, so as when he comes to fight he do his work? At least, let him be punished for his drunkenness, and not put out of his command presently." This he spoke, very much concerned for this idle fellow, one Greene. After this the King began to tell stories of the cowardice of the Spaniards in Flanders, when he was there, at the siege of Mardike and Dunkirke;[2] which was very pretty, though he tells them but meanly. To Westminster Hall, and there staid a little: and then home, and by the way did find with difficulty the Life of Sir Philip Sidney. And the bookseller told me that he had sold four, within this week or two, which is more than ever he sold in all his life of them; and he could not imagine what should be the reason of it: but I suppose it is from the same reason of people's observing of this part therein, touching his prophesying our present condition here in England in relation to the Dutch, which is very remarkable. I took my wife and girl out to the New Exchange, and there my wife bought herself a lace for a handkercher, which I do give her, of about £3, for a new year's gift, and I did buy also a lace for a band for myself. This day my wife shews me a locket of dyamonds worth about £40, which W. Hewer do press her to accept, and hath done for a good while, out of gratitude for my kindness and her's to him. But I do not like that she should receive it, it not being honourable for me to do it; and so do desire her to force him to take it back again, he leaving it against her will yesterday with her. And she did this evening force him to take it back, at which she says he is troubled: but, however, it becomes me more to refuse it, than to let her accept of it. It is generally believed that France is endeavouring a firmer league with us than the former, in order to his going on with his business against Spain the next year; which I am, and so every body else is, I think, very glad of, for all our fear is, of his invading us. This day, at White Hall, I overheard Sir W. Coventry propose to the King his ordering[1] of some particular thing in the Wardrobe, which was of no great value; but yet, as much as it was, it was of profit to the King and saving to his purse. The King answered to it with great indifferency, as a thing that it was no great matter whether it was done or no. Sir W. Coventry answered: "I see your Majesty do not remember the old English proverb, 'He that will not stoop for a pin, will never be worth a pound.'" And so they parted, the King bidding him do as he would; which, methought, was an answer not like a King that did intend ever to do well.

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[1] Sir Lewis Dives was the son of Sir John Dives, of Bromham, in Bedfordshire, by Beatrix, daughter of Charles Walcot, Esq. She afterwards married John Digby, first Earl of Bristol. Sir Lewis Dives was thus half-brother to George, second Earl of Bristol, so often mentioned by Pepys. He was an active officer in the King's army, and at one time governor of Sherborne Castle, his brother's property.

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[1] Rupert.

[2] This refers to the battle of the Dunes, 24th June, 1658, when Turenne defeated the Prince of Condé and Don Juan of Austria, who tried to relieve Dunkirk, which the English blockaded by sea, and the French attacked by land. It was prior to this battle that, despising the Spanish tactics, Condé said to the young Duke of Gloucester, "N'avez vous jamais vu perdre une bataille? Eh bien, vous l'allez voir." Dunkirk surrendered on the 23d, and afterwards was given up to the English, with whom it remained till Charles sold it.

4th. It seems worth remembering that this day I did hear my Lord Anglesey at the table, speaking touching this new Act for Accounts, say that the House of Lords did pass it because it was a senseless, impracticable, ineffectual, and foolish Act; and that my Lord Ashly having shown that it was so to the House of Lords, the Duke of Buckingham did stand up and told the Lords that they were beholden to my Lord Ashly, that having first commended them for a most grave and honourable assembly, he thought it fit for the House to pass this Act for Accounts because it was a foolish and simple Act: and it seems it was passed with but a few in the House, when it was intended to have met in a grand Committee upon it. And it seems that in itself it is not to be practiced till after this session of Parliament, by the very words of the Act, which nobody regarded, and therefore cannot come in force yet, unless at the next meeting they do make a new Act for the bringing it into force sooner; which is a strange omission. But I perceive my Lord Anglesey do make a mere laughing-stock of this Act, as a thing that can do nothing considerable, for all its great noise.

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[1] *i. e.*, putting in order.

5th. (Lord's day.) The business of putting out of some of the Privy-council is over, the King being at last advised to forbear it; for whereas he did design it to make room for some of the House of Commons that are against him, thereby to gratify them, it is believed that it will but so much the more fret the rest that are not provided for, and raise a new stock of enemies by them that are displeased: and it goes for a pretty saying of my Lord Anglesey's up and down the Court, that he should lately say to one of the great promoters of this putting him and others out of the Council, "Well, and what are we to look for when we are outed? Will all things be set right in the nation?" The other said that he did believe that many things would be mended: "But," says my Lord, "will you and the rest of you be contented to be hanged, if you do not redeem all our misfortunes and set all right, if the power be put into your hands?" The other answered, "No, I would not undertake that." "Why, then," says my Lord, "I and the rest of us that you are labouring to put out, will be contented to be hanged, if we do not recover all that is past, if the King will put the power into our hands, and adhere wholly to our advice." Intending to go home, my Lady Carteret saw and called to me out of her window, and so would have me home with her to Lincoln's Inn Fields to dinner, and there we met with my Lord Brereton, and several other strangers, to dine there; and I find him a very sober and serious, able man, and was in discourse too hard for the Bishop of Chester;[1] and who, above all books, lately wrote commending the matter and style of a late book, called "The Causes of the Decay of Piety."[2] I do resolve at his great commendation to buy it. Here dined also

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[1] George Hall, who had been Archdeacon of Canterbury, consecrated Bishop of Chester, 11th May, 1662. Ob. 1668.

[2] By the author of *The Whole Duty of Man.*

Sir Philip Howard, a Barkeshire Howard.[1] He did take occasion to tell me at the table that I have got great ground in the Parliament, by my ready answers to all that was asked me there about the business of Chatham, and they would never let me be out of employment, of which I made little; but was glad to hear him, as well as others, say it. And he did say also, relating to Commissioner Pett, that he did not think that he was guilty of anything like a fault, that he was either able or concerned to amend, but only the not carrying up of the ships higher, he meant; but he said, three or four miles lower down, to Rochester Bridge, which is a strange piece of ignorance in a Member of Parliament; and did boldly declare that he did think the fault to lie in my Lord Middleton, who had the power of the place, to secure the boats that were made ready by Pett, and to do anything that he thought fit. After dinner, my Lord Brereton very gentilely went to the organ, and played a verse very handsomely. Thence to White Hall, and there up and down the house, and on the Queen's side, to see the ladies, and there saw the Duchess of York, whom few pay the respect they used, I think, to her; but she bears all out, with a very great deal of greatness; that is the truth of it. And so, it growing night, I away home by coach.

6th. Up, leaving my wife to get herself ready, and the maids to get a supper ready against night for our company; and to White Hall, and there met with Mr. Pierce, by whom I find, as I was afraid from the folly of my wife, that he understood that he and his wife was to dine at my house to-day, whereas it was to sup; and therefore I did go home to dinner, and there find Mr. Harris, by the like mistake, come to dine with me. However, we did get a pretty dinner ready for him; and there he and I to discourse of many things, and I do find him a very excellent person, such as in my whole [acquaintance] I do not know another better qualified for converse, whether in things of his own trade, or of other kind, a man of great understanding and observation, and very agreeable in the manner of his discourse, and civil as far as is possible. I was mightily pleased with his company; and after dinner, did take coach with him, and my wife and girl, to go to a play, to carry him thence to his own house. Away to the Duke of York's house, in the pit, and so left my wife; and to Mrs. Pierce, and took her and her cozen Corbet, Knipp and little James, and brought them to the Duke's house; and, the house being full, was forced to carry them to a box, which did cost me *20s.*, besides oranges, which troubled me, though their company did please me. Thence, after the play, stayed till Harris was undressed, there being acted "the Tempest," and so he withal, all by coach, home, where we find my house with good fires and candles ready, and our Office the like, and the two Mercers, and Betty Turner, Pembleton, and W. Batelier. And so with much pleasure we into the house, and there fell to dancing, having extraordinary musick, two viollins, and a base viollin, and theorbo, four hands, the Duke of Buckingham's musick, the best in towne, sent me by Greeling, and there we set in to dancing. By and by to my house, to a very good supper, and mighty merry, and good musick playing; and after supper to dancing and singing till about twelve at night; and then we had a good sack posset for them, and an excellent cake, cost me near 20*s*., of our Jane's making, which was cut into twenty pieces, there being by this time so many of our company, by the coming in of young Goodyer and some others of our neighbours, young men that could dance, hearing of our dancing; and anon comes in Mrs. Turner, the mother, and brings with her Mrs. Hollworthy, which pleased me mightily. And so to dancing again, and singing, with extraordinary great pleasure, till about two in the morning, and then broke up; and Mrs. Pierce and her family, and Harris and Knipp by coach home, as late as it was. And they gone, I took Mrs. Turner and Hollworthy home to my house, and there gave wine and sweetmeats, but I find Mrs. Hollworthy but a mean woman, I think, for understanding, only a little conceited, and proud, and talking, but nothing extraordinary in person, or discourse, or understanding. They being gone, I paid the fiddlers £3 among the four, and so away to bed.

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[1] *i.e.*, a son of the Earl of Berkshire: see note to Sept. 1, 1665.

7th. To the Nursery;[1] but the house did not act to-day;

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[1] There seem to have been, at this time, two distinct "Nurseries for Actors," one in Golden Lane, near the Barbican, described, in Pennant's *London*, as a row of low houses of singular construction; and which, according to the inscription underneath an old print in his possession, had been a nursery for the children of Henry VIII. The same author states that it was used also as a playhouse in the reign of Elizabeth and James I. This establishment was ridiculed by Dryden in his "McFlecknoe;" and in "The Rehearsal" Bayes is made to declare that he will write only for the "Nursery," and "mump the proud players" of the regular theatres. Langbaine also (p. 64) tells us that he had seen Chapman's "Revenge for Honour," acted many years ago at the "Nursery" in Barbican. The other "Nursery" was in Hatton Garden. We learn from the Shakespeare Society's *Papers*, vol. iii., that a patent was granted by Charles II., 3d March, 1664, to William Legge, Groom of the Bedchamber, giving him the

and so I to the other two playhouses into the pit, to gaze up and down, and there did by this means, for nothing, see an act in "The Schoole of Compliments" at the Duke of York's house, and "Henry the Fourth" at the King's house; but, not liking either of the plays, I took my coach again, and home.

8th. To White Hall, and by coach home, taking up Mr. Prin at the Court gate, it raining, and setting him down at the Temple: and by the way did ask him about the manner of holding of Parliaments, and whether the number of Knights and Burgesses were always the same? And he says that the latter were not; but that, for aught he can find, they were sent up at the discretion, at first, of the Sheriffes, to whom the writs are sent to send up generally the Burgesses and citizens of their county: and he do find that heretofore the Parliament-men, being paid by the country, several burroughs have complained of the Sheriffes putting them to the charge of sending up Burgesses; which is a very extraordinary thing to me, that knew not this, but thought that the number had been known, and always the same.[1]

9th. Mr. Hollier come and dined with me, and it is still mighty pleasant to hear him talk of Rome and the Pope, with what hearty hatred and zeal he talks against him. Wrote to my father about lending Anthony Joyce the money he desires; and I declare that I would do it as part of Pall's portion, and that Pall should have the use of the money till she be married, but I do propose to him to think of Mr. Cumberland rather than this Jackson that he is upon; and I confess that I have a mighty mind to have a relation so able a man, and honest, and so old an acquaintance as Mr. Cumberland. I shall hear his answer by the next [post.]

10th. To White Hall, and there to wait on the Duke of York

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privilege of instituting a "Nursery" for young Actors; but no locality is fixed in the instrument. Perhaps this was the "Nursery" mentioned by T. Killigrew, *Diary*, Aug. 2, 1664.

[1] Andrew Marvell, who died in 1678, M.P. for Hull, is said, but erroneously, to have been the last member that received wages from his constituents; others, his contemporaries, maintained the right, and suffered their arrears to accumulate, as a cheap resource at the next election. Marvell more than once, in his correspondence, speaks of members threatening to sue their boroughs for pay (Coleridge's *Northern Worthies*, p. 61). A case is noticed by Lord Campbell, in his *Life of Lord Nottingham*, where the M.P. for Harwich, in 1681, petitioned the Lord Chancellor, as that borough had failed "to pay him his wages." A writ was issued "De expensis Burgensium levandis." Lord Campbell adds, "For this point of the People's Charter [payment of wages] no new law is required."—*Lives of the Lord Chancellors*, vol. iii., p. 420

with the rest of my brethren, which we did a little in the King's Green-Room, while the King was in Council: and in this room we found my Lord Bristoll walking alone; which, wondering at, while the Council was sitting, I was answered that, as being a Catholique, he could not be of the Council; which I did not consider before. This morning, there was a Persian in that country dress, with a turban, waiting to kiss the King's hand in the Vane-Room, against he come out: he was a comely man as to features, and his dress, methinks, very comely. To my new bookseller's, Martin's; and there did meet with Fournier,[1] the Frenchman, that hath wrote of the Sea Navigation, and I could not but buy him, and also bespoke an excellent book, which I met with there, of China.[2] The truth is, I have bought a great many books lately to a great value; but I think to buy no more till Christmas next, and those that I have will so fill my two presses, that I must be forced to give away some, or make room for them, it being my design to have no more at any time for my proper library than to fill them. This day I received a letter from my father, and another from my cozen Roger Pepys, who have had a view of Jackson's evidences of his estate, and do mightily like of the man, and his condition and estate, and do advise me to accept of the match for my sister, and to finish it as soon as I can; and he do it so as, I confess, I am contented to have it done, and so give her her portion; and so I shall be eased of one care how to provide for her.

11th. Talking with my wife in bed about Pall's business, and she do conclude to have her married here, and to be merry at it; and to have W. Hewer, and Batelier and Mercer, and Willett, bridemen and bridemaids, and to be very merry; and so I am glad of it, and do resolve to let it be done as soon as I can. To the King's house, to see "The Wild-goose Chase."[3] In this play I met with nothing extraordinary at all, but very dull inventions and designs. Knipp came and sat by us, and her talk pleased me a little, she telling me how Miss Davis is for certain going away from the Duke's house, the King being in love with her; and a house is taken for her, and furnishing; and she hath a ring given her already worth £600: that the King did send several times for Nelly, and she was with him; and I am sorry for it, and can hope for no good to the State from having a Prince so devoted to his pleasure. She told me also of a play shortly coming upon the stage of Sir Charles Sedley's, which, she thinks, will be called "The Wandering Ladys,"[1] a comedy that, she thinks, will be most pleasant; and also another play, called "The Duke of Lorane;"[2] besides "Catiline," which she thinks, for want of the clothes which the King promised them, will not be acted for a good while.

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[1] Pepys alludes to a book by George Fournier, a Jesuit, born at Caen in 1569, author of *L'Hydrographie*, and other nautical works.

[2] Alvarez Semedo's *History of China*, translated by a Person of Quality. Lond., 1655, fol.

[3] By Beaumont and Fletcher.

12th. (Lord's day.) Went to Church, where first I saw Alderman Backewell and his lady come to our Church, they living in Mark Lane; and I could find in my heart to invite her to sit with us, she being a fine lady. I come in while they were singing the 119th psalm, while the sexton was gathering to his box, to which I did give 5*s.*

13th. With Sir W. Pen to White Hall, and there did with the rest attend the Duke of York, where nothing extraordinary; only I perceive there is nothing yet declared for the next year, what fleete shall be abroad.

14th. To my bookseller, Martin, and there did receive my book I expected of China, a most excellent book, with rare cuts; and there fell into discourse with him about the burning of Paul's when the City was burned, his house being in the church-yard. And he tells me that it took fire first upon the end of a board that, among others, was laid upon the roof instead of lead, the lead being broke off, and thence down lower and lower: but that the burning of the goods under St. Fayth's arose from the goods taking fire in the church-yard, and so got into St. Fayth's Church; and that they first took fire from the Draper's side, by some timber of the houses that were burned, falling into the church. He says that one warehouse of books was saved under Paul's; and there were several dogs found burned among the goods in the church-yard, and but one man, which was an old man, that said he would go and save a blanket which he had in the church, and, being weak, the fire overcame him. He says that most of the booksellers do design to fall a-building again the next year; but that the Bishop of London[3] do use them most basely, worse than any other landlords, and says he will be paid to this day the rent, or else he will not come to treat with them for the time to come; and will

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[1] Sedley never wrote any play with this title, or, perhaps, the name was altered. The piece here referred to seems to be, "The Mulberry Garden," (see 18th May, following) which, on representation, does not seem to have answered Pepys's expectations. It met, however, with success, from the notoriety or fashion of the profligate author.

[2] Probably *Lerma:* see Feb. 20, 1667-8.

[3] Humphrey Henchman, who had been Bishop of Salisbury.

ot, on that condition either, promise them in any thing how he
ill use them: and, the Parliament sitting, he claims his privi-
ge, and will not be cited before the Lord Chief Justice, as
hers are there, to be forced to a fair dealing.[1] Thence by
ach to Mrs. Pierce's, where my wife is; and there they fell to
scourse of the last night's work at Court, where the ladies and
uke of Monmouth and others acted "The Indian Emperour;"
herein they told me these things most remarkable: that not
y woman but the Duchess of Monmouth and Mrs. Corn-
llis[2] did any thing but like fools and stocks, but that these
o did do most extraordinary well: that not any man did any
ing well but Captain O'Bryan,[3] who spoke and did well, but,
ove all things, did dance most incomparably. That she did
near the players of the Duke's house; among the rest, Miss
avis, who is the most impertinent slut, she says, in the world;
d the more, now the King do show her countenance; and is
ckoned his mistress, even to the scorne of the whole world;
e King gazing on her, and my Lady Castlemaine being
elancholy and out of humour, all the play, not smiling once.
e King, it seems, hath given her a ring of £700, which she
ows to every body, and owns that the King did give it her;
d he hath furnished a house in Suffolke Street most richly for
r, which is a most infinite shame. It seems she is a bastard
my Lord Berkshire, and that he hath got her for the King:
t Pierce says that she is a most homely jade as ever she saw,
ough she dances beyond any thing in the world. She tells
that the Duchess of Richmond do not yet come to the
urt, nor hath seen the King, nor will not, nor do he own his
sire of seeing her; but hath used means to get her to Court,
t they do not take. I to my chamber, having a great many
oks brought me home from my bookbinder's, and so I to the
w setting of my books against the next year, which costs me
ore trouble than I expected, and at it till two o'clock in the
orning.

15th. Up, and to the Office, where all the morning. At
on home to dinner, and then to the Office again, where we
t about some business of D. Gauden's till candle-light; and

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The claims of the owners, after the fire of London, as settled by the
mmissioners, are in the British Museum.

Henrietta Maria Cornwallis, whose brother Charles, third Lord Corn-
lis, (called *le beau* Cornwallis), afterwards became the second husband
he Duchess of Monmouth.

Captain O'Bryan, mentioned in Oct. 20, 1667, *ante*, was probably Sir
nough O'Bryan, who married Lucia Hamilton, sister to the Comtesse de
ammont.

then, as late as it was, I down to Redriffe, and so walked by moonlight to Deptford, where I have not been a great while. And so walked back again, but with pleasure by the walk, and I had the sport to see two boys swear, and stamp, and fret, for not being able to get their horse over a stile and ditch, one of them swearing and cursing most bitterly; and I would fain, in revenge, have persuaded him to have drove his horse through the ditch, by which, I believe, he would have stuck there. But the horse would not be drove, and so they were forced to go back again, and so I walked away homeward, and there reading all the evening, and so to bed. This afternoon my Lord Anglesey tells us that it is voted in Council to have a fleete of 50 ships out: but it is only a disguise for the Parliament, to get some money by; but it will not take, I believe.

16th. Lord Anglesey tells us again that a fleete is to be set out; and that it is generally, he hears, said that it is but a Spanish rhodomontado; and that he saying so just now to the Duke of Albemarle, who came to town last night, after the thing was ordered, he told him a story of two seamen: one wished all the guns of the ship were his, and that they were silver; and says the other, "You are a fool, for, if you can have it for wishing, why do you not wish them gold?" "So," says he, "if a rhodomontado will do any good, why do you not say 100 ships?" And it is true; for the Dutch and French are said to make such preparations as 50 sail will do no good. Mightily pleased with Mr. Gibson's[1] talking; he telling me so many good stories relating to the war and practices of commanders, which I will find a time to recollect; and he will be an admirable help to my writing a history of the Navy, if ever I do.

17th. Much discourse of the duell yesterday between the Duke of Buckingham, Holmes,[2] and one Jenkins,[3] on one side, and my Lord of Shrewsbury,[4] Sir John Talbot,[5] and one

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[1] Richard Gibson, so frequently noticed by Pepys, was a Clerk in the Navy Office. His collection of papers relating to the Navy of England, A.D. 1650–1702, compiled, as he states, from the Admiralty books in the Navy Office, are in the British Museum.

[2] Sir Robert Holmes.

[3] Captain William Jenkins.

[4] Francis Talbot, eleventh Earl of Shrewsbury, who died of his wounds March 16th following.

[5] Of Lacock Abbey, Wilts, a Gentleman of the Privy Chamber, and M.P. for Knaresborough. He was descended from John Talbot, second Earl of Shrewsbury, who fell at Northampton Fight in 1640. Sir John is said to have been the first person who received Charles II. in his arms on that monarch's landing at Dover after the Restoration, on which occasion

Bernard Howard,[1] on the other side: and all about my Lady Shrewsbury,[2] who is at this time, and hath for a great while been, a mistress to the Duke of Buckingham. And so her husband challenged him, and they met yesterday in a close near Barne-Elmes, and there fought: and my Lord Shrewsbury is run through the body, from the right breast through the shoulder; and Sir John Talbot all along up one of his armes; and Jenkins killed upon the place, and the rest all, in a little measure, wounded. This will make the world think that the King hath good councillors about him, when the Duke of Buckingham, the greatest man about him, is a fellow of no more sobriety than to fight about a mistress. And this may prove a very bad accident to the Duke of Buckingham, but that my Lady Castlemaine do rule all at this time as much as ever she did, and she will, it is believed, keep all matters well with the Duke of Buckingham: though this is a time that the King will be very backward, I suppose, to appear in such a business. And it is pretty to hear how the King had some notice of this challenge a week or two ago, and did give it to my Lord General[3] to confine the Duke, or take security that he should not do any such thing as fight: and the General trusted to the King that he, sending for him, would do it, and the King trusted to the General; and so, between them both, as everything else of greatest moment do, do fall between two stools. The whole House full of nothing but the talk of this business; and it is said that my Lord Shrewsbury's case is to be feared, that he may die too; and that may make it much worse for the Duke of Buckingham: and I shall not be much sorry for it, that we may have some sober man come in his room to assist in the Government. Creed tells me of Mr. Harry Howard's[4] giving the Royal Society a piece of ground

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he was knighted. Le Neve, writing in 1696, calls him "a very fine, strong old gentleman." He lived to a great age, serving till after 1700. His two sons died young; and his two daughters and co-heirs—i. Anne, married Sir John Ivory, Bart.; ii. Barbara, married Henry Yelverton, Lord Grey de Ruthyn, and Viscount Longueville.

[1] Eighth son of Henry Frederic Howard, Earl of Arundel, and the direct ancestor of the present Duke of Norfolk.

[2] Anna Maria, daughter of Robert Brudenel, second Earl of Cardigan. She is said to have held the Duke of Buckingham's horse, in the habit of a page, while he was fighting with her husband. She married, secondly, George Rodney Bridges, son of Sir Thomas Bridges, of Keynsham, Somerset, and died April 20, 1702. A portrait of the Countess of Shrewsbury, as Minerva, by Lely, was bought by the late Sir Robert Peel at the Stowe Sale, for £68 5s. There is also another portrait at Goodwood.

[3] The Duke of Albemarle.

[4] Afterwards Duke of Norfolk: see Nov. 28, 1666.

next to his house, to build a College on, which is a most generous act. And he tells me he is a very fine person, and understands and speaks well; and no rigid Papist neither, but one that would not have a Protestant servant leave his religion, which he was going to do, thinking to recommend himself to his master by it; saying, that he had rather have an honest Protestant than a knavish Catholique. I was not called in to the Council; and, therefore, home, first informing myself that my Lord Hinchingbroke hath been married this week to my Lord Burlington's daughter; so that, that great business is over; and I am mighty glad of it, though I am not satisfied that I have not a Favour[1] sent me, as I see Attorney Montagu and the Vice-Chamberlain have.

18th. To the 'Change, where I bought "The Mayden Queene," a play newly printed, which I like at the King's house so well, of Mr. Dryden's, which he himself, in his preface, seems to brag of, and indeed is a good play.

19th. (Lord's day.) To Redriffe, and so walked to Deptford, where I sent for Shish out of the Church, to advise about my vessel, "The Maybolt," and I do resolve to sell, presently, for any thing rather than keep her longer, having already lost £100 in her value, which I was once offered and refused, and the ship left without any body to look to her, which vexes me. Mr. Pelling tells me that my Lord Shrewsbury is likely to do well. Mr. Jessop is made Secretary to the Commissioners of Parliament for accounts; and I am glad, and it is pretty to see that all the Cavalier party were not able to find the Parliament nine Commissioners, or one Secretary, fit for the business.

20th. To Drumbleby's, the pipe-maker, there to advise about the making of a flageolet to go low and soft; and he do show me a way which do do, and also a fashion of having two pipes of the same note fastened together, so as I can play on one, and then echo it upon the other, which is mighty pretty. So to my Lord Crewe's to dinner, where we hear all the good news of our making a league now with Holland against the French power coming over them, or us: which is the first good act that the King hath done a great while, and done secretly, and with great seeming wisdom; and is certainly good for us at this time, while we are in no condition to resist the French, if they should come over hither; and then a little time of peace will give us time to lay up something, which these Commissioners of the Treasury are doing; and the world do begin to see that they will do the King's work for him, if he will let them. Here dined Mr. Case, the minister, who, Lord! do talk just as I remember he used to preach, and did tell us a pretty story of a religious lady, Queen of Navarre;[1] and my Lord also told a good story of Mr. Newman,[2] the Minister in New England, who wrote the Concordance, of his foretelling his death and preaching a funeral sermon, and at last bid the angels do their office, and died. It seems there is great presumption that there will be a Toleration granted: so that the Presbyterians do hold up their heads; but they will hardly trust the King or the Parliament what to yield them, though most of the sober party be for some kind of allowance to be given them. Lord Gerard is likely to meet with ill, the next sitting of Parliament, about Carr being set in the pillory; and I am glad of it; and it is mighty acceptable to the world to hear, that, among other reductions, the King do reduce his Guards,[3] which do please mightily.

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[1] See note, vol. i., p. 11. The custom was observed on May 30, 1853, at the festivities consequent on the marriage of Princess Anne of Prussia with Prince Frederick of Hesse. The Ober-hofmeister distributed to the gentlemen present small pieces of riband, on which the initials of the bride were embroidered. This ceremony is a modified form of the old custom of cutting up the bride's garter, and letting the gentlemen of the party scramble for the bits. Formerly it was the custom for a Prussian Princess immediately on leaving the company to take her garter from her knee and send it to the King, who tied one half of it round his own sword-knot, and sent the remainder, as the most attractive present he could offer, to a neighbouring and chivalrous monarch: see *Times*, 2d June, 1853.

21st. Comes news from Kate Joyce that, if I would see her husband alive, I must come presently. So I to him, and find his breath rattled in the throat; and they did lay pigeons to his feet, and all despair of him. It seems, on Thursday last, he went, sober and quiet, to Islington, and behind one of the inns, the White Lion, did fling himself into a pond: was spied by a poor woman, and got out by some people, and set on his head[4] and got to life: and so his wife and friends sent for.

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[1] Marguerite de Valois, Queen of Navarre, sister of Francis I. of France. The "pretty story" was doubtless from her *Heptameron*, a work imitating in title and matter the *Decameron* of Boccaccio. She is said to be the heroine of some of the adventures. It is fair to add that she wrote also the *Miroir d'une Ame Pecheresse*, translated into English by Queen Elizabeth, the title of whose book was *A Godly Medytacyon of the Christian Soules*, published by John Bale in 1548.

[2] Samuel Newman, born at Banbury and educated at Oxford. He emigrated to New England in 1637, and died there in 1663. His Concordance of the Bible was first published in London in 1643.

[3] One regiment of which was commanded by Lord Gerard.

[4] The absurd practice of holding up drowning men by the heels, when taken out of the water, occasioned the loss of many lives. The object was to *let the water run out.*

He confessed his doing the thing, being led by the Devil; and do declare his reason to be, his trouble in having forgot to serve God as he ought, since he came to his new employment:[1] and I believe that, and the sense of his great loss by the fire, did bring him to it: for he grew sick, and worse and worse to this day. The friends that were there, being now in fear that the goods and estate would be seized on, though he lived all this while, because of his endeavouring to drown himself, my cozen did endeavour to remove what she could of plate out of the house, and desired me to take my flagons; which I did, but in great fear all the way of being seized; though there was no reason for it, he not being dead. So, with Sir D. Gauden, to Guild Hall, to advise with the Towne-Clerke about the practice of the City and nation in this case: and he thinks it cannot be found selfe-murder; but if it be, it will fall, all the estate, to the King. So I to my cozen's again; where I no sooner come but find that her husband was departed. So, at their entreaty, I presently to White Hall, and there find Sir W. Coventry: and he carried me to the King, the Duke of York being with him, and there told my story which I had told him: and the King, without more ado, granted that, if it was found, the estate should be to the widow and children. I presently to each Secretary's office, and there left *caveats*, and so away back to my cozen's, leaving a chimney on fire at White Hall, in the King's closet, but no danger. And so, when I come thither, I find her all in sorrow, but she and the rest mightily pleased with my doing this for them; and which, indeed, was a very great courtesy, for people are looking out for the estate.

22d. At noon with my Lord Brouncker to Sir D. Gauden's, at the Victualling Office, to dinner, where I have not dined since he was Sheriff. He expected us; and a good dinner, and much good company; and a fine house, and especially two rooms, very fine, he hath built there. His lady a good lady; but my Lord led himself and me to a great absurdity in kissing all the ladies, but the finest of all the company, leaving her out, I know not why; and I was loath to do it, since he omitted it. Here little Chaplin[2] dined, who is like to be Sheriff the next year; and a pretty humoured little man he is: and Mr. Talents, the younger, of Magdalene College, Chaplain to the Sheriff; which I was glad to see, though not much acquainted with him. Thence stole away to my cozen Kate's, and there find the

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[1] He kept a tavern.

[2] Afterwards Sir Francis Chaplin, Knight and Alderman, and Lord Mayor in 1687.

Crowner's jury sitting, but they could not end it, but put off the business to Shrove Tuesday next, and so do give way to the burying of him, and that is all; but they all incline to find it a natural death, though there are mighty busy people to have it go otherwise, thinking to get his estate, but are mistaken. Thence, after sitting with her and company a while, comforting her: though I can find she can, as all other women, cry, and yet talk of other things all in a breath, home: and there to cards with my wife, Deb., and Betty Turner, and Batelier and after supper late to sing. But, Lord! how did I please myself to make Betty Turner sing, to see what a beast she is as to singing, not knowing how to sing one note in tune; but, only for the experiment, I would not for 40*s.* hear her sing a tune: worse than my wife a thousand times, so that it do a little reconcile me to her.

23d. At the Office all the morning; and at noon find the Bishop of Lincolne[1] come to dine with us; and after him comes Mr. Brisband; and there mighty good company. But the Bishop a very extraordinary good-natured man, and one that is mightily pleased, as well as I am, that I live so near Bugden,[2] the seat of his bishopricke, where he is like to reside: and, indeed, I am glad of it. In discourse, we think ourselves safe for this year, by this league with Holland, which pleases every body, and, they say, vexes France; insomuch that D'Estrades,[3] the French Embassador in Holland, when he heard it, told the States that he would have them not forget that his master is at the head of 100,000 men, and is but 28 years old; which was a great speech. The Bishop tells me he thinks that the great business of Toleration will not, notwithstanding this talk, be carried this Parliament; nor for the King's taking away the Deans' and Chapters' lands to supply his wants, they signifying little to him, if he had them, for his present service. To Mrs. Turner's, where my wife, and Deb., and I, and Batelier spent the night, and supped, and played at cards, and very merry. She is either a very prodigal woman, or richer than she would be thought, by her buying of the best things, and laying out much money in new-fashioned pewter; and, among other things, a new-fashioned case for a pair of snuffers, which is very pretty; but I could never have guessed what it was for, had I not seen the snuffers in it.

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[1] Dr. William Fuller, translated from Limerick, 1667.

[2] At Brampton, in the neighbourhood of Buckden palace, which has been recently alienated from the See of Lincoln.

[3] Who, as we have seen, had been French Ambassador in England.

24th. Carried my wife to the Temple, and then she to a play, and I to St. Andrew's church, in Holburne, at the Quest House, where the company meets to the burial of my cozen Joyce; and here I staid with a very great rabble of four or five hundred people of mean condition, and I staid in the room with the kindred till ready to go to church, where there is to be a sermon of Dr. Stillingfleete,[1] and thence they carried him to St. Sepulchre's. But it being late, and, indeed, not having a black cloak to lead Kate Joyce with, or follow the corps, I away, and saw, indeed, a very great press of people follow the corps. I to the King's playhouse, to fetch my wife, and there saw the best part of "The Mayden Queene," which, the more I see, the more I love, and think one of the best plays I ever saw, and is certainly the best acted of any thing ever the House did, and particularly Becke Marshall, to admiration. Found my wife and Deb., and saw many fine ladies, and sat by Colonel Reames, who understands and loves a play as well as I, and I love him for it. And so thence home; and, after being at the Office, I home to supper, and to bed, my eyes being very bad again with overworking with them.

25th. At noon to the 'Change with Mr. Hater, and there he and I to a tavern to meet Captain Minors, which we did, and dined; and there happened to be Mr. Prichard, a ropemaker of his acquaintance, and whom I know also, and did once mistake for a fiddler, which sung well, and I asked for such a song that I had heard him sing.

26th. (Lord's day.) Up, and with my wife to church, and at noon home to dinner. No strangers there; and all the afternoon and evening very late doing serious business of my Tangier accounts, and examining my East India accounts, with Mr. Poynter, whom I employed all this day, to transcribe it fair; and so to supper, W. Hewer with us, and the girl to comb my head till I slept, and then to bed.

27th. Mr. Povy do tell me how he is like to lose his £400 a-year pension of the Duke of York, which he took in consideration of his place that was taken from him. He tells me the Duchess is a devil against him, and do now come like Queen Elizabeth, and sits with the Duke of York's Council, and sees what they do; and she crosses out this man's wages and prices, as she sees fit, for saving money; but yet, he tells me, she reserves £5000 a-year for her own spending; and my Lady Peterborough, by and by, tells me that the Duchess do lay up, mightily, jewells. Thence to my Lady Peterborough's, she desiring to speak with me. She loves to be taken, dressing herself, as I always find her; and there, after a little talk, to please her, about her husband's pension, which I do not think he will ever get again, I away thence home.

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[1] The Rector.

28th. With W. Griffin, talking about getting a place to build a coach-house, or to hire one; for it is plainly for my benefit for saving money. To White Hall; and, by and by, the Duke of York comes, and we had a little meeting, Anglesey, W. Pen, and I there, and none else: and, among other things, did discourse of the want of discipline in the fleete, which the Duke of York confessed, and yet said that he, while he was there, did keep it in a good measure, but that it was now lost when he was absent; but he will endeavour to have it again. That he did tell the Prince and Duke of Albemarle they would lose all order by making such and such commanders, which they would, because they were stout men; he told them it was a reproach to the nation, as if there were no sober men among us, that were stout, to be had. That they did put out some men for cowards that the Duke of York had put in, but little before, for stout men; and would now, were he to go to sea again, entertain them in his own division, to choose: and did put in an idle fellow, Greene, who was hardly thought fit for a boatswain by him: they did put him from being a lieutenant to a captain's place of a second-rate ship; as idle a drunken fellow, he said, as any was in the fleete. That he will now desire the King to let him be what he is, that is, Admiral; and he will put in none but those that he hath great reason to think well of; and particularly says, that, though he likes Colonel Legg well, yet his son[1] that was, he knows not how, made a captain after he had been but one voyage at sea, he should go to sea another apprenticeship, before ever he gives him a command. We did tell him of the many defects and disorders among the captains, and I prayed we might do it in writing to him, which he liked; and I am glad of an opportunity of doing it. My wife this day hears from her father and mother: they are in France, at Paris; he, poor good man! thankful for my small charities to him. I could be willing to do something for them, were I sure not to bring them over again hither. Coming home, my wife and I went and saw Kate Joyce, who is still in mighty sorrow, and the more from something that Dr. Stillingfleete should simply say in his sermon, of her husband's manner of dying, as killing himself.

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[1] George Legge, the Colonel's eldest son, in 1682 created Lord Dartmouth.

29th. To Sir W. Coventry. He tells me he hath no friends in the whole court but my Lord Keeper and Sir John Duncomb. They have reduced the charges of Ireland about £70,000 a-year, and thereby cut off good profits from my Lord Lieutenant; which will make a new enemy, but he cares not. He tells me that Townsend, of the Wardrobe, is the veriest knave and bufflehead that ever he saw in his life, and wonders how my Lord Sandwich come to trust such a fellow, and that now Reames and —— are put in to be overseers there, and do great things, and have already saved a great deal of money in the King's liverys, and buy linnen so cheap, that he will have them buy the next cloth he hath, for shirts. But then this is with ready money, which answers all. This evening come Betty Turner and the two Mercers, and W. Batelier, and they had fiddlers, and danced, and kept a quarter,[1] which pleased me, though it disturbed me; but I would not be with them at all.

30th. Mr. Gibson, and I, and our clerks, and Mr. Clerke, the solicitor, to a little ordinary in Hercules-pillars Ally[2]—the Crowne, a poor, sorry place, where a fellow, in twelve years, hath gained an estate of, as he says, £600 a year, which is very strange, and there dined, and had a good dinner, and very good discourse between them, old men belonging to the law, and here I first heard that my cozen Pepys, of Salisbury Court, was Marshal to my Lord Coke when he was Lord Chief Justice; which beginning of his I did not know to be so low: but so it was, it seems. When come home, I find Kate Joyce hath been there, with sad news that her house stands not in the King's liberty, but the Dean of Paul's; and so, if her estate falls, it will not be in the King's power to do her any good. But I do believe this arises from somebody that hath a mind to fright her into a composition for her estate, which I advise her against; and, indeed, I do desire heartily to be able to do her service, she being, methinks, a piece of care I ought to take upon me, for our fathers' and friends' sake, she being left alone, and no friend so near as me, or so able to help her.

31st. Up; and by coach, with W. Griffin with me, and our Contract-books, to Durham Yard, to the Commissioners for Accounts; the first time I ever was there; and staid awhile before I was admitted to them. I did observe a great many people attending about complaints of seamen concerning tickets, and, among others, Mr. Carcasse, and Mr. Martin, my purser. And I observe a fellow, one Collins, is there, who is employed by these Commissioners particularly to hold an office in Bishopsgate Street, or somewhat thereabouts, to receive complaints of all people about tickets: and I believe he will have work enough. Presently I was called in, where I found the whole number of Commissioners, and was there received with great respect and kindness; and did give them great satisfaction, making it my endeavour to inform them what it was they were to expect from me, and what was the duty of other people; this being my only way to preserve myself, after all my pains and trouble. They did ask many questions, and demanded other books of me, which I did give them very ready and acceptable answers to: and, upon the whole, I do observe they do go about their business like men resolved to go through with it, and in a very good method, like men of understanding. They have Mr. Jessop, their secretary: and it is pretty to see that they are fain to find out an old-fashioned man of Cromwell's to do their business for them, as well as the Parliament to pitch upon such, for the most part, among the lowest of people that were brought into the House, for Commissioners. I went away, giving and receiving great satisfaction: and so to White Hall, to the Commissioners of the Treasury; where, waiting some time, I there met with Colonel Birch; and he and I fell into discourse: and I did give him thanks for his kindness to me in the Parliament-house, both before my face and behind my back. He told me that he knew me to be a man of the old way of taking pains, and did always endeavour to do me right, and prevent any thing that was moved that might tend to my injury; which I was obliged to him for, and thanked him. Thence to talk of other things, and the want of money: and he told me of the general want of money in the country; that land sold for nothing, and the many pennyworths he knows of land and houses upon them, with good titles in his country, at 16 years' purchase: "and," says he, "though I am in debt, yet I have a mind to one thing, and that is a Bishop's lease;" but said, "I will yet choose such a lease before any other, because I know they cannot stand, and then it will fall into the King's hands, and I in possession shall have an advantage by it." Says he, "I know they must fall, and they are now near it, taking all the ways they can to undo themselves, and showing us the way;" and thereupon told me a story of the present quarrel between the Bishop[1] and Dean[2] of Coventry and Lichfield; the former of whom did excommunicate the latter, and caused his excommunication to be read in the

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[1] A term for making a noise or disturbance.

[2] In Fleet Street.

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[1] John Hackett.

[2] Dr. Thomas Wood, consecrated Bishop of this See in 1671.

Church, while he was there; and, after it was read, the Dean made the service be gone through with, though himself, an excommunicate, was present, which is contrary to the Canon, and said he would justify the Choir therein against the Bishop; and so they are at law in the Arches[1] about it; which is a very pretty story. He tells me that the King is for Toleration, though the Bishops be against it: and that he do not doubt but it will be carried in Parliament; but that he fears some will stand for the tolerating of Papists with the rest; and that he knows not what to say, but rather thinks that the sober party will be without it, rather than have it upon those terms; and I do believe so. I to make a visit to Mr. Godolphin[2] at his lodgings, who is come lately from Spain from my Lord Sandwich, and did, the other day, meeting me in White Hall, compliment me mightily, and so I did offer him this visit, but missed him. To my bookbinder's, and there, till late at night, binding up my second part of my Tangier accounts, and I all the while observing his working, and his manner of gilding of books with great pleasure, and so home. This day Griffin did, in discourse in the coach, put me in the head of the little house by our garden, where old goodman Taylor puts his brooms and dirt, to make me a stable of, which I shall improve, so as, I think, to be able to get me a stable without much charge, which do please me mightily. It is observed, and is true, in the late fire of London, that the fire burned just as many Parish-Churches as there were hours from the beginning to the end of the fire; and, next, that there were just as many Churches left standing as there were taverns left standing in the rest of the City that was not burned, being, I think, thirteen in all of each: which is pretty to observe.

February 1st. To the Office till past two o'clock; where at the Board some high words passed between Sir W. Pen and I, begun by me, and yielded to by him, I being in the right in finding fault with him for his neglect of duty. Home, my head mighty full of business now on my hands: viz., of finishing my Tangier Accounts; of auditing my last year's Accounts; of preparing answers to the Commissioners of Accounts; of drawing up several important letters to the Duke of York and the Commissioners of the Treasury; the marrying of my sister; the building of a coach and stables against summer, and the setting many things in the Office right; and the drawing up a new form of Contract with the Victualler of the Navy, and several other things, which pains, however, will go through with.

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[1] The Court of Arches.

[2] William Godolphin descended from a younger branch of that family, which was afterwards ennobled in the person of Sidney Earl Godolphin, the great and good Lord Treasurer. William Godolphin was of Christ Church, Oxford, and made M.A., 14th Jan., 1661. He was afterwards Secretary to Sir H. Bennet (Lord Arlington), and M.P. for Camelford. He was a great favourite at Court, and was knighted on the 28th August, 1668. At the time of his death, he was Envoy in Spain, where he had become a Roman Catholic.

2d. (Lord's day.) All the morning setting my books in order in my presses, for the following year, their number being much increased since the last, so as I am fain to lay by several books to make room for better, being resolved to keep no more than just my presses will contain. A very good dinner we had, of a powdered leg of pork and a loin of lamb roasted.

3d. To the Duke of York's house, to the play, "The Tempest," which we have often seen, and particularly this day I took pleasure to learn the time of the seaman's dance.

4th. To Kate Joyce's, where the jury did sit where they did before, about her husband's death, and their verdict put off for fourteen days longer, at the suit of somebody, under pretence of the King; but it is only to get money out of her to compound the matter. But the truth is, something they will make out of Stillingfleete's sermon, which may trouble us, he declaring, like a fool, in his pulpit, that he did confess that his losses in the world did make him do what he did. This vexes me to see how foolish our Protestant Divines are, while the Papists do make it the duty of Confessor to be secret, or else nobody would confess their sins to them. All being put off for to-day, I took my leave of Kate, who if mightily troubled at it for her estate sake, not for her husband; for her sorrow for that, I perceive, is all over.

5th. To the Commissioners of Accounts, where I was called in, and did take an oath to declare the truth to what they should ask me, which is a great power, I doubt more than the Act do, or as some say can, give them, to force a man to swear against himself; and so they fell to enquire about the business of prize-goods, wherein I did answer them as well as I could, in everything the just truth, keeping myself to them. I do perceive at last that, that they do lay most like a fault to me was, that I did buy goods upon my Lord Sandwich's declaring that it was with the King's allowance, and my believing it, without seeing the King's allowance, which is a thing I will own, and doubt not to justify myself in. But what vexed me most was, there having some watermen by, to witness my saying that they were rogues that had betrayed my goods, which was upon some discontent with one of the watermen that I employed at Greenwich, who I did think did discover the goods sent from Rochester to the Custom-House officer; but this can do me no great harm. They were inquisitive into the minutest particulars, and had had great information; but I think that they can do me no hurt—at the worst, more than to make me refund, if it must be known, what profit I did make of my agreement with Captain Cocke; and yet, though this be all, I do find so poor a spirit within me, that it makes me almost out of my wits, and puts me to so much pain, that I cannot think of anything, nor do anything but vex and fret, and imagine myself undone. After they had done with me, they called in Captain Cocke, with whom they were shorter; and I do fear he may answer foolishly; but I hope to preserve myself, and let him shift for himself as well as he can. Mr. Cooke come for my Lady Sandwich's plate,[1] which I must part with, and so endanger the losing of my money, which I lent upon my thoughts of securing myself by that plate. But it is no great sum—but £60; and if it must be lost, better that, than a greater sum. I away back again, to find a dinner anywhere else, and so I, first, to the Ship tavern, thereby to get a sight of the pretty mistress of the house, with whom I am not yet acquainted at all, and I do always find her scolding, and do believe she is an ill-natured devil, that I have no great desire to speak to her. Mr. Moore mightily commends my Lord Hinchingbroke's match and Lady, though he buys her £10,000 dear, by the jointure and settlement his father makes her; and says that the Duke of York and Duchess of York did come to see them in bed together, on their wedding-night, and how my Lord had fifty pieces of gold taken out of his pocket that night, after he was in bed. He tells me that an Act of Comprehension is likely to pass this Parliament, for admitting of all persuasions in religion to the public observation of their particular worship, but in certain places, and the persons therein concerned to be listed of this, or that Church; which, it is thought, will do them more hurt than good, and make them not own their persuasion. He tells me that there is a pardon passed to the Duke of Buckingham, my Lord of Shrewsbury, and the rest, for the late duell and murder;[2] which he thinks a worse fault than any ill use my late Lord Chancellor ever put the Great Seal to, and will be so thought by the Parliament, for them to be pardoned without bringing them to any trial: and that my Lord Privy-Seal therefore would not have it pass his hand, but made it go by immediate warrant; or at least they knew that he would not pass it, and so did direct it to go by immediate warrant, that it might not come to him. He tells me what a character my Lord Sandwich hath sent over of Mr. Godolphin, as the worthiest man, and such a friend to him as he may be trusted in anything relating to him in the world; as one from whom, he says, he hath infallible assurances that he will remaine his friend: which is very high, but indeed they say the gentleman is a fine man.

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[1] See 13th December, 1667, *ante*.

[2] The royal pardon was thus announced in the *Gazette* of February 24, 1668:—"This day his Majesty was pleased to declare at the Board, that whereas, in contemplation of the eminent services heretofore done to his Majesty by most of the persons who were engaged in the late duel, or

6th. Sir H. Cholmly tells me how the Parliament, which is to meet again to-day, are likely to fall heavy on the business of the Duke of Buckingham's pardon; and I shall be glad of it: and that the King hath put out of the Court the two Hides,[1] my Lord Chancellor's two sons, and also the Bishops of Rochester [2] and Winchester,[3] the latter of whom should have preached before him yesterday, being Ash-Wednesday, and had his sermon ready, but was put by; which is great news. My wife being gone before, I to the Duke of York's playhouse; where a new play of Etheridge's,[4] called "She Would if she Could;" and though I was there by two o'clock, there was 1000 people put back that could not have room in the pit; and I at last, because my wife was there, made shift to get into the 18*d.* box, and there saw; but, Lord! how full was the house, and how silly the play, there being nothing in the world good in it, and few people pleased in it. The King was there; but I sat mightily behind, and could see but little, and hear not all. The play being done, I into the pit to look for my wife, it being dark and raining, but could not find her; and so staid going between the two doors and through the pit an hour and a half, I think, after the play was done; the people staying there till the rain was over, and to talk with one another. And, among the rest, here was the Duke of Buck-

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rencontre, wherein William Jenkins was killed, He doth graciously pardon the said offence: nevertheless, He is resolved from henceforth that on no pretence whatsoever any pardon shall be hereafter granted to any person whatsoever for killing of any man, in any duel or rencontre, but that the course of law shall wholly take place in all such cases."

[1] Lord Cornbury and Laurence Hyde.

[2] John Dolben, afterwards Archbishop of York.

[3] George Morley.

[4] Sir George Etherege, the celebrated wit and dramatic writer. He is said to have died in France, subsequently to the Revolution, having followed the fortunes of his royal master, James II.

ingham to-day openly sat in the pit; and there I found him with my Lord Buckhurst, and Sedley, and Etheridge the poet; the last of whom I did hear mightily find fault with the actors, that they were out of humour, and had not their parts perfect,[1] and that Harris did do nothing, nor could so much as sing a ketch in it; and so was mightily concerned: while all the rest did, through the whole pit, blame the play as a silly, dull thing, though there was something very roguish and witty; but the design of the play, and end, mighty insipid. At last I did find my wife; and with her was Betty Turner, Mercer, and Deb. So I got a coach, and a humour took us, and I carried them to Hercules Pillars, and there did give them a kind of a supper of about 7*s*., and very merry, and home round the town, not through the ruines; and it was pretty how the coachman by mistake drives us into the ruines from London-wall into Coleman Street: and would persuade me that I lived there. And the truth is, I did think that he and the linkman had contrived some roguery; but it proved only a mistake of the coachman; but it was a cunning place to have done us a mischief in, as any I know, to drive us out of the road into the ruines, and there stop, while nobody could be called to help us. But we come safe home.

7th. Met my cozen, Roger Pepys, the Parliament meeting yesterday and adjourned to Monday next; and here he tells me that Mr. Jackson, my sister's servant,[2] is come to town, and hath this day suffered a recovery on his estate, in order to the making her a settlement. There is a great triall between my Lord Gerard and Carr to-day, who is indicted for his life at the King's Bench, for running from his colours; but all do say that my Lord Gerard, though he designs the ruin of this man, will not get any thing by it. To the Commissioners of Accounts, and there presented my books, and was made to sit down, and used with much respect, otherwise than the other day, when I come to them as a criminal about the business of prizes. I sat here with them a great while, while my books were inventoried. I find these gentlemen to sit all day, and only eat a bit of bread at noon, and a glass of wine; and are resolved to go through their business with great severity and method. Met my cozen Roger again, and Mr. Jackson, who is a plain young man, handsome enough for Pall, one of no education nor discourse, but of few words, and one altogether that, I think, will please me well enough. My cozen had got me to give the odd sixth £100 presently, which I intended to keep to the birth of the first child: and let it go—I shall be eased of the care. So there parted, my mind pretty well satisfied with this plain fellow for my sister; though I shall, I see, have no pleasure nor content in him, as if he had been a man of reading and parts, like Cumberland. Lord Brouncker, and W. Pen, and I, and with us Sir Arnold Breames, to the King's playhouse, and there saw a piece of "Love in a Maze," a dull, silly play, I think; and after the play, home with W. Pen and his son Lowther, whom we met there.

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[1] Shadwell confirms this complaint of Etherege's in the Preface to his own *Humorists*. Harris played Sir Josceline Jolly.

[2] *i. e.*, suitor.

8th. Cozen Roger and Jackson by appointment come to dine with me, and Creed, and very merry, only Jackson hath few words, and I like him never the worse for it. The great talk is of Carr's coming off in all his trials, to the disgrace of my Lord Gerard, to that degree, and the ripping up of so many notorious rogueries and cheats of my Lord's, that my Lord, it is thought, will be ruined; and, above all, do show the madness of the House of Commons, who rejected the petition of this poor man by a combination of a few in the House; and, much more, the base proceedings, just the epitome of all our publick managements in this age, of the House of Lords, that ordered him to stand in the pillory for those very things, without hearing and examining what he hath now, by the seeking of my Lord Gerard himself, cleared himself of, in open Court, to the gaining himself the pity of all the world, and shame for ever to my Lord Gerard. To the Strand, to my bookseller's, and there bought an idle, rogueish French book, which I have bought in plain binding, avoiding the buying of it better bound, because I resolve, as soon as I have read it, to burn it, that it may not stand in the list of books, nor among them, to disgrace them if it should be found. My wife well pleased with my sister's match, and designing how to be merry at their marriage.

9th. (Lord's day.) Pegg Pen [1] was brought to bed yesterday of a girl; and, among other things, if I have not already set it down, it hardly ever was remembered for such a season for the smallpox as these last two months have been, people being seen all up and down the streets, newly come out after the smallpox.

10th. Made a visit to Mr. Godolphin, at his chamber; and I do find him a very pretty and able person, a man of very fine parts, and of infinite zeal to my Lord Sandwich; and one that says, he is, he believes, as wise and able a person as any prince in the world hath. He tells me that he meets with unmannerly usage by Sir Robert Southwell [2] in Portugall, who would sign with him in his negociations there, being a forward young man: but that my Lord mastered him in that point, it being ruled for my Lord here, at a hearing of a Committee of the Council. He says that if my Lord can compass a peace between Spain and Portugall, and hath the doing of it and the honour himself, it will be a thing of more honour than ever any man had, and of as much advantage. Thence to Westminster Hall, where the Hall mighty full: and, among other things, the House begins to sit to-day, and the King came. But, before the King's coming, the House of Commons met; and upon information given them of a Bill intended to be brought in, as common report said, for Comprehension, they did mightily and generally inveigh against it, and did vote that the King should be desired by the House (and the message delivered by the Privy-counsellors of the House) that the laws against breakers of the Act for Uniformity should he put in execution: and it was moved in the House that, if any people had a mind to bring any new laws into the House, about religion, they might come, as a proposer of new laws did in Athens, with ropes about their necks. By and by the King to the Lords' House, and there tells them of his league with Holland, and the necessity of a fleete, and his debts; and, therefore, want of money; and his desire that they would think of some way to bring in all his Protestant subjects to a right understanding and peace one with another; meaning the Bill of Comprehension. The Commons coming to their House, it was moved that the vote passed this morning might be suspended, because of the King's speech, till the House was full and called over, two days hence: but it was denied, so furious they are against this Bill: and thereby a great blow either given to the King or Presbyters, or, which is the rather of the two, to the House itself, by denying a thing desired by the King, and so much desired by much the greater part of the nation. Whatever the consequence be, if the King be of any stomach and heat, all do believe that he will resent this vote. Read over and agreed upon Pall's Deed of Settle-

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[1] Mrs. Lowther, here mentioned by her maiden name.

[2] He had been knighted, and sent as Envoy Extraordinary to Portugal

in 1665, and went, in the same capacity, to Brussels in 1671. He became afterwards Clerk to the Privy Council, and was five times elected President of the Royal Society. Ob. 1702, at King's-Weston, in Gloucestershire, aged 60. His son Edward became Secretary of State, and his great-grandson succeeded to the ancient barony of De Clifford. A curious but absurd story respecting the discovery by Robert Mylne, the architect, of an unknown room at King's-Weston, wherein were found the documents proving the right of the Southwells to the Peerage, is told in Chalmers's *Biog. Dict.*, vol. xxii., p. 549.

ment to our minds: she to have £600 presently, and she to be joyntured in £60 per annum; wherein I am very well satisfied.

11th. Comes a summons to attend the Committee of Miscarriages to-day, which makes me mad, that I should by my place become the hackney of this Office, in perpetual trouble and vexation, that need it least. To Westminster Hall, and sent my wife and Deb. to see "Mustapha" acted. Here I brought a book to the Committee, and do find them, and particularly Sir Thomas Clarges, mighty hot in the business of tickets, which makes me mad to see them bite at the stone, and not at the hand that flings it. Thence to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw the last act for nothing, where I never saw such good acting of any creature as Smith's part of Zanga;[1] and I do also, though Solyman was excellently acted by ——, yet want Betterton mightily. To Pemberton's[2] chamber; and did discourse all our business of the prizes; and, upon the whole, he do make it plainly appear, that there is no avoiding to give these Commissioners satisfaction in everything they will ask; and that there is fear lest they may find reason to make us refund for all the extraordinary profit made by those bargains; and do make me resolve rather to declare plainly, and, once for all, the truth of the whole, and what my profit hath been, than be forced at last to do it, and in the meantime live in pain: and with this resolution on my part I departed, with some more satisfaction of mind, though with less of profit than I expected. It was pretty here to see the heaps of money upon this lawyer's table; and more, to see how

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[1] The play in which Smith acted Zanga was Lord Orrery's "Mustapha." The cast, as given by Downes, [*Rosc. Angl.*, p. 26] was as follows:—

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| Solyman the Magnificent | Betterton. |
| Mustapha | Harris. |
| Zanga [spelt Zanger by Downes] | Smith. |
| Rustan | Sandford |
| Pyrrhus | Richards. |
| ——— | Young. |
| Haly | Cademan. |
| Roxolana | Mrs. Davenport. |
| Queen of Hungaria | Mrs. Davies. |

Downes adds, with reference to the part of Roxolana, that it was afterwards played by Mrs. Betterton, and then "by one Mrs. Wiseman."

[2] Francis Pemberton, afterwards knighted, and made Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench in 1679. His career was a most singular one, he having been twice removed from the Bench: perhaps he was not sufficiently pliant for those wicked times. Roger North gives him an unfavourable character, but Evelyn speaks well of him.

he had not since last night spent any time upon our business, but begun with telling us that we were not at all concerned in that Act; which was a total mistake, by his not having read over the Act at all. This morning my wife in bed told me the story of our Tom and Jane: how the rogue did first demand her consent to love and marry him, and then, with pretence of displeasing me, did slight her; but both he and she have confessed the matter to her, and she hath charged him to go on with his love to her, and be true to her, which, for my love to her, because she is in love with him, I am pleased with; but otherwise I think she will have no good bargain of it. But if I do stand, I do intend to give her £50 in money, and do them all the good I can in my way.

12th. Roger Pepys, and Sir Thomas Crewe, and Mr. George Montagu, are mighty busy how to save my Lord's name from being in the Report for anything which the Committee is commanded to report to the House, of the miscarriages of the late war. Thence with cozen Roger to his lodgings, and there sealed the writings with Jackson, about my sister's marriage: and here my cozen Roger told me the pleasant passage of a fellow's bringing a bag of letters to-day, into the lobby of the House, where he left them, and withdrew himself without observation. The bag being opened, the letters were found all of one size, and directed with one hand: a letter to most of the Members of the House. The House was acquainted with it, and voted they should be brought in, and one opened by the Speaker; wherein if he found any thing unfit to communicate, to propose a Committee to be chosen for it. The Speaker opening one, found it only a case with a libell in it, printed: a satire most sober and bitter as ever I read; and every letter was the same. So the House fell a-scrambling for them like boys: and my cozen Roger had one directed to him, which he lent me to read. Mr. Houblon come late to me; and going to the gate with him, I found his lady and another fine lady sitting an hour together, late at night, in their coach, while he was with me, which is so like my wife, that I was mightily taken with it, though troubled for it.

13th. Mr. Brisband tells me in discourse that Tom Killigrew hath a fee out of the Wardrobe for cap and bells, under the title of the King's Foole or Jester; and may revile or jeere any body, the greatest person, without offence, by the privilege of his place. The House was called over to-day. This morning Sir G. Carteret come to the Office to see and talk with me: and he assures me that to this day the King is the most kind man to my Lord Sandwich in the whole world; that he himself do not now mind any publick business, but suffers things to go on at Court as they will, he seeing all likely to come to ruin: that this morning the Duke of York sent to him to come to make up one of a Committee of the Council for Navy Affairs; upon which, when he came, he told the Duke of York that he was none of them: which shows how things are now-a-days ordered, that there should be a Committee for the Navy, and the Lord Admiral knows not the persons of it! and that Sir G. Carteret and my Lord Anglesey should be left out of it, and men wholly improper put into it. I do hear of all hands that there is a great difference at this day between my Lord Arlington and Sir W. Coventry, which I am sorry for.

14th. (Valentine's day.) Up, being called up by Mercer, who come to be my Valentine, and I did give her a guinny in gold for her Valentine's gift. There comes Roger Pepys betimes, and comes to my wife, for her to be his Valentine, whose Valentine I was also, by agreement to be so to her every year; and this year I find it is likely to cost £4 or £5 in a ring for her, which she desires. I to my Office, to perfect my Narrative about prize-goods; and did carry it to the Commissioners of Accounts, who did receive it with great kindness, and express great value of, and respect to, me: and my heart is at rest that it is lodged there, in so full truth and plainness, though it may hereafter prove some loss to me. But here I do see they are entered into many enquiries about prizes, by the great attendance of commanders and others before them, which is a work I am not sorry for. Thence I away, with my head busy, but my heart at pretty good ease, to the Old Exchange, and there met Mr. Houblon. I prayed him to discourse with some of the merchants that are of the Committee for Accounts, to see how they do resent my paper, and in general my particular in relation to the business of the Navy, which he hath promised to do carefully for me. Here it was a mighty pretty sight to see old Mr. Houblon, whom I never saw before, and all his sons about him, all good merchants.[1] To visit Colonel Thomson, one of the Committee of Accounts, who, among the rest, is mighty kind to me, and is likely to mind our business more than any; and I would be glad to have a good understanding with him. Thence after dinner to White Hall, to attend the Duke of York, where I did let him know, too, the troublesome life we lead, and particularly myself, by being obliged to such attendances every day as I am, on one Committee or other.

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[1] See 22d March, 1665, *ante*.

And I do find the Duke of York himself troubled, and willing not to be troubled with occasions of having his name used among the Parliament, though he himself do declare that he did give directions to Lord Brouncker to discharge the men at Chatham by ticket, and will own it, if the House call for it, but not else. Thence I attended the King and Council, and some of the rest of us, in a business to be heard about the value of a ship of one Dorrington's; and it was pretty to observe how Sir W. Pen—making use of this argument against the validity of an oath, against the King, being made by the master's mate of the ship, who was but a fellow of about 23 years of age—the master of the ship, against whom we pleaded, did say that he did think himself at that age capable of being master's mate of any ship; and do know that he, Sir W. Pen, was so himself, and in no better degree at that age himself: which word did strike Sir W. Pen mad, and made him open his mouth no more; and I saw the King and Duke of York wink at one another at it. This done, we into the gallery; and there I walked with several people, and among others my Lord Brouncker, who I do find under much trouble still about the business of the tickets, his very case being brought in, as is said, this day in the Report of the Miscarriages. And he seems to lay much of it on me, which I did clear and satisfy him in; and would be glad with all my heart to serve him in, and have done it more than he hath done for himself, he not deserving the least blame, but commendations, for this. I met with my cozen Roger Pepys and Creed; and from them understand that the Report was read to-day of the Miscarriages, wherein my Lord Sandwich is named about the business I mentioned this morning; but I will be at rest, for it can do him no hurt. Our business of tickets is soundly up, and many others: so they went over them again, and spent them all the morning on the first, which is the dividing of the fleete; wherein hot work was, and that among great men, Privy-Counsellors, and, they say, Sir W. Coventry; but I do not much fear it, but do hope that it will show a little, of the Duke of Albemarle and the Prince to have been advisers in it: but whereas they ordered that the King's Speech should be considered to-day, they took no notice of it at all, but are really come to despise the King in all possible ways of showing it. And it was the other day a strange saying, as I am told by my cozen Roger Pepys, in the House, when it was moved that the King's Speech should be considered, that though the first part of the Speech, meaning the league that is there talked of, be the only good publick thing that hath been done since the King come into England, yet it might bear with being put off to consider, till Friday next, which was this day. Secretary Morrice did this day in the House, when they talked of intelligence, say that he was allowed but £700 a-year for intelligence,[1] whereas, in Cromwell's time, he [Cromwell] did allow £70,000 a-year for it; and was confirmed therein by Colonel Birch, who said that thereby Cromwell carried the secrets of all the princes of Europe at his girdle. The House is in a most broken condition; nobody adhering to any thing, but reviling and finding fault: and now quite mad at the Undertakers, as they are commonly called, Littleton, Lord Vaughan, Sir R. Howard, and others that are brought over to the Court, and did undertake to get the King money; but they despise, and will not hear, them in the House; and the Court do as much, seeing that they cannot be useful to them, as was expected. In short, it is plain that the King will never be able to do any thing with this Parliament; and that the only likely way to do better, for it cannot do worse, is to break this and call another Parliament; and some do think that it is intended. I was told to-night that my Lady Castlemaine is so great a gamester as to have won £15,000 in one night, and lost £25,000 in another night, at play, and hath played £1000 and £1500 at a cast.

15th. Till midnight almost, and till I had tired my own backe, and my wife's, and Deb's, in titleing of my books for the present year, and in setting them in order, which is now done, to my very good satisfaction, though not altogether so completely as I think they were the last year.

16th. (Lord's day.) All the morning making a catalogue of my books. Mr. Holliard put in, and dined with my wife and me. His story of love and fortune, which hath been very good and very bad in the world, well worth hearing. Much discourse about the bad state of the Church, and how the Clergy are come to be men of no worth in the world; and, as the world do now generally discourse, they must be reformed; and I believe the Hierarchy will in a little time be shaken, whether they will or no; the King being offended with them, and set upon it, as I hear.

17th. All the morning getting some things more ready against the afternoon for the Committee of Accounts, which did give me great trouble, to see how I am forced to dance after them in one place, and to answer Committees of Parliament in another. Great high words in the House on Saturday last, upon the first part of the Committee's Report about the dividing of the fleete; wherein some would have the counsels of the King to be declared, and the reasons of them, and who did give them; where Sir W. Coventry laid open to them the consequences of doing that, that the King would never have any honest and wise men ever to be of his Council. They did here in the House talk boldly of the King's bad counsellors, and how they all must be turned out, and many others, and better brought in: and the proceedings of the Long-Parliament in the beginning of the war were called to memory: and the King's bad intelligence was mentioned, wherein they were bitter against my Lord Arlington, saying, among other things, that whatever Morrice's was, who declared he had but £750 a year allowed him for intelligence, the King paid too dear for my Lord Arlington's, in giving him £10,000 and a barony for it. Sir W. Coventry did here come to his defence, in the business of the letter that was sent to call back Prince Rupert after he was divided from the fleete,[1] wherein great delay was objected; but he did show that he sent it at one in the morning, when the Duke of York did give him the instructions after supper that night, and did clear himself well of it: only it was laid as a fault, which I know not how he removes, of not sending it by an express, but by the ordinary post; but I think I have heard he did send it to my Lord Arlington's, and that there it lay for some hours; it coming not to Sir Philip Honiwood's hand at Portsmouth [2] till four in the afternoon that day, being about fifteen or sixteen hours in going; and about this, I think, I have heard of a falling out between my Lord Arlington heretofore, and W. Coventry. Some mutterings I did hear of dissolving the Parliament; but I think there is no ground for it yet, though Oliver would have dissolved them for half the trouble and contempt these have put upon the King and his councils. The dividing of the fleete, however, is, I hear, voted a miscarriage, and the not building a fortification at Sheerenesse: [3] and I have reason every hour to expect that they will vote the like of our paying men off by ticket; and what the consequence of that will be, I know not.

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[1] Secret service money.

18th. Walked down to the old Swan, where I find Michell building, his booth being taken down, and a foundation laid for a new house, so that, that street is like to be a very fine place. So to Charing Cross stairs, and to Sir W. Coventry's,[1] who tells me how he hath been persecuted, and how he is yet well come off in the business of the dividing of the fleete, and the sending of the letter. He expects next to be troubled about the business of bad officers in the fleete, wherein he will bid them name whom they call bad, and he will justify himself, having never disposed of any but by the Admiral's liking. He and I did look over the list of commanders,[2] and found that we could presently recollect thirty-seven commanders that have been killed in actuall service this war. He tells me that Sir Fr. Hollis is the main man that hath persecuted him hitherto, in the business of dividing the fleete,[3] saying vainly that the want of that letter to the Prince hath given him that, that he shall remember it by to his grave, meaning the loss of his arme;[4] when, God knows! he is as idle and insignificant a fellow as ever came into the fleete. I well remember what, in mirth, he said to me this morning, when upon this discourse he said, if ever there was another Dutch war, they should not find a Secretary; "Nor," said I, "a Clerk of the Acts, for I see the reward of it; and, thank God! I have enough of my own to buy me a good book and a good fiddle, and I have a good wife;"—"Why," says he, "I have enough to buy me a good book, and shall not need a fiddle, because I have never a one of your good wives." To Westminster Hall, and there walked all the morning, and did speak with several Parliament-men—among others, Birch, who is very kind to me, and calls me, with great respect and kindness, a man of business, and he thinks honest, and so long will stand by me, and every such man to, the death. My business was to instruct them to keep the House from falling into any mistaken vote about the business of tickets, before they were better informed. With my Lord his business is, without reason, so ill resented by the generality of the House, that I was almost troubled to be seen to walk with him, and yet am able to justify him in all, that he is in so much scandal for. Here I did get a copy of the Report itself, about our paying off men by tickets; and am mightily glad to see it, now knowing the state of our case, and what we have to answer to: so that, against Thursday, I shall be able to draw up some defence to put into some Member's hands, to inform them. This morning the House is upon a Bill, brought in to-day by Sir Richard Temple, for obliging the King to call Parliaments every three years; or, if he fail, for others to be obliged to do it, and to keep him from a power of dissolving any Parliament in less than forty days after their first day of sitting, which is such a Bill as do speak very high proceedings, to the lessening of the King; and this they will carry, and whatever else they desire, before they will give any money; and the King must have money, whatever it cost him. Sir W. Pen and I to the Beare, in Drury Lane, an excellent ordinary, after the French manner, but of Englishmen; and there had a good fricasee, our dinner coming to 8*s*., which was mighty pretty, to my great content; and thence he and I to the King's house, and there, in one of the upper boxes, saw "Flora's Vagarys," which is a very silly play; and the more, I being out of humour, being at a play without my wife, and she ill at home, and having no desire also to be seen, and, therefore, could not look about me. I to see Kate Joyce, where I find her and her friends in great ease of mind, the Jury having this day given in their verdict that her husband died of a fever. Some opposition there was, the foreman pressing them to declare the cause of the fever, thinking thereby to obstruct it: but they did adhere to their verdict, and would give no reason; so all trouble is now over, and she safe in her estate. Up to my wife, not owning my being at a play, and there she shows me her ring of a Turky-stone [turquoise], set with little sparks of dyamonds, which I am to give her, as my Valentine, and I am not much troubled at it. It will cost me near £5—she costing me but little compared with other wives, and I have not many occasions to spend money on her.

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[1] See 10th and 24th June, 1666, *ante.*

[2] Of which Sir Philip was Governor. The account of the money ex-ded by Sir P. Honywood on the fortifications at Portsmouth, between ust, 1665, and April, 1667, is in the Sloane MS., 873.

See note to 24th March, 1667, *ante.*

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[1] Sir William Coventry's love of money is said by Sir John Denham to have influenced him in promoting naval officers, who paid him for their commission.

"Then, Painter! draw cerulian Coventry,
Keeper, or rather Chancellor o' th' sea;
And more exactly to express his hue,
Use nothing but *ultra-marinish* blue.
To pay his fees, the silver trumpet spends,
And boatswain's whistle for his place depends.
Pilots in vain repeat their compass o'er,
Until of him they learn that one point more:
The constant magnet to the pole doth hold,
Steel to the magnet *Coventry* to gold.
*Muscovy* sells us pitch, and hemp, and tar;
Iron and copper, *Sweden; Munster*, war;
*Ashley*, prize; *Warwick*, custom; *Cart'ret*, pay;
But *Coventry* doth sell the fleet away."

[2] A copy of the Duke of York's list of the commanders slain in the year 1665–6, which was given to Pepys, is in Rawlinson, A 191, fol. 108.

[3] See June 10th and 24th, 1666, *ante*.

[4] See note, 10th June, 1667, *ante*.

19th. With my wife out with Deb., to buy some things against my sister's wedding. In the evening to White Hall, where I find Sir W. Coventry a great while with the Duke of York, in the King's drawing-room, they two talking together all alone, which did mightily please me. I do hear how La Roche, a French captain, who was once prisoner here, being with his ship at Plymouth, hath played some freakes there, for which his men, being beat out of the town, he hath put up a flag of defiance, and also, somewhere thereabout, did land with his men, and go a mile into the country, and did some pranks, which sounds pretty odd, to our disgrace, but we are in condition now to bear any thing. But, blessed be God! all the Court is full of good news of my Lord Sandwich's having made a peace between Spain and Portugall,[1] which is mighty great news, and, above all, to my Lord's honour, more than any thing he ever did; and yet I do fear it will not prevail to secure him in Parliament against incivilities there.

20th. The House most of the morning upon the business of not prosecuting the first victory; which they have voted one of the greatest miscarriages of the whole war, though they cannot lay the fault any where yet, because Harman is not come home. Dined, and by one o'clock to the King's house: a new play, "The Duke of Lerma," of Sir Robert Howard's: where the King and Court was; and Knipp and Nell spoke the prologue most excellently, especially Knipp, who spoke beyond any creature I ever heard.[2] The play designed to reproach our King with his mistresses, that I was troubled for it, and expected it should be interrupted; but it ended all well, which salved all.

21st. Comes to me young Captain Beckford,[3] the slopseller, and there presents me a little purse with gold in it, it being, as he told me, for his present to me, at the end of the last year. I told him I had not done him any service I knew of. He persisted, and I refused; and telling him that it was not an age to make presents in, he told me he had reason to present me with something, and desired me to accept of it, which, at his so urging me, I did. Towards Westminster, and met my Lord Brouncker, and W. Pen, and Sir T. Harvey, in King's Street, coming away from the Parliament House; and so I to them, and to the French ordinary, at the Blue Bells, in

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[1] The Earl of Sandwich was still at Lisbon, expecting in a few days the return of the ratification of the Treaty from Madrid.—*The London Gazette*, No. 236.

[2] This Prologue, "spoken by Mrs. Ellen and Mrs. Nepp," is prefixed to Sir R. Howard's "Great Favourite, or the Duke of Lerma," 4to., 1668. It is too dull to reprint; and the merit must have consisted more in the manner in which it was delivered, than in the matter, as it came from the pen of the author.

[3] See note, 6th Jan., 1660–1.

Lincolne's Inn Fields, and there dined and talked. And, among other things, they tell me how the House this day is still as backward for giving any money as ever, and do declare they will first have an account of the disposals of the last Poll-bill, and eleven months' tax; and it is pretty odde that the very first sum mentioned in the account brought in by Sir Robert Long, of the disposal of the Poll-bill money, is £5000 to my Lord Arlington for intelligence; which was mighty unseasonable, so soon after they had so much cried out against his want of intelligence. The King do also own but £250,000, or thereabouts, yet paid on the Poll-bill, and that he hath charged £350,000 upon it. This makes them mad; for that the former Poll-bill, that was so much less in its extent than the last, which took in all sexes and qualities, did come to £350,000. Upon the whole, I perceive they are like to do nothing in this matter to please the King, or relieve the State, be the case never so pressing; and, therefore, it is thought by a great many that the King cannot be worse if he should dissolve them: but there is nobody dares advise it, nor do he consider any thing himself. Thence, having dined for 20*s.*, we to the Duke of York at White Hall, and there had our usual audience, and did little but talk of the proceedings of Parliament, wherein he is as much troubled as we; for he is not without fears that they do ayme at doing him hurt; but yet he declares that he will never deny to owne what orders he hath given to any man to justify him, notwithstanding their having sent to him to desire his being tender to take upon him the doing any thing of that kind. Met with Colonel Birch and Sir John Lowther,[1] and did there in the lobby read over what I have drawn up for our defence, wherein they own themselves mightily satisfied; and Birch, like a particular friend, do take it upon him to defend us, and do mightily do me right in all his discourse. Discoursed with several members, to prepare them in our business against to-morrow. My cozen Roger Pepys showed me Granger's written confession,[2] of his being forced by imprisonment, &c., by my Lord Gerard, most barbarously to confess his forging of a deed in behalf of Fitton, in the great case between him [Fitton] and my Lord Gerard; which business is under examination, and is the foulest against my Lord Gerard that ever any thing in the world was, and will, all do believe, ruine him; and I shall be glad of it. Comes my wife to me, who hath been at Pegg Pen's christening,[1] which, she says, hath made a flutter and noise; but was as mean as could be, and but little company, just like all the rest that family do.

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[1] Of Lowther, in Westmoreland, for which county he was Knight of the Shire before and at the Restoration. He had been made a baronet of Nova Scotia in 1640.

[2] Pepys here refers to the extraordinary proceedings which occurred between Charles Lord Gerard and Alexander Fitton, of which a narrative was published at the Hague in 1665. Granger was a witness in the cause, and was afterwards said to be conscience-stricken from his perjury. Some notice of this case will be found in North's *Examen*, p. 558; but the copious and interesting note in Ormerod's *History of Cheshire*, vol. iii., p. 291, will best satisfy the reader, who will not fail to be struck by the

22d. By coach through Ducke Lane, and there did buy Kirtcher's Musurgia,[2] cost me 35*s*., a book I am mighty glad of, expecting to find great satisfaction in it. To Westminster Hall and the lobby, and up and down there all the morning, and the Lords' House, and heard the Solicitor-General plead very finely, as he always do; and this was in defence of the East India Company against a man[3] that complains of wrong from them. And so with my wife, and Mercer, and Deb., who come to the Hall to me, I away to the Beare, in Drury Lane, and there bespoke a dish of meat; and, in the mean time, sat and sung with Mercer; and, by and by, dined with mighty pleasure, and excellent meat, one little dish enough for us all, and good wine, and all for 8*s*. To the Duke's playhouse, and there saw "Albumazar," an old play, this the second

paragraph with which it is closed—viz., "It is not improbable that Alexander Fitton, who in the first instance, gained rightful possession of Gawsworth under an acknowledged settlement, was driven headlong into unpremeditated guilt by the production of a revocation by will which Lord Gerard had concealed. Having lost his own fortune in the prosecution of his claims, he remained in gaol till taken out by James II. to be made Chancellor of Ireland (under which character Hume first notices him), was knighted, and subsequently created Lord Gawsworth after the abdication of James, sat in his parliament in Dublin in 1689, and then is supposed to have accompanied his fallen master to France. Whether the conduct of Fitton was met, as he alleges, by similar guilt on the part of Lord Gerard, God only can judge; but his hand fell heavily on the representatives of that noble house. In less than half a century the husbands of its two co-heiresses, James Duke of Hamilton, and Charles Lord Mohun, were slain by each other's hands in a murderous duel, arising out of a dispute relative to the partition of the Fitton estates, and Gawsworth itself passed to an unlineal hand, by a series of alienations complicated beyond example in the annals of this country."

[1] See 9th Feb., *ante*.

[2] "*Musurgia Universalis, sive ars magna Consoni et Dissoni.*" It is an elaborate work, by the famous Jesuit, Athanasius Kircher, and was printed at Rome, in 1650, in two volumes, folio.

[3] Skinner: see *postea*, 1st May, 1668.

time of acting. It is said to have been the ground of B. Jonson's "Alchymist;" but, saving the ridiculousnesse of Angell's part, which is called Trinkilo, I do not see any thing extraordinary in it, but was indeed weary of it before it was done.[1] The King here, and, indeed, all of us, pretty merry at the mimique tricks of Trinkilo.

23d. (Lord s day.) Up, and, being desired by a messenger from Sir G. Carteret, I by water over to Southwarke, and so walked to the Falcon, on the Bankside, and there got another boat, and so to Westminster, where I would have gone into the Swan; but the door was locked; and the girl could not let me in, and so to Wilkinson's, in King Street, and there wiped my shoes, and so to Court, where sermon not yet done. I met with Brisband; and he tells me, first, that our business of tickets did come to debate yesterday, it seems, after I was gone away, and was voted a miscarriage in general. He tells me that there is great looking after places, upon a presumption of a great many vacancies: and he did show me a fellow at Court, a brother of my Lord Fanshaw's,[2] a witty but rascally fellow, without a penny in his purse, that was asking him what places there were in the Navy fit for him, and Brisband tells me, in mirth, he told him the Clerke of the Acts, and I wish he had it, so I were well and quietly rid of it; for I am weary of this kind of trouble, having, I think, enough whereon to support myself. I met with Sir W. Coventry, and he and I walked awhile together in the Matted Gallery; and there he told me all the proceedings of yesterday: that the matter is found, in general, a miscarriage, but no persons named; and so there is no great matter to our prejudice yet, till, if ever, they come to particular persons. He told me Birch was very industrious to do what he could, and did, like a friend; but they were resolved to find the thing, in general, a miscarriage; and says, that when we shall think fit to desire its being heard, as to our own defence, it will be granted. He tells me how he hath, with advantage, cleared himself in what concerns himself therein, by his servant Robson, which I am glad of. He tells me that there is a letter sent by conspiracy to some of the House, which he hath seen, about the manner of selling of places, which he do believe he shall be called upon to-morrow for: and thinks himself well prepared to defend himself in it; and then neither he, nor his friends for him, are afraid of anything to his prejudice. Thence by coach, with Brisband, to Sir G. Carteret's, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and there dined: a good dinner and good company; and after dinner he and I alone, discoursing of my Lord Sandwich's matters; who hath, in the first business before the House, been very kindly used beyond expectation, the matter being laid by, till his coming home: and old Mr. Vaughan did speak for my Lord, which I am mighty glad of. The business of the prizes is the worst that can be said, and therein I do fear something may lie hard upon him; but, against this, we must prepare the best we can for his defence. Thence with Sir G. Carteret to White Hall, where, finding a meeting of the Committee of the Council for the Navy, his Royal Highness there, and Sir W. Pen, and some of the Brethren of the Trinity House to attend, I did go in with them; and it was to be informed of the practice heretofore, for all foreign nations, at enmity one with another, to forbear any acts of hostility to one another, in the presence of any of the King of England's ships, of which several instances were given: and it is referred to their further enquiry, in order to the giving instructions accordingly to our ships now, during the war between Spain and France. Would to God we were in the same condition as heretofore, to challenge and maintain this our dominion! Thence with W. Pen homeward, and quite through to Mile End, for a little ayre; the days being now pretty long, but the ways mighty dirty. Going back again, Sir R. Brookes overtook us coming to town; who played the jacke with us all, and is a fellow that I must trust no more, he quoting me for all he hath said in this business of tickets; though I have told him nothing that either is not true, or I afraid to own. But here talking, he did discourse in this stile: "We,"—and "We" all along,—"will not give any money, be the pretence never so great, nay, though the enemy was in the River of Thames again, till we know what is become of the last money given;" and I do believe he do speak the mind of his fellows, and so let him. This evening, my wife did with great pleasure show me her stock of jewells, encreased by the ring she hath made lately as my Valentine's gift this year, a Turky stone[1] set with diamonds: and, with this and what she had, she reckons that she hath above £150 worth of jewells, of one kind or other; and I am glad of it, for it is fit the wretch should have something to content herself with.

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[1] The Comedy of "Albumazar," in which Angell played, was originally printed in 1615, having been performed before King James at Trinity College, Cambridge, by the gentlemen of that Society, of which Tomkis, the author of the play, was a member, on 9th March, 1614. See a long disquisition upon the play of "Albumazar" in the *Gent. Mag.*, March 1756, by which it would seem Dryden was right, and that the piece had been only revived when acted at Cambridge, and was written before the "Alchymist" appeared. The assertion of Pepys (derived from Dryden's prologue on the revival of the Comedy, in 1668) is refuted by the fact that Ben Jonson's "Alchymist" was acted four or five years before "Albumazar" was produced—namely, in 1610. This play may be seen in vol. vii. of the last edition of Dodsley's *Old Plays*. Angell was one of the original performers in Davenant's company; but early in his career he acted, as Downes informs us, "women's parts," from which he was of course excluded, as soon as actresses were substituted. He then seems to have taken up broad comedy; and besides Trinculo, in "Albumazar," we find him performing Woodcock, in Shadwell's "Sullen Lovers," a droll part in Lord Orrery's "Master Anthony," and Fribble, in "Epsom Wells."

[2] Sir Thomas Fanshawe, K.B., who was created Viscount Fanshawe, of Ireland, in 1661, died in 1665, leaving three sons—Thomas, the Lord Fanshawe here mentioned, and Charles and Simon, who became successively the fourth and fifth Viscounts. It is uncertain which of these two is here alluded to. Sir Richard Fanshawe, who has been before noticed, was the youngest brother of the first Lord.

24th. At my bookseller's, and did buy "L'illustre Bassa,"[2] in four volumes, for my wife. Meeting Dr. Gibbons,[3] he and I to see an organ at the Dean of Westminster's lodgings at the Abby, the Bishop of Rochester's;[4] where he lives like a great prelate, his lodgings being very good; though at present under great disgrace at Court, being put by, his Clerk of the Closet's place. I saw his lady,[5] of whom the *Terræ Filius*[6] of Oxford was once so merry; and two children, whereof one a very pretty little boy, like him, so fat and black. Here I saw the organ; but it is too big for my house, and the fashion do not please me enough; and therefore I will not have it. To the Nursery, where none of us ever were before; the house is better and the musick better than we looked for, and the acting not much worse, because I expected as bad as could be: and I was not much mistaken, for it was so. Their play was a bad one, called "Jeronimo is Mad Again,"[1] a tragedy. Here was some good company by us, who did make mighty sport at the folly of their acting, which I could not refrain from sometimes, though I was sorry for it. I was prettily served this day at the play-house door, where, giving six shillings into the fellow's hand for three of us, the fellow by legerdemain did convey one away, and with so much grace faced me down that I did give him but five, that, though I knew the contrary, yet I was overpowered by his so grave and serious demanding the other shilling, that I could not deny him, but was forced by myself to give it him.

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[1] See 18th Feb., 1667-8, *ante.*

[2] "*Ibrahim, ou l'illustre Bassa.*" It was the first of that almost interminable series of

"Twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt," published by Magdaleine de Scuderi. It was printed in 1641.

[3] Christopher Gibbons, Organist to the King, and of Westminster Abbey. He was admitted Doctor of Music at Oxford 1664, and died 1676.

[4] John Dolben, afterwards Archbishop of York.

[5] The Bishop of Rochester's wife was Catharine, daughter of Ralph Sheldon, of Stanton, Denbighshire, and niece of Gilbert Sheldon, Archbishop of Canterbury. The "pretty little boy" was her son Gilbert, who became one of the Judges of the Common Pleas in Ireland, was created a Baronet by Queen Anne, and is ancestor of the present family, seated at Findon, Northamptonshire.

[6] A scholar appointed to make a satirical and jesting speech at an Act in the University of Oxford. The custom was discontinued about the beginning of the last century.

25th. Comes W. Howe to me, to advise what answer to give to the business of the prizes, wherein I did give him the best advice I could; but am sorry to see so many things, wherein I doubt it will not be prevented but Sir Roger Cuttance and Mr. Pierce will be found very much concerned in goods beyond the distribution, and I doubt my Lord Sandwich, too. I took my wife and Deb. up, and to the Nursery, and there saw them act a comedy, a pastorall, "The Faythful Shepherd,"[2] having the curiosity to see whether they did a comedy better than a tragedy; but they do it both alike, in the meanest manner, that I was sick of it; but I shall see them no more. My wife hath bought a dressing-box, and other things for her chamber and table, that cost me above £4. I do perceive, by Sir W. Warren's discourse, that the House do all they can possibly to get out of him, and others, what presents they have made to the Officers of the Navy; but he tells me that he hath denied all, though he knows that he is forsworn as to what relates to me.

26th. After dinner comes W. Howe to tell me how he sped, who says he was used civilly, and not so many questions asked as he expected; but yet I do perceive enough to shew that they do intend to know the bottom of things, and where to lay the great weight of the disposal of these East India goods, and that, they intend plainly to do upon my Lord Sandwich. To Westminster Hall, where, it being now about six o'clock, I find the House just risen; and met with Sir W. Coventry and the Lieutenant of the Tower, they having sat all day; and with great difficulty have got a vote for giving the King £300,000, not to be raised by any land-tax. The sum is much smaller than I expected, and than the King needs; but is grounded upon Mr. Wren's reading our estimates the other day of £270,000, to keep the fleete abroad, wherein we demanded nothing for setting and fitting of them out, which will cost almost £200,000, I do verily believe: and do believe that the King hath no cause to thank Wren for this motion. I home to Sir W. Coventry's lodgings, with him and the Lieutenant of the Tower, where also was Sir John Coventry, and Sir John Duncomb, and Sir Job Charleton.[1] And here a great deal of good discourse: and they seem mighty glad to have this vote pass, which I did wonder at, to see them so well satisfied with so small a sum, Sir John Duncomb swearing, as I perceive he will freely do, that it was as much as the nation could beare. Among other merry discourse about spending of money, and how much more chargeable a man's living is now than it was heretofore, Duncomb did swear that in France he did live on £100 a year with more plenty, and wine and wenches, than he believes can be done now for £200, which was pretty odd for him, being a Committee-man's son, to say. Home in Sir John Robinson's coach, and there to bed.

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[1] "Jeronymo, or, the Spanish Tragedy;" anonymous, printed in Dodsley's *Collection of Old Plays.*

[2] A Pastoral Comedy, from the *Pastor Fido* of Guarini, which has been frequently dramatised.

27th. With my wife to the King's House, to see "The Virgin Martyr,"[2] the first time it hath been acted a great while: and it is mighty pleasant; not that the play is worth much, but it is finely acted by Beck Marshall. But that which did please me beyond any thing in the whole world was the wind-musick when the angel comes down, which is so sweet that it ravished me, and indeed, in a word, did wrap up my soul so that it made me really sick, just as I have formerly been when in love with my wife; that neither then, nor all the evening going home, and at home, I was able to think of any thing, but remained all night transported, so as I could not believe that ever any musick hath that real command over the soul of a man as this did upon me: and makes me resolve to practice wind-musick, and to make my wife do the like.

28th. After dinner with Sir W. Pen to White Hall, where we and the rest of us presented a great letter of the state of our want of money to his Royal Highness. I did also present a demand of mine for consideration for my travelling-charges of coach and boat-hire during the war, which, though his Royal Highness and the company did all like of, yet, contrary to my expectation, I find him so jealous now of doing any thing extraordinary, that he desired the gentlemen that they would consider it, and report their minds in it to him. This did unsettle my mind a great while, not expecting this stop: but, however, I shall do as well, I know, though it causes me a little stop. But that, that troubles me most is, that while we were thus together with the Duke of York, comes in Mr. Wren from the House, where, he tells us, another storm hath been all this day almost against the Officers of the Navy upon this complaint,—that though they have made good rules for payment of tickets, yet that they have not observed them themselves, which was driven so high as to have it urged that we should presently be put out of our places: and so they have at last ordered that we shall be heard at the bar of the House upon this business on Thursday next. This did mightily trouble me and us all; but me particularly, who am least able to bear these troubles, though I have the least cause to be concerned in it. Thence, therefore, to visit Sir H. Cholmly, who hath for some time been ill of a cold; and thence walked towards Westminster, and met Colonel Birch, who took me back to walk with him, and did give me an account of this day's heat against the Navy Officers, and an account of his speech on our behalf, which was very good; and indeed we are much beholden to him, as I, after I parted with him, did find by my cozen Roger, whom I went to: and he and I to his lodgings. And there he did tell me the same over again; and how Birch did stand up in our defence; and that he do see that there are many desirous to have us out of the Office; and the House is so furious and passionate that he thinks nobody can be secure, let him deserve never so well. But now, he tells me, we shall have a fair hearing of the House, and he hopes justice of them: but, upon the whole, he do agree with me that I should hold my hand as to making any purchase of land, which I had formerly discoursed with him about, till we see a little further how matters go. He tells me that what made them so mad to-day first was, several letters in the House about the Fanatickes in several places, coming in great bodies, and turning people out of the churches, and there preaching themselves, and pulling the surplice over the Parsons' heads: this was confirmed from several places; which makes them stark mad, especially the hectors and bravadoes of the House, who show all the zeal on this occasion.

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[1] M.P. for Ludlow; and in 1663 elected Speaker, which office he declined on account of ill health. He was successively King's Sergeant, Chief Justice of Chester, and a Justice of the Common Pleas; he was created a Baronet 1686, and ob. 1697.

[2] By Massinger.

29th. Sir G. Carteret did come to discourse about the prize business of my Lord Sandwich's, which I perceive is likely to be of great ill consequence to my Lord, the House being mighty vehement in it. We could say little but advise that his friends should labour to get it put off, till he comes. We did here talk many things over, in lamentation of the present posture of affairs, and the ill condition of all people that have had anything to do under the King. They tell me how Sir Thomas Allen hath taken the Englishmen out of La Roche's ship, and taken from him an Ostend prize which La Roche had fetched out of one of our harbours; and at this day La Roche keeps upon our coasts; and had the boldness to land some men and go a mile up into the country, and there took some goods belonging to this prize out of a house there:[1] which our King resents, and, they say, hath wrote to the King of France about; and everybody do think a war will follow; and then in what a case we shall be for want of money, nobody knows. Wrote to my father, and sent him Colvill's[2] note for £600 for my sister's portion, being glad that I shall, I hope, have that business over before I am out of place, and I trust I shall be able to save a little of what I have got; for I am weary of this life.

March 1st. (Lord's day.) Up very betimes, and by coach to Sir W. Coventry's; and there, largely carrying with me all my notes and papers, did run over our whole defence in the business of tickets, in order to the answering the House on Thursday next; and I do think, unless they be set without reason to ruin us, we shall make a good defence. I find him in great anxiety, though he will not discover it, in the business of the proceedings of Parliament; and would as little as is possible have his name mentioned in our discourse to them; and particularly the business of selling places is now upon his hand to defend himself in; wherein I did help him in his defence about the flag-maker's place, which is named in the House. We did here do the like about the complaint of want of victuals in the fleete in the year 1666, which will lie upon me to defend also. In lieu of a coach this year, I have got my wife to be contented with her closet being made up this summer, and going into the country this summer for a month or two, to my father's, and there Mercer and Deb and Jane shall go with her, which I the rather do for the entertaining my wife, and preventing of fallings out between her and my father or Deb.

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[1] See 19th Feb., *ante*.

[2] The goldsmith's.

To Mrs. Martin's, and here I was mightily taken with a starling which she hath, that was the King's, which he kept in his bed-chamber; and do whistle and talk the most and best that ever I heard anything in my life. Spent the evening talking with W. Hewer about business of the House, and declaring my expectation of all our being turned out.

2d. Mr. Moore was with me, and do tell me, and so W. Hewer tells me, he hears this morning that all the town is full of the discourse that the Officers of the Navy shall be all turned out, but honest Sir John Minnes, who, God knows, is fitter to have been turned out himself than any of us, doing the King more hurt by his dotage and folly than all the rest can do by their knavery, if they had a mind to it. This day I have the news that my sister was married on Thursday last to Mr. Jackson; so that work is, I hope, well over.

3d. Up betimes to work again, and then met at the Office, where to our great business of this answer to the Parliament; where to my great vexation I find my Lord Brouncker prepared only to excuse himself, while I, that have least reason to trouble myself, am preparing with great pains to defend them all: and more, I perceive, he would lodge the beginning of discharging ships by ticket upon me: but I care not, for I believe I shall get more honour by it when the Parliament, against my will, shall see how the whole business of the Office was done by me. I with my clerks to dinner, and thence presently down with Lord Brouncker, W. Pen, T. Harvy, T. Middleton, and Mr. Tippets, who first took his place this day at the table, as a Commissioner, in the room of Commissioner Pett. Down by water to Deptford, where the King, Queen, and Court are to see launched the new ship built by Mr Shish, called "The Charles."[1] God send her better luck than the former![2] Here some of our brethren, who went in a boat a little before my boat, did by appointment take opportunity of asking the King's leave that we might make full use of the want of money, in our excuse to the Parliament for the business of tickets, and other things they will lay to our charge, all which arise from nothing else: and this the King did readily agree to, and did give us leave to make our full use of it. The ship being well launched, I back again by boat.

4th. Vexed and sickish to bed, and there slept about three hours, but then waked, and never in so much trouble in all my life of mind, thinking of the task I have upon me, and upon what dissatisfactory grounds, and what the issue of it may be to me.

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[1] Named in *The Gazette* "Charles the Second," and to carry 106 guns.

[2] Which was captured by the Dutch in the Medway.

5th. With these thoughts I lay troubling myself till six o'clock, restless, and at last getting my wife to talk to me to comfort me, which she at last did, and made me resolve to quit my hands of this Office, and endure the trouble no longer than till I can clear myself of it. So with great trouble, but yet with some ease, from this discourse with my wife, I up, and at my Office, whither come my clerks, and so I did huddle the best I could some more notes for my discourse to-day, and by nine o'clock was ready, and did go down to the Old Swan, and there by boat, with T. Harvey and W. Hewer with me, to Westminster, where I found myself come time enough, and my brethren all ready. But I full of thoughts and trouble touching the issue of this day; and, to comfort myself, did go to the Dog and drink half-a-pint of mulled sack, and in the Hall [Westminster] did drink a dram of brandy at Mrs. Hewlett's; and with the warmth of this did find myself in better order as to courage, truly. So we all up to the lobby; and, between eleven or twelve o'clock, were called in, with the mace before us, into the House, where a mighty full House: and we stood at the bar, namely, Brouncker, Sir J. Minnes, Sir T. Harvey, and myself, W. Pen being in the House, as a Member. I perceive the whole House was full of expectation of our defence what it would be, and with great prejudice. After the Speaker had told us the dissatisfaction of the House, and read the Report of the Committee, I began our defence most acceptably and smoothly, and continued at it without any hesitation or losse, but with full scope, and all my reason free about me, as if it had been at my own table, from that time till passed three in the afternoon; and so ended, without any interruption from the Speaker; but we withdrew. And there all my Fellow-Officers, and all the world that was within hearing, did congratulate me, and cry up my speech as the best thing they ever heard; and my Fellow-Officers were overjoyed in it; and we were called in again by and by to answer only one question, touching our paying tickets to ticket-mongers; and so out; and we were in hopes to have had a vote this day in our favour, and so the generality of the House was; but my speech, being so long, many had gone out to dinner and come in again half-drunk; and then there are two or three that are professed enemies to us and every body else; among others, Sir T. Littleton, Sir Thomas Lee,[1] Mr.

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[1] Of Hartwell, Bucks; created a Baronet 1660.

Wiles, the coxcomb whom I saw heretofore at the cock-fighting, and a few others; I say, these did rise up and speak against the coming to a vote now, the House not being full, by reason of several being at dinner, but most because that the House was to attend the King this afternoon, about the business of religion, wherein they pray him to put in force all the laws against Nonconformists and Papists; and this prevented it, so that they put it off to to-morrow come se'nnight. However, it is plain we have got great ground, and every body says I have got the most honour that any could have had opportunity of getting; and so our hearts mightily overjoyed at this success. We all to dinner to my Lord Brouncker's—that is to say, myself, T. Harvey, and W. Pen, and there dined; and thence with Sir Anthony Morgan, who is an acquaintance of Brouncker's, a very wise man, we after dinner to the King's house, and there saw part of "The Discontented Colonel." To my wife, whom W. Hewer had told of my success, and she overjoyed; and, after talking awhile, I betimes to bed, having had no quiet rest a good while.

6th. Up betimes, and with Sir D. Gauden to Sir W. Coventry's chamber: where the first word he said to me was, "Good-morrow, Mr. Pepys, that must be Speaker of the Parliament-house:" and did protest I had got honour for ever in Parliament. He said that his brother,[1] that sat by him, admires me; and another gentleman said that I could not get less than £1000 a-year, if I would put on a gown and plead at the Chancery-bar; but, what pleases me most, he tells me that the Solicitor-General[2] did protest that he thought I spoke the best of any man in England. After several talks with him alone touching his own businesses, he carried me to White Hall, and there parted; and I to the Duke of York's lodgings, and find him going to the Park, it being a very fine morning, and I after him; and, as soon as he saw me, he told me, with great satisfaction, that I had converted a great many yesterday, and did, with great praise of me, go on with the discourse with me. And, by and by, overtaking the King, the King and Duke of York came to me both; and he[3] said, "Mr. Pepys, I am very glad of your success yesterday;" and fell to talk of my well speaking; and many of the Lords there. My Lord Barkeley did cry me up for what they had heard of it; and others, Parliament-men there, about the King, did say that they never heard such a speech in their lives delivered in that manner. Progers, of the Bedchamber, swore to me afterwards before Brouncker, in the afternoon, that he did tell the King that he thought I might match the Solicitor-General. Every body that saw me almost came to me, as Joseph Williamson and others, with such eulogys as cannot be expressed. From thence I went to Westminster Hall, where I met Mr. G. Montagu, who came to me and kissed me, and told me that he had often heretofore kissed my hands, but now he would kiss my lips: protesting that I was another Cicero, and said, all the world said the same of me. Mr. Ashburnham, and every creature I met there of the Parliament, or that knew any thing of the Parliament's actings, did salute me with this honour:—Mr. Godolphin;—Mr. Sands, who swore he would go twenty miles, at any time, to hear the like again, and that he never saw so many sit four hours together to hear any man in his life as there did to hear me. Mr. Chichly,—Sir John Duncomb,—and everybody do say that the kingdom will ring of my abilities, and that I have done myself right for my whole life: and so Captain Cocke, and others of my friends, say that no man had ever such an opportunity of making his abilities known; and, that I may cite all at once, Mr. Lieutenant of the Tower did tell me that Mr. Vaughan did protest to him, and that, in his hearing, he said so to the Duke of Albemarle, and afterwards to Sir W. Coventry, that he had sat twenty-six years in Parliament, and never heard such a speech there before: for which the Lord God make me thankful! and that I may make use of it, not to pride and vain-glory, but that, now I have this esteem, I may do nothing that may lessen it! I spent the morning thus walking in the Hall, being complimented by everybody with admiration: and at noon stepped into the Legg with Sir William Warren, who was in the Hall, and there talked about a little of his business, and thence into the Hall a little more, and so with him by coach as far as the Temple almost, and there 'light, to follow my Lord Brouncker's coach, which I spied, and so to Madam Williams's, where I overtook him, and agreed upon meeting this afternoon. To White Hall, to wait on the Duke of York, where he again, and all the company magnified me, and several in the Gallery: among others, my Lord Gerard, who never knew me before, nor spoke to me, desires his being better acquainted with me; and [said] that, at table where he was, he never heard so much said of any man as of me, in his whole life. So waited on the Duke of York, and thence into the Gallery, where the House of Lords waited he King's coming out of the Park, which he did by and by; and there, in the Vane-Roome, my Lord Keeper delivered a Message to the King, the Lords being about him, wherein the Barons of England, from many good arguments very well expressed in the part he read out of, do demand precedence n England of all noblemen of either of the King's other two Kingdoms, be their title what it will; and did show that they were in England reputed but as Commoners, and sat in the House of Commons and at conferences with the Lords did stand bare. It was mighty worth my hearing: but the King did say only that he would consider of it, and so dismissed them.[1] Thence, with the Lieutenant of the Tower, in his coach home; and there, with great pleasure, with my wife, talking and playing at cards a little—she, and I, and W. Hewer, and Deb.

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[1] Henry Coventry.

[2] Sir Heneage Finch: see 4th August, 1660.

[3] The King.

7th. Mercer, my wife, Deb., and I, to the King's play-house, and there saw "The Spanish Gipsys,"[2] the second time of acting, and the first that I saw it. A very silly play, only great variety of dances, and those most excellently done, especially one part by one Hanes,[3] only lately come thither from the Nursery, an understanding fellow, but yet, they say, hath spent £1000 a-year before he come thither. This day my wife and I full of thoughts about Mrs. Pierce's sending me word that she, and my old company, Harris and Knipp, would come and dine with us next Wednesday, how we should do—to receive or put them off, my head being, at this time, so full of business, and my wife in no mind to have them neither, and yet I desire it.

8th. (Lord's day.) To White Hall, where met with very many people still that did congratulate my speech the other day in the House of Commons, and I find all the world almost rings of it. With Sir W. Coventry, who I find full of care in his own business, how to defend himself against those that have a mind to choke him; and though, I believe, not for honour and for the keeping his employment, but, for safety and reputation's sake, is desirous to preserve himself free from blame. He desires me to get information against Captain Tatnell, thereby to diminish his testimony, who, it seems, hath a mind to do W. Coventry hurt: and I will do it with all my heart; for Tatnell is a very rogue. He would be glad, too, that I could find anything proper for his taking notice against Sir F. Hollis. To dinner with Sir G. Carteret to Lincoln's Inn Fields, where I find mighty deal of company—a solemn day for some of his and her friends, and dine in the great dining-room above stairs, where Sir G. Carteret himself, and I, and his son, at a little table, the great table being full of strangers. Here my Lady Jem. do promise to come, and bring my Lord Hinchingbroke and his lady some day this week, to dinner to me, which I am glad of. After dinner, I up with her husband, Sir Philip Carteret, to his closet, where, beyond expectation, I do find many pretty things, wherein he appears to be ingenious, such as in painting, and drawing, and making of watches, and such kind of things above my expectation; though, when all is done, he is a sneake, who owns his owing me £10 for his lady two or three years ago, and yet cannot provide to pay me.[1]

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[1] The point of precedence was settled by the Act of Union. They have rank next after the peers of the like degree in England at the time of the Union.

[2] "The Spanish Gipsie," a comedy, by T. Middleton and W. Rowley.

[3] The famous Joseph Haynes, who was so popular, that two biographies of him were printed in 1701, after his death. One of them, entitled *The Life of the Famous Comedian, Jo. Haynes, containing his Comical Exploits and Adventures, both at Home and Abroad*, 8vo., states that he had acted under Captain Bedford, "whilst the playhouse in Hatton Garden lasted." This must have been the "Nursery" here alluded to by Pepys. Haynes was the first actor on record who delivered a prologue sitting on an ass. He was soon afterwards followed in this folly by Pinkethman; and by Liston, in our day. Haynes seems to have been a low comedian, and a capital dancer. One dramatic piece is attributed to him, "A Fatal Mistake," 4to., 1692.

9th. By coach to White Hall, and there met Lord Brouncker: and he and I to the Commissioners of the Treasury, where I find them mighty kind to me, more, I think, than was wont. And here I also met Colvill, the goldsmith; who tells me, with great joy, how the world upon the 'Change talks of me; and how several Parliament-men, viz., Boscawen[2] and Major [Lionel] Walden, of Huntingdon, who, it seems, do deal with him, do say how bravely I did speak, and that the House was ready to have given me thanks for it: but that, I think, is a vanity.

10th. Met Sir R. Brookes, who do mightily cry up my speech the other day, saying my Fellow-Officers are obliged to me, as indeed they are. With Sir D. Gauden homewards, calling at Lincolne's Inn Fields; but my Lady Jemimah was not within: and so to Newgate, where he stopped to give directions to the jaylor about a Knight, one Sir Thomas

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[1] He entered the Theatre upon credit: see *ante*, p. 415.

[2] Edward Boscawen, M.P. for Truro, ancestor of the present Earl of Falmouth.

Halford,[1] brought in yesterday for killing one Colonel Temple, falling out at a taverne. Home; and there comes Mr. Moore to me, who tells me that he fears my Lord Sandwich will meet with very great difficulties to go through about the prizes, it being found that he did give orders for more than the King's letter do justify; and then for the Act of Resumption, which he fears will go on, and is designed only to do him hurt, which troubles me much. He tells me he believes the Parliament will not be brought to do any thing in matters of religion, but will adhere to the Bishops. To supper, where I find W. Joyce and Harman come to see us, and there was also Mrs. Mercer and her two daughters, and here we were as merry as that fellow Joyce could make us with his mad talking, after the old wont, which tired me. But I was mightily pleased with his singing; for the rogue hath a very good eare and a good voice. Here he stayed till he was almost drunk, and then away at about ten at night, and then all broke up.

11th. Meeting Mr. Colvill, I walked with him to his building, where he is building a fine house, where he formerly lived, in Lumbard Street: and it will be a very fine street. So to Westminster; and there walked, till by and by comes Sir W. Coventry, and with him Mr. Chichly and Mr. Andrew Newport.[2] I to dinner with them to Mr. Chichly's, in Queene-street, in Covent Garden. A very fine house, and a man that lives in mighty great fashion, with all things in a most extraordinary manner noble and rich about him, and eats in the French fashion all; and mighty nobly served with his servants, and very civilly; that I was mightily pleased with it: and good discourse. He is a great defender of the Church of England, and against the Act for Comprehension, which is the work of this day, about which the House is like to sit till night. After dinner with them to Westminster. About four o'clock, the House rises, and hath put off the debate to this day month. In the mean time, the King hath put out his proclamations this day, as the House desired, for the putting in execution the Act against nonconformists and papists. Here I met with Roger Pepys, who is come to town, and hath been told of my performance before the House the other day, and is mighty proud of it. Captain Cocke met me here, and told me that the Speaker says he never heard such a defence made, in all his life, in the House, and that the Solicitor-General do commend me even to envy. I carried cozen Roger as far as the Strand, where, spying out of the coach Colonel Charles George Cocke, formerly a very great man, and my father's customer, whom I have carried clothes to, but now walks like a poor sorry sneake, he stopped, and 'light to him. This man knew me, which I would have willingly avoided, so much pride I had, he being a man of mighty heighth and authority in his time, but now signifies nothing.

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[1] Sir Thomas Halford, of Wistowe, Leicestershire, the second Baronet of his race: he was born in 1638, and died in 1679, having succeeded to his grandfather's titles and estates in 1658, and had twenty-two children by his first wife, Selina, daughter of William Welby, Esq., of Denton, Lincolnshire. No other notice of the duel has been traced.

[2] A Commissioner of Customs. He was younger son of the first Lord Newport, of High Ercall, Salop.

12th. To Gresham College, there to show myself; and was there greeted by Dr. Wilkins, Whistler, and others, as the patron of the Navy Office, and one that got great fame by my late speech to the Parliament. Then home to supper, and to talk with Mr. Pelling, who tells me what a fame I have in the City by my late performance; and upon the whole I bless God for it. I think I have, if I can keep it, done myself a great deal of repute. So by and by to bed.

13th. To fit myself for attending the Parliament again, not to make any more speech, which, while my fame is good, I will avoid, for fear of losing of it; but only to answer to what objections will be made against us. Roger Pepys took me aside, and told me how he was taken up by one of the House yesterday, for moving for going on with the King's supply of money, without regard to the keeping pace therewith, with the looking into miscarriages, and was told by this man privately that it did arise because he had a kinsman concerned therein; and therefore he would prefer the safety of his kinsman to the good of the nation. But I did bid him be at no pain for me; for I knew of nothing but what I was very well prepared to answer; and so I think I am. At noon, all of us to Chatelin's,[1] the French house in Covent Garden, to dinner—Brouncker, J. Minnes, W. Pen, T. Harvey, and myself; and there had a dinner cost us 8*s.* 6*d.* a piece, a base dinner, which did not please us at all. My head being full of to-morrow's dinner, I to my Lord Crewe's, there to invite Sir Thomas Crewe; and there met with my Lord Hinchingbroke and his lady, the first time I spoke to her. I saluted her; and she mighty civil: and, with my Lady Jemimah, do all resolve to be very merry to-morrow at my house. My Lady Hinchingbroke I cannot say is a beauty, nor ugly; but is altogether a comely lady enough, and seems very good-humoured. Thence home; and there find one laying of my napkins against to-morrow in figures of all sorts, which is mighty pretty; and, it seems, it is his trade, and he gets much money by it; and do now and then furnish tables with plate and linen for a feast at so much, which is mighty pretty, and a trade I could not have thought of. To Mrs. Turner, and did get her to go along with me to the French pewterer's, and there did buy some new pewter against to-morrow; and thence to White Hall, to have got a cook of her acquaintance, the best in England, as she says. But after we had with much ado found him, he could not come, nor was Mr. Gentleman in town, whom next I would have had, nor would Mrs. Stone let her man Lewis come, whom this man recommended to me; so that I was at a mighty loss what in the world to do for a cooke, Philips being out of town. Therefore, after staying here at Westminster a great while, we back to London, and there to Philips's, and his man directed us to Mr. Levett's, who could not come, and he sent to two more, and they could not; so that, at last, Levett as a great kindness did resolve he would leave his business and come himself, which set me in great ease in my mind.

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[1] "A fellow that never wore a noble and polite garniture, or a white perriwig, one that had not a bit of interest at Chatelin's, or ever ate a good fricacy, sup, or ragout in his life."—Shadwell's *Humourists.*

14th. Up very betimes, and with Jane to Levett's, there to conclude upon our dinner; and thence to the pewterer's, to buy a pewter sesterne,[1] which I have ever hitherto been without. Anon comes my company, viz., my Lord Hinchingbroke and his lady, Sir Philip Carteret and his lady, Godolphin and my cozen Roger, and Creed: and mighty merry; and by and by to dinner, which was very good and plentifull: and I should have said, and Mr. George Montagu, who came at a very little warning, which was exceeding kind of him. And there, among other things, my Lord had Sir Samuel Morland's late invention for casting up of sums of *£ s. d.;* which is very pretty, but not very useful. Most of our discourse was of my Lord Sandwich and his family, as being all of us of the family; and with extraordinary pleasure all the afternoon, thus together eating and looking over my closet: and my Lady Hinchingbroke I find a very sweet-natured and well-disposed lady, a lover of books and pictures, and of good understanding. About five o'clock they went; and then my wife and I abroad by coach into Moorefields, only for a little ayre. This day I had the welcome news of our prize being come safe from Holland, so as I shall have hopes, I hope, of getting my money of my Lady Batten, or a good part of it.

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[1] A cistern was formerly part of the furniture of a well appointed dining-room; the plates were rinsed in it, when necessary, during the meal. A magnificent silver cistern is still preserved in the dining-room at Burghley House, the seat of the Marquis of Exeter. It is said to be the largest piece of plate in England, and was once the subject of a curious wager.

15th. (Lord's day.) Walked with Sir W. Coventry into the Park, and there met the King and the Duke of York, and walked a good while with them: and here met Sir Jer. Smith, who tells me he is like to get the better of Holmes, and that when he is come to an end of that, he will do Hollis's business for him, in the House, for his blasphemies, which I shall be glad of. So to White Hall, and there walked with this man and that man till chapel done, and the King dined: and then Sir Thomas Clifford, the Comptroller,[1] took me with him to dinner to his lodgings, where my Lord Arlington and a great deal of good and great company; where I very civilly used by them, and had a most excellent dinner: and good discourse of Spain, Mr. Godolphin being there; particularly of the removal of the bodies of all the dead Kings of Spain that could be got together, and brought to the Pantheon[2] at the Escuriall, when it was finished, and there placed before the altar, there to lie for ever; and there was a sermon made to them upon this text, "Arida ossa, audite verbum Dei;"[3] and a most eloquent sermon, as they say.

16th. To Westminster, by water, with Mr. Hater, and there, in the Hall, did walk all the morning, talking with one or other, expecting to have our business in the House; but did now a third time wait to no purpose, they being all this morning upon the business of Barker's petition about the making void the Act of Settlement in Ireland, which makes a great deal of hot work: and, at last, finding by all men's opinion they could not come to our matter to-day, I with Sir W. Pen home, and there to dinner, where I find, by Willett's crying, that her mistress had been angry with her: but I would take no notice of it.

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[1] Of the Household.

[2] Panteon, a term given by the Spaniards to a Christian burial vault. Philip III. began the present gorgeous chamber under the high altar, which Philip IV. completed in 1654, moving in the Royal bodies on the 17th of March. The entrance, with its gilt ornaments and variegated marbles, has nothing in common with the sepulchral sentiment.—Ford's *Handbook for Spain*.

[3] The sermon here referred to was preached by a monk of the order of St. Jerome, in 1654: part of it was translated by the Rev. Edward Clarke, who calls it the most extraordinary funeral sermon he ever met with—Southey's *Letters on the Spanish Nation*, p. 141.

17th. To the Excise-Office, where I met Mr. Ball, and did receive my paper I went for; and there fell in talk with him, who, being an old cavalier, do swear and curse at the present state of things, that we should be brought to this, that we must be undone and cannot be saved; that the Parliament is sitting now, and will till midnight, to find how to raise this £300,000, and he doubts they will not do it so as to be seasonable for the King: but do cry out against all our great men at Court; how it is a fine thing for a Secretary of State to dance a jigg, and that it was not so heretofore; and, above all, do curse my Lord of Bristoll, saying the worst news that ever he heard in his life, or that the Devil could ever bring us, was this Lord's coming to prayers the other day in the House of Lords, by which he is coming about again from being a Papist, which will undo this nation; and he says he ever did say, at the King's first coming in, that this nation could not be safe while that man was alive. The House, I hear, have this day concluded upon raising £100,000 of the £300,000 by wine, and the rest by a poll-tax, and have resolved to excuse the Church, in expectation that they will do the more of themselves at this juncture; and I do hear that Sir W. Coventry did make a speech in behalf of the Clergy.

18th. Cozen Roger do still continue of the mind that there is no other way of saving this nation but by dissolving this Parliament and calling another; but there are so many about the King that will not be able to stand, if a new Parliament come, that they will not persuade the King to it. To Ducke Lane, and there bought Montaigne's Essays, in English. To White Hall, where We and my Lord Brouncker attended the Council, to discourse about the fitness of entering of men presently for the manning of the fleete, before one ship is in condition to receive them. Sir W. Coventry did argue against it: I was wholly silent, because I saw the King, upon the earnestness of the Prince, was willing to it, crying very civilly, "If ever you intend to man the fleete, without being cheated by the captains and pursers, you may go to bed, and resolve never to have it manned;" and so it was, like other things, over-ruled that all volunteers should be presently entered. Then there was another great business about our signing of certificates to the Exchequer, for [prize] goods, upon the £1,250,000 Act, which the Commissioners of the Treasury did all oppose, and to the laying fault upon us. But I did then speak to the justifying what we had done, even to the angering of Duncomb and Clifford, which I was vexed at: but, for all that, I did set the Office and myself right, and went away with the victory, my Lord Keeper saying that he would not advise the Council to order us to sign more certificates. But, before I began to say anything in this matter, the King and the Duke of York talking at the Council-table, before all the Lords, of the Committee of Miscarriages, how this entering of men before the ships could be ready would be reckoned a miscarriage; "Why," says the King, "it is then but Mr. Pepys making of another speech to them;" which made all the Lords, and there were by also the Attorney and Solicitor-General, look upon me. Thence Sir W. Coventry, W. Pen, and I, by hackney-coach to take a little ayre in Hyde Parke, the first time that I have been there this year; and we did meet many coaches going and coming, it being mighty pleasant weather; and so, coming back again, I light in the Pell Mell; and there went to see Sir H. Cholmly, who continues very ill of his cold. And there came in Sir H. Yelverton, and Sir H. Cholmly commended to me his acquaintance, which the other received, but without remembering to me, or I to him, of our being school-fellows together; and I said nothing of it. But he took notice of my speech the other day at the bar of the House; and indeed I perceive he is a wise man. Here he do say that the town is full of it, that now the Parliament hath resolved upon £300,000; the King instead of fifty, will set out but twenty-five ships, and the Dutch as many; and that Smith is to command them, who is allowed to have the better of Holmes in the late dispute, and is in good esteem in the Parliament, above the other. Thence home, and there, in favour to my eyes, staid at home, reading the ridiculous History of my Lord Newcastle,[1] wrote by his wife, which shows her to be a mad, conceited, ridiculous woman, and he an asse to suffer her to write what she writes to him, and of him. So to bed, my eyes being very bad; and I know not how in the world to abstain from reading.

19th. Walked all along Thames Street, which I have not done since it was burned, as far as Billingsgate; and there do see a brave street likely to be, many brave houses being built, and of them a great many by Mr. Jaggard; but the raising of the street will make it mighty fine. I was surprised with a letter without a name to it, very well writ, in a good stile, giving me notice of my cozen Kate Joyce's being likely to ruin herself by marriage, and by ill reports already abroad of her, and I do fear that this keeping of a inne may spoil her, being a young and pretty comely woman, and thought to be left well. I did answer the letter with thanks and good liking, and am resolved to take the advice he[1] gives, and go to see her, and find out what I can: but if she will ruin herself, I cannot help it.

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[1] *The Life of William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle*, by his Duchess, of which the first edition, in folio, had just been published.

20th. To Kate Joyce's to speak with her; but company being with her, I only invited her to come and dine with me on Sunday next, and so away. All the evening pricking down some things, and trying some conclusions upon my viall, in order to the inventing a better theory of musick than hath yet been abroad; and I think verily I shall do it. This day at Court I do hear that Sir W. Pen do command this summer's fleete; and Mr. Progers of the Bedchamber, as a secret, told me that the Prince Rupert is troubled at it, and several friends of his have been with him to know the reason of it; so that he do pity Sir W. Pen, whom he hath great kindness for, that he should not at any desire of his be put to this service, and thereby make the Prince his enemy, and contract more envy from other people.

21st. To the Office, and wrote my letters, and then abroad to do several things, and pay what little scores I had, and among others Mrs. Martin's, and there did give 20*s.* to Mrs. Cregg, her landlady, who was my Valentine in the house, as well as Doll Lane.

22d. (Easter day.) Walked to the Temple, and there got a coach, and to White Hall, where spoke with several people, and find by all that Pen is to go to sea this year with the fleete; and they excuse the Prince's going, by saying it is not a command great enough for him. Here I met with Brisband, and, after hearing the service at the King's chapel, where I heard the Bishop of Norwich, Dr. Reynolds, the old presbyterian, begin a very plain sermon, he and I to the Queen's chapel, and there did hear the Italians sing; and indeed their musick did appear most admirable to me, beyond anything of our's: I was never so well satisfied in my life with it. So home to dinner, where Kate Joyce was, as I invited her: and after dinner she and I alone to talk about her business, as I designed; and I find her very discreet, and she assures me she neither do nor will incline to the doing anything towards marriage, without my advice, and did tell me that she had many offers, and that Harman and his friends would fain have her; but he is poor, and so it will not be advisable: but that there is another, a tobacconist, one Holinshed, whom she speaks well of, to be a plain, sober man, and in good condition, that offers her very well, and submits to me by examining and inquiring after it. If I see good, it will be best for her to marry, I think, as soon as she can—at least, to be rid of this house; for the trade will not agree with a young widow, that is a little handsome.

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[1] *i. e.*, the anonymous writer; but how Pepys directed the answer does not appear.

23d. At noon come Mrs. Pierce, and Mrs. Manuel, the Jew's wife, and Mrs. Corbet, and Mrs. Pierce's boy and girl. But we are defeated of Knipp, by her being forced to act to-day, and also of Harris, which did trouble me, they being my chief guests. However, I had an extraordinary good dinner, and the better because dressed by my own servants, and were mighty merry; and here was Pelling by chance come and dined with me; and after sitting long at dinner, I had a barge ready at Tower-wharfe, to take us in, and so we went all of us, up as high as Barne-Elms, a very fine day, and all the way sang; and Mrs. Manuel sings very finely, and is a mighty discreet, sober-carriaged woman, that both my wife and I are mightily taken with her. At Barne-Elms we walked round, and then to the barge again, and had much merry talk, and good singing; and come before it was dark to the New Exchange stairs, and there landed, and walked up to Mrs. Pierce's, where we sat awhile, and then up to their dining-room. And so, having a violin and theorbo, did fall to dance, here being also Mrs. Floyd come thither, and by and by Mr. Harris. But there being so few of us that could dance, and my wife not being very well, we had not much pleasure in the dancing: there was Knipp also, by which with much pleasure we did sing a little, and so, about ten o'clock, I took coach with my wife and Deb, and so home.

24th. Comes to me Mr. Shish, to desire my appearing for him to succeed Mr. Christopher Pett,[1] lately dead, in his place of Master-Shipwright of Deptford and Woolwich, which I do resolve to promote what I can. To White Hall, and there to the Duke of York's chamber, where I understand it is already resolved by the King and Duke of York that Shish shall have the place. From the Duke's chamber Sir W. Coventry and I to walk in the Matted Gallery; and there, among other things, he tells me of the wicked design that now is at last contriving against him, to get a petition presented from people that the money they have paid to him for their places may be repaid them back; and that this is set on by Temple and Hollis of the Parliament, and, among other mean people in it, by Captain Tatnell: and he prays me that I will use some effectual way to sift Tatnell what he do, and who puts him on in this business, which I do undertake, and will do with all my skill for his service, being troubled that he is still under this difficulty. Thence back to White Hall, where great talk of the tumult at the other end of the town, about Moore-fields, among the 'prentices, taking the liberty of these holydays to pull down brothels.[1] And, Lord! to see the apprehensions which this did give to all people at Court, that presently order was given for all the soldiers, horse and foot, to be in armes; and forthwith alarmes were beat by drum and trumpet through Westminster, and all to their colours, and to horse, as if the French were coming into the town. So Creed, whom I met here, and I to Lincolne's Inn-fields, thinking to have gone into the fields to have seen the prentices; but here we found these fields full of soldiers all in a body, and my Lord Craven commanding of them, and riding up and down to give orders, like a madman. And some young men we saw brought by soldiers to the Guard at White Hall, and overheard others that stood by say, that it was only for pulling down the brothels; and none of the bystanders finding fault with them, but rather of the soldiers for hindering them. And we heard a Justice of Peace this morning say to the King, that he had been endeavouring to suppress this tumult, but could not; and that, imprisoning some of them in the new prison at Clerkenwell, the rest did come and break open the prison and release them; and that they do give out that they are for pulling down the brothels, which is one of the great grievances of the nation. To which the King made a very poor, cold, insipid answer: "Why, why do they go to them, then?" and that was all, and had no mind to go on with the discourse. Met Sir F. Hollis, who do still tell me that, above all things in the world, he wishes he had my tongue in his mouth, meaning since my speech in Parliament. He took Lord Brouncker and me down to the guards, he and his company being upon the guards to-day; and there he did, in a handsome room to that purpose, make us drink, and did call for his bagpipes, which, with pipes of ebony, tipt with silver, he did play beyond anything of that kind that ever I heard in my life; and with great pains he must have obtained it, but with pains that the instrument do not deserve at all; for, at the best, it is mighty barbarous musick. To my chamber, to prick out my song, "It is Decreed," intending to have it ready to give Mr. Harris on Thursday, when we meet, for him to sing, believing that he will do it more right than a woman that sings better, unless it were Knipp, which I cannot have opportunity to teach it to. This evening I came home from White Hall with Sir W. Pen, who fell in talk about his going to sea this year, and the difficulties that arise to him by it, by giving offence to the Prince, and occasioning envy to him, and many other things that make it a bad matter,—at this time of want of money and necessaries, and bad and uneven counsels at home,—for him to go abroad: and did tell me how much with the King and Duke of York he had endeavoured to be excused, desiring the Prince might be satisfied in it who hath a mind to go; but he tells me they will not excuse him, and I believe it, and truly do judge it a piece of bad fortune to W. Pen.

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[1] There is a monument to him in Deptford Church: see note to 16th May, 1660.

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[1] It was customary for the apprentices of the Metropolis to avail themselves of their holidays, especially on Shrove Tuesday, to search after women of ill fame, and to confine them during the season of Lent. See *Satyre against Separatists*, 1675.

25th. Up, and walked to White Hall, there to wait on the Duke of York, which I did: and in his chamber there, first by hearing the Duke of York call me by my name, my Lord Burlington did come to me, and with great respect take notice of me and my relationship[1] to my Lord Sandwich, and express great kindness to me; and so to talk of my Lord Sandwich's concernments. By and by the Duke of York is ready; and I did wait for an opportunity of speaking my mind to him about Sir J. Minnes, his being unable to do the King any service. The Duke of York and all with him this morning were full of the talk of the 'prentices, who are not yet put down, though the guards and militia of the town have been in armes all this night, and the night before; and the 'prentices have made fools of them, sometimes by running from them and flinging stones at them. Some blood hath been spilt, but a great many houses pulled down; and, among others, the Duke of York was mighty merry at that of Daman Page's, the great bawd of the seamen; and the Duke of York complained merrily that he hath lost two tenants, by their houses being pulled down, who paid him for their wine-licenses £15 a year. But these idle fellows have had the confidence to say that they did ill in contenting themselves in pulling down the little brothels, and did not go and pull down the great one at White Hall. And some of them have the last night had a word among them, and it was "Reformation and Reducement." This do make the courtiers ill at ease to see this spirit among people, though they think this matter will not come to much: but it speaks people's minds; and then they do say that there are men of understanding among them, that have been of Cromwell's army: but how true that is, I know not. With my wife to the King's playhouse to see "The Storme," which we did, but without much pleasure, it being but a mean play compared with "The Tempest," at the Duke of York's house, though Knipp did act her part of grief very well. By coach to Islington, the old house, and then home, being in fear of meeting the 'prentices, who are many of them yet, they say, abroad in the fields.

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[1] Now, as being the father of Lady Hinchingbroke, connected with Pepys.

26th. To the Duke of York's house, to see the new play, called "The Man is the Master,"[1] where the house was, it being not one o'clock, very full. But my wife and Deb. being there before, with Mrs. Pierce and Corbet and Betty Turner, whom my wife carried with her, they made me room; and there I sat, it costing me 8*s.* upon them in oranges, at 6*d.* a-piece. By and by the King came; and we sat just under him, so that I durst not turn my back all the play. The play is a translation out of French, and the plot Spanish, but not anything extraordinary at all in it, though translated by Sir W. Davenant, and so I found the King and his company did think meanly of it, though there was here and there something pretty: but the most of the mirth was sorry, poor stuffe, of eating of sack posset and slabbering themselves, and mirth fit for clownes; the prologue but poor, and the epilogue little in it but the extraordinariness of it, it being sung by Harris and another[2] in the form of a ballad. Thence, by agreement, we all of us to the Blue Balls, hard by, whither Mr. Pierce also goes with us, who met us at the play, and anon comes Manuel, and his wife, and Knipp, and Harris, who brings with him Mr. Banister, the great master of musick; and after much difficulty in getting of musick, we to dancing, and then to a supper of French dishes, which yet did not please me, and then to dance and sing; and mighty merry we were till about eleven or twelve at night, with mighty great content in all my company, and I did, as I love to do, enjoy myself. My wife extraordinary fine to-day, in her flower tabby suit, bought a year and more ago, before my mother's death put her into mourning, and so not worn till this day: and every body in love with it; and indeed she is very fine and handsome in it. I having paid the reckoning, which come to almost £4, we parted: my company and William Batelier, who was also with us, home in a coach, round by the Wall, where we met so many stops by the Watches, that it cost us much time and some trouble, and more money, to every Watch, to them to drink; this being encreased by the trouble the 'prentices did lately give the City, so that the Militia and Watches are very strict at this time; and we had like to have met with a stop for all night at the Constable's watch, at Mooregate, by a pragmatical Constable; but we came well home at about two in the morning. This noon, from Mrs. Williams's, my Lord Brouncker sent to Somerset House to hear how the Duchess of Richmond do; and word was brought him that she is pretty well, but mighty full of the smallpox, by which all do conclude she will be wholly spoiled, which is the greatest instance of the uncertainty of beauty that could be in this age; but then she hath had the benefit of it to be first married, and to have kept it so long, under the greatest temptations in the world from a King, and yet without the least imputation. This afternoon, at the play, Sir Fr. Hollis spoke to me as a secret, and matter of confidence in me, and friendship to Sir W. Pen, who is now out of town, that it were well he were made acquainted that he finds in the House of Commons, which met this day, several motions made for the calling strictly again upon the Miscarriages, and particularly in the business of the Prizes, and the not prosecuting of the first victory, only to give an affront to Sir W. Pen, whose going to sea this year does give them matter of great dislike.

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[1] A comedy; Sir W. Davenant's last production. It is taken from two plays of Scarron—"Jodelet, ou Le Maître Valet," and "L'Héritière Ridicule."

[2] Sandford.

27th. To a Committee of Tangier, where I first understand that my Lord Sandwich is, in his coming back from Spain, to step over thither, to see in what condition the place is, which I am glad of, hoping that he will be able to do some good there, for the good of the place, which is so much out of order. To Hide Park, where many coaches, but the dust so great, that it was troublesome. This day, at noon, comes Mr. Pelling to me, and shows me the stone cut lately out of Sir Thomas Adams,[1] the old comely Alderman's body, which is very large indeed, bigger I think than my fist, and weighs about twenty-five ounces: and, which is very miraculous, he never in all his life had any fit of it, but lived to a great age without pain, and died at last of something else, without any sense of this in all his life. This day Creed at White Hall in discourse told me what information he hath had, from very good hands, of the cowardice and ill-government of Sir Jer. Smith and Sir Thomas Allen, and the repute they have both of them abroad in the Streights, from their deportment when they did at several times command there; and that, above all Englishmen that ever were there, there never was any man that behaved himself like poor Charles Wager, whom the very Moores do mention with teares sometimes.

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[1] Knight and Bart., and Lord Mayor in 1646: ob. 24th Feb., 1667–8; æt. 82. The shock caused by a fall from his coach displaced the stone, and led to fatal consequences. He was a native of Wem, in Shropshire, and founded the free school there, as well as an Arabic Professorship at Cambridge.—*Hist. of Wem*, 8vo., 1818.

28th. Home to dinner with my clerks; and though my head full of business, yet I had a desire to end this holyday week with a play; and so, with my wife and Deb., to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Indian Emperour," a very good play indeed. My people tell me that they do verily doubt that the want of men will be so great, as we must press; and if we press, there will be mutinies in the town; for the seamen are said already to have threatened the pulling down of the Treasury Office; and if they do once come to that, it will not be long before they come to our's.

29th. (Lord's day.) To Church; and there did first find a strange Reader, who could not find in the Service-book the place for churching women, but was fain to change books with the clerke: and then a stranger preached, a seeming able man; but said in his pulpit that God did a greater work in raising of an oake-tree from an acorn, than a man's body raising it, at the last day, from his dust, showing the possibility of the Resurrection: which was, methought, a strange saying. Comes and dines with me W. Howe, and by invitation Mr. Harris and Mr. Banister, most extraordinary company both, the latter for musick of all sorts, and the former for everything: here we sang, and Banister played on the theorbo, and afterwards on his flageolet. Harris do so commend my wife's picture of Mr. Hales's, that I shall have him draw Harris's head; and he hath also persuaded me to have Cooper draw my wife's, which though it cost £30, yet I will have done. I do hear by several that Sir W. Pen's going to sea do dislike the Parliament mightily, and that they have revived the Committee of Miscarriages to find something to prevent it; and that he being the other day with the Duke of Albemarle to ask his opinion touching his going to sea, the Duchess overheard and came in to him, and asked W. Pen how he durst have the confidence to offer to go to sea again, to the endangering the nation, when he knew himself such a coward as he was, which, if true, is very severe.

30th. By coach to Common-garden Coffee-house, where by appointment I was to meet Harris; which I did, and also Mr. Cooper, the great painter, and Mr. Hales: and thence presently to Mr. Cooper's house,[1] to see some of his work, which is all in little, but so excellent as, though I must confess I do think the colouring of the flesh to be a little forced, yet the painting is so extraordinary, as I do never expect to see the like again. Here I did see Mrs. Stewart's[2] picture as when a young maid, and now just done before her having the smallpox: and it would make a man weep to see what she was then, and what she is like to be, by people's discourse, now. Here I saw my Lord General's picture, and my Lord Arlington and Ashly's, and several others; but among the rest one Swinfen, that was Secretary to my Lord Manchester, the Lord Chamberlain, with Cooling, done so admirably as I never saw any thing: but the misery was, this fellow died in debt, and never paid Cooper for his picture; but, it being seized on by his creditors, among his other goods, after his death, Cooper himself says that he did buy it, and give £25 out of his purse for it, for what he was to have had but £30. Being infinitely satisfied with this sight, and resolving that my wife shall be drawn by him when she comes out of the country, I away with Harris and Hales to the Coffee-house, sending my people away, and there resolve for Hales to begin Harris's head for me, which I will be at the cost of. To White Hall and Westminster, where I find the Parliament still bogling about the raising of this money: and every body's mouth full now; and Mr. Wren himself tells me that the Duke of York declares to go to sea himself this year; and I perceive it is only on this occasion of distaste of the Parliament against W. Pen's going, and to prevent the Prince's: but I think it is mighty hot counsel for the Duke of York at this time to go out of the way; but, Lord! what a pass are all our matters come to! At noon by appointment to Cursitor's Alley, in Chancery Lane, to meet Captain Cocke and some other creditors of the Navy, and their Counsel, Pemberton, North,[3] Offly, and Charles Porter; and there dined, and talked of the business of the assignments on the Exchequer of the £1,250,000 on behalf of our creditors; and there I do perceive that the Counsel had heard of my performance in the Parliament-house lately, and did value me and what I said accordingly. At dinner we had a great deal of good discourse about Parliament: their number being uncertain, and always at the will of the King to encrease, as he saw reason to erect a new borough. But all concluded that the bane of the Parliament hath been the leaving off the old custom of the places allowing wages to those that served them in Parliament, by which they chose men that understood their business and would attend it, and they could expect an account from, which now they cannot: and so the Parliament is become a company of men unable to give account for the interest of the place they serve for. Thence, the meeting of the Counsel with the King's Counsel this afternoon being put off by reason of the death of Serjeant Maynard's lady,[1] I to White Hall, where the Parliament was to wait on the King; and they did: and he did think fit to tell them that they might expect to be adjourned at Whitsuntide, and that they might make haste to raise their money; but this, I fear, will displease them, who did expect to sit as long as they pleased.

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[1] In Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

[2] Duchess of Richmond.

[3] Sir Francis Pemberton and Sir Dudley North.

31st. My uncle Thomas dined with me, as he do every quarter, and I paid him his pension; and also comes Mr. Hollier a little fuddled, and so did talk nothing but Latin, and laugh, that it was very good sport to see a sober man in such a humour, though he was not drunk to scandal. Took up my wife and Deb., and to the Park, where, being in a hackney, and they undressed, was ashamed to go into the tour,[2] but went round the park, and so with pleasure home.

April 1st. All alone to the King's house, and there sat in an upper box, to hide myself, and saw "The Black Prince," a very good play; but only the fancy, most of it, the same as in the rest of my Lord Orrery's plays; but the dance very stately; but I did fall asleep the former part of the play. Thence called at my bookseller's, and took Mr. Boyle's Book of Formes,[3] newly reprinted, and sent my brother my old one. Anon comes Mr. Turner to talk about the Office, and his place, which, by Sir J. Minnes's age and inability, is very uncomfortable to him, as well as without profit, or certainty what he shall do, when Sir J. Minnes dies, which is a sad condition for a man that hath lived so long in the Office as Mr. Turner has done. But he aymes to look for Mr. Ackworth's place,[1] in case he should be removed. His wife afterwards did take me into my closet, and give me a cellar[2] of waters of her own distilling for my father, to be carried down with my wife and her daughter to-morrow, which was very handsome.

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[1] Jane, his second wife, daughter of Cheney Selhurst, and relict of Edward Austen.

[2] The Ring.

[3] *The Origin of Forms and Qualities, according to the Corpuscular Philosophy*, by the Hon. Robert Boyle. Oxford, 1666, 4to.

2d. Up, and by and by comes Betty Turner and her mother, and W. Batelier, and they and Deb., to whom I did give 10*s.* this morning, to oblige her, and also Jane, and so in two coaches set out about eight o'clock towards the carrier, there for to take coach for my father's; but I meeting my Lord Anglesey going to the Office, was forced to 'light in Cheapside. To Mr. Porter's chamber, where Cocke and his counsel, and so to the attorney's, whither the Solicitor-General come, and there, their cause about their assignments on the £1,250,000 Act was argued, where all that was to be said for them was said, and so answered by the Solicitor-General beyond what I expected, that I said not one word all my time, rather choosing to hold my tongue, and so mind my reputation with the Solicitor-General, who did mightily approve of my speech in Parliament, than say anything against him to no purpose. With Lord Brouncker to the Royall Society, where they had just done; but there I was forced to subscribe to the building of a College, and did give £40; and several others did subscribe, some greater and some less sums; but several I saw hang off: and I doubt it will spoil the Society, for it breeds faction and ill-will, and becomes burdensome to some that cannot, or would not, do it. Here, to my great content, I did try the use of the Otacoustion,[3] which was only a great glass bottle broke at the bottom, putting the neck to my eare, and there I did plainly hear the dancing of the oares of the boats in the Thames to Arundel gallery window, which, without it, I could not in the least do, and may, I believe, be improved to a great height, which I am mighty glad of.

3d. As soon as we had done with the Duke of York, we did attend the Council; and were there called in, and did hear Mr. Solicitor [General] make his Report to the Council in the business of a complaint against us, for having prepared certificates on the Exchequer for the further sum of £50,000; which he did in a most excellent manner of words, but most cruelly severe against us, and so were some of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, as men guilty of a practice with the tradesmen, to the King's prejudice. I was unwilling to enter into a contest with them; but took advantage of two or three words last spoke, and brought it to a short issue in good words, that if we had the King's order to hold our hands, we would, which did end the matter: and they all resolved we should have it, and so it ended: and we away; I vexed that I did not speak more in a cause so fit to be spoke in, and wherein we had so much advantage; but perhaps I might have provoked the Solicitor and the Commissioners of the Treasury, and therefore, since, I am not sorry that I forebore. This day I hear that Prince Rupert and Holmes do go to sea: and by this there is a seeming friendship and peace among our great seamen; but the devil a bit is there any love among them, or can be.

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[1] At Deptford.

[2] A sort of bottle. We still say salt-cellars, and use the word cellaret.

[3] Otacousticon, an instrument to facilitate hearing

4th. To White Hall. Took Aldgate Street in my way, and there called upon one Hayward, that makes virginalls, and there did like of a little espinette, and will have him finish them for me; for I had a mind to a small harpsichon, but this takes up less room. I did dine with Sir W. Pen, where my Lady Batten did come with desire of meeting me there, and speaking with me about the business of the £500 we demand of her for the Chest. She do protest, before God, she never did see the account, but that it was, as her husband, in his life-time, did often declare to her, his expecting £500, and that we could not deny it for his pains in that business, and that he left her worth nothing of his own in the world, and that therefore she could pay nothing of it, come what will come, but that he hath left her a beggar, which I am truly sorry for, though it is a just judgement upon people that do live so much beyond themselves in housekeeping and vanity, as they did. I did give her little answer, but generally words that might not trouble her. I did attend the Duke of York, and he did carry us to the King's lodgings: but he was asleep in his closet; so we stayed in the Green-Roome, where the Duke of York did tell us what rules he had, of knowing the weather, and did now tell us we should have rain before to-morrow, it having been a dry season for some time, and so it did rain all night almost; and pretty rules he hath, and told Brouncker and me some of them, which were such as no reason can readily be given for them. By and by the King comes out: and then to talk of other things; about the Quakers not swearing, and how they do swear in the business of a late election of a Knight of the Shire of Hartfordshire in behalf of one they have a mind to have; and how my Lord of Pembroke[1] says he hath heard the Quaker at the tennis-court swear to himself when he loses: and told us what pretty notions my Lord Pembroke hath of the first chapter of Genesis, and a great deal of such fooleries, which the King made mighty mockery at.

5th. (Lord's day.) To Church, where I have not been a good while. Thence home, and dined at home, W. Hewer with me; and after dinner, he and I had a great deal of good talk touching this Office, how it is spoiled by having so many persons in it, and so much work that is not made the work of any one man, but of all, and so is never done; and the best way to have it well done, were to have the whole trust in one, as myself, to set whom I pleased to work in the several businesses of the Office, and me to be accountable for the whole, and that would do it, as I would find instruments: but this is not to be compassed; but something I am resolved to do about Sir J. Minnes before it be long. Then to my chamber again, to my musick, and so to church; and then home, and thither comes Captain Silas Taylor to me, the Storekeeper of Harwich, where much talk, and most of it against Captaine Deane, whom I do believe to be a high, proud fellow; but he is an active man, and able in his way, and so I love him. He gone, I to my musick again, and to read a little, and to sing with Mr. Pelling, who come to see me, and so spent the evening, and then to supper, and to bed. I hear that eight of the ringleaders in the late tumults of the 'prentices at Easter are condemned to die.[2]

6th. The King and Duke of York themselves, in my absence, did call for some of the Commissioners of the Treasury, and give them directions about the business of the certificates, which I, despairing to do any thing on a Sunday, and not thinking that they would think of it themselves, did rest satisfied with, and stayed at home all yesterday, leaving it to do something in this day; but I find that the King and Duke of York had been so pressing in it, that my Lord Ashly was more forward with the doing of it this day, than I could have been. And so I to White Hall with Alderman Backewell in his coach, with Mr. Blany, my Lord's Secretary: and there did draw up a rough draught of what order I would have, and did carry it in, and had it read twice and approved of, before my Lord Ashly and three more of the Commissioners of the Treasury, and then went up to the Council-chamber, where the Duke of York, and Prince Rupert, and the rest of the Committee of the Navy, were sitting: and I did get some of them to read it there: and they would have had it passed presently, but Sir John Nicholas desired they would first have it approved by a full Council: and, therefore, a Council Extraordinary was readily summoned against the afternoon, and the Duke of York run presently to the King, as if now they were really set to mind their business, which God grant! At noon with Sir Herbert Price to Mr. George Montagu's to dinner, being invited by him in the hall, and there mightily made of, even to great trouble to me to be so commended before my face, with that flattery and importunity, that I was quite troubled with it. Yet, he is a fine gentleman, truly, and his lady a fine woman;[1] and, among many sons that I saw there, there was a little daughter that is mighty pretty, of which he is infinite fond: and, after dinner, did make her play on the gittar and sing, which she did mighty prettily, and seems to have a mighty musical soul, keeping time with most excellent spirit. Here I met with Mr. Brownlow, my old schoolfellow, who come thither, I suppose, as a suitor to one of the young ladies that were there, and a sober man he seems to be. Mr. Montagu did tell me how Mr. Vaughan, in that very room, did say that I was a great man, and had great understanding, and I know not what, which, I confess, I was a little proud of, if I may believe him. Here I do hear, as a great secret, that the King, and Duke of York and Duchess, and my Lady Castlemaine, are now all agreed in a strict league, and all things like to go very current, and that it is not impossible to have my Lord Clarendon in time, here again. But I do hear that my Lady Castlemaine is horribly vexed at the late libell,[2] the petition of the poor prostitutes about the town, whose houses were pulled down the other day. I have got one of them, and it is not very witty, but devilish severe against her and the King: and I wonder how it durst be printed and spread abroad, which shows that the times are loose, and come to a great disregard of the King, or Court, or Government. I to the new Cocke-pitt by the King's gate, and there saw the manner of it, and the mixed rabble of people that come thither, and saw two battles of cocks, wherein is no great sport, but only to consider how these creatures, without any provocation, do fight and kill one another, and aim only at one another's heads. To the Park; and then to the House, and there at the door eat and drank; whither came my lady Kerneagy,[1] of whom Creed tells me more particulars; how her Lord, finding her and the Duke of York at the King's first coming in, too kind, did get it out of her that he did dishonour him; and did take the most pernicious and full piece of revenge that ever I heard of; and he at this day owns it with great glory, and looks upon the Duke of York and the world with great content, in the ampleness of his revenge.[2] This day, in the afternoon, stepping with the Duke of York into St. James's Park, it rained; and I was forced to lend the Duke of York my cloak, which he wore through the Park.

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[1] Philip Herbert, fifth Earl of Pembroke, and second Earl of Montgomery.

[2] Four were executed on 9th May, namely, Thomas Limerick, Edward Cotton, Peter Massenger, and Richard Beasley. They were drawn, hanged and quartered at Tyburn, and two of their heads fixed upon London Bridge.—*The London Gazette*, No. 259. See "The Tryals of the London Apprentices, who were tumultuously assembled in Moore Fields, under colour of pulling down Brothels," 4to., Lond., 1668. "It is observed," says *The London Gazette*, "to the just vindication of the City, that none of the persons apprehended upon the said tumult were found to be apprentices, as was given out, but some idle persons, many of them mused in the late Rebellion, too readily embracing any opportunity of making their own advantages to the disturbance of the peace, and injury of others."

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[1] Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Anthony Irby.

[2] This occasioned an answer printed on a single half sheet, and entitled, *The Gracious Answer of the Most Illustrious Lady of Pleasure, the*

7th. To the King's playhouse, and there saw "The English Monsieur,"[3] sitting for privacy sake in an upper box: the play hath much mirth in it as to that particular humour. After the play done, I down to Knipp, and did stay her undressing herself; and there saw the several players, men and women, go by; and pretty to see how strange they are all, one to another, after the play is done. Here I saw a wonderful pretty maid of her own, that come to undress her, and one so pretty that she says she intends not to keep her, for fear of her being undone in her service, by coming to the playhouse. Here I hear Sir W. Davenant is just now dead; and so who will succeed him in the mastership of the house is not yet known. The eldest Davenport is, it seems, gone from this house to be kept by somebody; which I am glad of, she being a very bad actor. Mrs. Knipp tells me that my Lady Castle-

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*Countess of Castlem . . . . to the Poor W . . . . s' Petition.* It is signed, "Given at our Closset, in King Street, Westminster, die Veneris, April 24, 1668. Castlem . . . ." Compare Evelyn, 2d April, 1668.

[1] Carnegy. See 19th March, 1665, *ante*.

[2] See *Mémoires de Grammont*.

[3] A Comedy, by the Hon. James Howard.

maine is mightily in love with Hall,[1] of their house: and he is much with her in private, and she goes to him, and do give him many presents; and that the thing is most certain, and Beck Marshall only privy to it, and the means of bringing them together, which is a very odd thing; and by this means she is even with the King's love to Mrs. Davis. This done, I carried her and set her down at Mrs. Manuel's, but stayed not there myself, nor went in; but straight home, and there to my letters, and so to-bed.

8th. With Lord Brouncker to the Duke of York's playhouse, where we saw "The Unfortunate Lovers,"[2] no extraordinary play, methinks, and thence to Drumbleby's, and there did talk a great deal about pipes; and did buy a recorder,[3] which I do intend to learn to play on, the sound of it being, of all sounds in the world, most pleasing to me. She did tell me of young Captain Holmes's[4] marrying of Pegg Lowther[5] last Saturday by stealth, which I was sorry for, he being an idle rascal, and proud, and worth little, I doubt; and she a mighty pretty, well-disposed lady, and good fortune. Her mother and friends take on mightily, but the sport is, Sir Robert Holmes do seem to be mad with his brother, and will disinherit him, saying that he hath ruined himself, marrying below himself, and to his disadvantage; whereas, I said, in this company, that I had married a sister lately,[6] with little above half that portion. Christopher Pett's widow and daughter come to me, to desire my help to the King and Duke of York, and I did promise, and do pity her.

9th. I up and down to the Duke of York's playhouse, there to see, which I did, Sir W. Davenant's corpse carried out towards Westminster, there to be buried. Here were many coaches and six horses, and many hacknies, that made it look, methought, as if it were the buriall of a poor poet. He seemed to have many children, by five or six in the first mourning-coach, all boys. To my Office, where is come a packet from the Downes from my brother Balty, who, with Harman, are arrived there, of which this day comes the first news. And now the Parliament will be satisfied, I suppose, about the business they have so long desired between Brouncker[1] and Harman[2] about not prosecuting the first victory.[3]

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[1] Jacob Hall, the famous rope-dancer, was said to have received a salary from Lady Castlemaine. There is an engraved portrait of him.

[2] A tragedy, by Sir W. Davenant.

[3] The recorder was a large flute, blown through a mouth-piece, like clarionets in the present day.

[4] Afterwards Sir John Holmes, Governor of Usk Castle. His grandson, Thomas, was created Lord Holmes, of Kilmallock.

[5] Margaret, sister of Anthony Lowther, who had married Margaret Penn.

[6] Paulina, lately married to Mr. Jackson.

10th. (Friday.) All the morning at Office. At noon with W. Pen to Duke of York, and attended Council. So to Duck Lane, and there kissed bookseller's wife, and bought Legend.[4] So home, coach. Sailor. Mrs. Hannam dead. News of peace. Conning my gamut.

12th. (Sunday.) Dined at Brouncker's, and saw the new book.

13th. (Monday.) Spent at Michel's 6*d.*; in the Folly,[5] 1*s.*; oysters, 1*s.*; coach to W. Coventry about Mrs. Pett, 1*s.*; thence to Commissioners of Treasury, and so to Westminster Hall by water, 6*d.* With G. Montagu and Roger Pepys, and spoke with Birch and Vaughan, all in trouble about the prize-business. So with Creed to a play. Little laugh. Thence towards the Park by coach.

14th. By water to the Temple. In the way read the Narrative about prizes; and so to Lord Crewe's bedside. Creed and I to the Quaker's, dined together. The House rose about four o'clock; and, with much ado, Pen got to Thursday to bring in his answer; so my Lord escapes to-day. With Godage and G. Montagu to G. Carteret's, and there sat their dinner-time: and hear myself, by many Parliament-men, mightily commended. Thence to a play, "Love's Cruelty."

15th. To White Hall, to the Chapel, expecting wind musick: and to the Harp-and-Ball, and drank all alone. Back, and to the fiddling concert, and heard a practice mighty good of Grebus's. To Westminster Hall, where all cry out that the House will be severe with Pen; but do hope well concerning the buyers, that we shall have no difficulty, which God grant! Creed, and I, and Sir P. Neale to the Quaker's, and there dined with a silly Executor of Bishop Juxon's, and cozen Roger Pepys. With the Duke of York a little, but stayed not, but saw him and his lady at his pretty little chapel, where I never was before: but silly devotion, God knows! To the King's playhouse, into a corner of the 18*d.* box, and there saw "The Maid's Tragedy," a good play. Coach, 1*s.*: play and oranges, 2*s.* 6*d.* With Sir T. Crewe, bemoaning my Lord's folly, in leaving his old interest, by which he hath now lost all.

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[1] Henry Brouncker.

[2] The proceedings against Harman will be found in the Journals of the House of Commons, 17th April, 1668.

[3] Here are inserted in the *Diary* three large leaves, written on both sides, containing short notices of occurrences between the 10th and 19th of April. These entries have been deciphered, and afford a specimen of the manner in which the Memoranda for the Journal were recorded.

[4] Probably the *Golden Legend* of Jac. de Voragine: there were several early editions of the English version.

[5] The Folly was a floating house of entertainment on the Thames.

16th. Dined with my clerks: and merry at Sir W. Pen's crying yesterday, as they say, to the King, that he was his martyr. To Westminster Hall, where I hear W. Pen is ordered to be impeached. There spoke with many, and particularly with G. Montagu: and went with him and Creed to his house, where he told how Sir W. Pen hath been severe to Lord Sandwich; but the Coventrys both labouring to save him, by laying it on Lord Sandwich, which our friends cry out upon, and I am silent, but do believe they did it as the only way to save him. It could not be carried to commit him. It is thought the House do cool: Sir W. Coventry's being for him, provoked Sir R. Howard and his party; Court, all for W. Pen. Wrote my letters to my Lady Sandwich, and so home, where displeased to have my maid bring her brother, a countryman, to lye there.

17th. Called up by Balty's coming, who gives me a good account of his voyage, and pleases me well, and I hope hath got something. This morning paid the Royall Society £1, 6*s.* So by coach to White Hall: the coachman on Ludgate Hill 'lighted, and beat a fellow with a sword. I hear that the House is upon the business of Harman, who, they say, takes all on himself. Thence, with Brouncker, to the King's house, and saw "The Surprizall," where base singing, only Knipp,[1] who come, after her song in the clouds, to me in the pit, and there, oranges, 2*s.* After the play, she, and I, and Rolt, by coach, 6*s.* 6*d.*, to Kensington, and there to the Grotto, and had admirable pleasure with their singing, and fine ladies listening to us: with infinite pleasure, I enjoyed myself: so to the tavern there, and did spend 16*s.* 6*d.*, and the gardener 2*s.* Mighty merry, and sang all the way to the town, a most pleasant evening, moonshine, and set them at her house in Covent Garden, and I home.

18th. (Saturday.) Up, and my bookseller brought home books, bound—the binding comes to 17*s.* Advanced to my maid Bridget 1*s.* Sir W. Pen at the Office, seemingly merry. Do hear this morning that Harman is committed by the Parliament last night, the day he came up, which is hard; but he took all upon himself first, and then, when a witness came in to say otherwise, he would have retracted; and the House took it so ill, they would commit him. To the King's playhouse, and to the play of the "Duke of Lerma."

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[1] Who played Emilia.

19th. (Sunday.) Roger Pepys and his son come, and to Church with me, where W. Pen was, and did endeavour to shew himself to the Church. Roger Pepys did tell me the whole story of Harman, how he prevaricated, and hath undoubtedly been imposed on, and wheedled; and he is like the miller's man that, in Richard the Third's time, was hanged for his master.[1] To walk in the Abbey with Sir John Talbot,[2] who would fain have pumped me about the prizes, but I would not let him.

20th. Up, and busy about answer to Committee of Accounts this morning, about several questions, which vexed me, though in none I have reason to be troubled. But the business of "The Flying Greyhound" begins to find me some care, though in that, I am wholly void of blame. To White Hall, and there hear how Brouncker is fled, which, I think, will undo him: but what good it will do Harman I know not, he hath so befouled himself; but it will be good sport to my Lord Chancellor to hear how his great enemy is fain to take the same course that he is. There met Robinson, who tells me that he fears his master, Sir W. Coventry, will this week have his business brought upon the stage again, about selling of places, which I shall be sorry for, though the less, since I hear his standing up for Pen the other day, to the prejudice, though not to the ruin, of my Lord Sandwich; and yet I do think what he did, he did out of a principle of honesty. Meeting Sir William Hooker,[1] the Alderman, he did cry out mighty high against Sir W. Pen for his getting such an estate, and giving £15,000 with his daughter, which is more, by half, than ever he did give; but this the world believes, and so let them.

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[1] The story alluded to by Pepys, which belongs not to the reign of Richard III., but to that of Edward VI., occurred during a seditious outbreak at Bodmin, in Cornwall, and is thus related by Hollinshed: "At the same time, and neare the same place, [Bodmin] dwelled a miller, that had beene a greate dooer in that rebellion, for whom also Sir Anthonie Kingston sought: but the miller, being thereof warned, called a good tall fellow that he had to his servant, and said unto him, 'I have businesse to go from home; if anie therefore come to aske for me, saie thou art the owner of the mill, and the man for whom they shall so aske, and that thou hast kept this mill for the space of three yeares; but in no wise name me.' The servant promised his maister so to doo. And shortlie after, came Sir Anthonie Kingston to the miller's house, and, calling for the miller, the servant came forth, and answered that he was the miller. 'How long,' quoth Sir Anthonie, 'hast thou kept this mill?' He answered 'Three yeares.' 'Well, then,' said he, 'come on: thou must go with me;' and caused his men to laie hands on him, and to bring him to the next tree, saieing to him, 'Thou hast been a busie knave, and therefore here shalt thou hang.' Then cried the fellow out, and said that he was not the miller, but the miller's man. 'Well, then,' said Sir Anthonie, 'thou art a false knave, to be in two tales: therefore,' said he, 'hang him up;' and so incontinentlie hanged he was indeed. After he was dead, one that was present told Sir Anthonie, 'Suerlie, sir, this was but the miller's man.'—'What then!' said he. 'Could he ever have done his maister better service than to hang for him?'"

[2] See 17th Jan., *ante*.

21st. Took Mrs. Turner to the King's house, and saw "The Indian Emperour;" and after that done, took Knipp out, and to Kensington; and there walked in the garden, and then supped, and mighty merry, there being also in the house Sir Philip Howard, and some company, and had a dear reckoning, but merry, and away, it being quite night, home. I hear how Sir W. Pen's impeachment was read, and agreed to, in the House this day, and ordered to be engrossed; and he suspended[2] the House: Harman set at liberty; and Brouncker put out of the House, and a writ for a new election,[3] and an impeachment ordered to be brought in against him, he being fled.[4]

22d. To White Hall, and there we attended the Duke of York as usual; and I did present Mrs. Pett, the widow, and her petition to the Duke of York, for some relief from the King. Here was to-day a proposition made to the Duke of York by Captain Von Hemskirke for £20,000, to discover an art how to make a ship go two feet for one what any ship do now, which the King inclines to try, it costing him nothing to try; and it is referred to us to contract with the man. Then by water from the Privy-stairs to Westminster Hall; and, taking water, the King and the Duke of York were in the new buildings; and the Duke of York called to me whither I was going? and I answered aloud, "To wait on our masters at Westminster;" at which he and all the company laughed; but I was sorry and troubled for it afterwards, for fear any Parliament-man should have been there; and it will be a caution to me for the time to come. To the fishmonger's, and bought a couple of lobsters, and over to the 'sparagus garden, thinking to have met Mr. Pierce, and his wife, and Knipp; but met their servant coming to bring me to Chatelin's, the French house, in Covent Garden, and there with musick and good company, Manuel and his wife, and one Swaddle, a clerk of Lord Arlington's, who dances, and speaks French well, but got drunk, and was then troublesome, and here mighty merry till ten at night. This night the Duke of Monmouth and a great many blades were at Chatelin's, and I left them there, with a hackney-coach attending him.

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[1] William Hooker, grocer. Sheriff of London in 1665, afterwards knighted, and Lord Mayor in 1674. His daughter was Anne, who married Sir John Lethieulier, of Sutton Place, Kent, Sheriff of London in 1674.

[2] From sitting as a Member, pending the impeachment.

[3] At Romney, which Henry Brouncker represented.

[4] Sir Charles Berkeley, Jun., was chosen in his room.

23d. At noon comes Mrs. Pierce, and her daughter, and Knipp, and one Mrs. Foster, and dined with me, and mighty merry, and after dinner carried them to the Tower, and shewed them all to be seen there, and, among other things, the Crown and Sceptres and rich plate, which I myself never saw before, and indeed is noble, and I mightily pleased with it. Thence by water to the Temple, and there to the Cock alehouse,[1] and drank, and eat a lobster, and sang, and mightily merry. So, almost night, I carried Mrs. Pierce home, and then Knipp and I to the Temple again, and took boat, it being darkish, and to Fox Hall, it being now night, and a bonfire burning at Lambeth for the King's coronation-day. And there she and I drank; and so back, and led her home, it being now ten at night; and so got a link; and, walking towards home, just at my entrance into the ruines at St. Dunstan's, I was met by two rogues with clubs, who come towards us. So I went back, and walked home quite round by the Wall, and got well home, and to bed weary, but pleased with my day's pleasure, but yet displeased at my expence, and time I lose.

24th. I presented Mrs. Pett and her condition to Mr. Wren for his favour, which he promised. Lord Brouncker thinks the Parliament will, by their violence and delay in money matters, force the King to run any hazard, and dissolve them. To Duck Lane, and there did overlook a great many of Monsieur Fouquet's[2] library, that a bookseller hath bought, and I did buy one Spanish work, "Los Illustres Varones."[1] I did hear the Duke of York tell how Sir W. Pen's impeachment was brought into the House of Lords to-day; and he spoke with great kindness of him: and that the Lords would not commit him till they could find precedent for it, and did incline to favour him. Thence to the King's playhouse, and there saw a piece of "Beggar's Bush," which I have not seen some years.

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[1] In Fleet Street, opposite to the Temple gate, is a tavern of this name, still of some repute.

[2] Nicholas Fouquet, "Surintendant des Finances" in France. Most of the great libraries contain some of his books, distinguished by his arms. He had been disgraced, and imprisoned in 1661. Voltaire mentions that Fouquet had built at Vaux (now Villars) a house which surpassed in magnificence any palace belonging to Louis XIV., prior to the erection of Versailles, and caused much envy to all the Court, especially to Colbert. "On voyait partout dans cette maison les armes et la devise de Fouquet; c'est un ecureuil, avec ces paroles, *quò non ascendam?* Où ne monterai-je point?

25th. To the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw "Sir Martin Mar-all," which, the more I see, the more I like. To Westminster Hall, and there met with Roger Pepys; and he tells me that nothing hath lately passed about my Lord Sandwich, but only Sir Robert Carr did speak hardly of him. But it is hoped that nothing will be done more, this meeting of Parliament, which the King did, by a message yesterday, declare again, should rise the 4th of May, and then only adjourne for three months: and this message being only about an adjournment, did please them mightily, for they are desirous of their power mightily. I home to have my hair cut by my sister Michell and her husband, and so to bed. This day I did first put off my waste-coate, the weather being very hot, but yet lay in it, at night, and shall, for a little time.

26th. (Lord's day.) To Church, and so home, where come and dined with me Harris, Rolt, and Bannister, and one Bland, that sings well also, and very merry, and, after dinner, to sing all the afternoon. But, when all was done, I did begin to think that the pleasure of these people was not worth so often charge and cost to me, as it hath occasioned me. To Hales's, the painter, thinking to have found Harris sitting there for his picture, which is drawing for me. But he, and all this day's company, and Hales, were got to the Crown tavern, at next door, and thither I to them, and stayed a minute, leaving Captain Grant telling pretty stories of people that have killed

Le Roi se les fit expliquer. L'ambition de cette devise ne servit pas à apaiser le monarque. Les courtisans re marquèrent que l'ecureuil était peint partout poursuivi par un couleuvre, qui était les armes de Colbert!" Fouquet died at Pignerol in 1680, after nineteen years' incarceration; and whilst Pepys was buying his books in London, Colbert had become Prime Minister in France, and Colbert's brother Ambassador in England. The *viper* had caught the *squirrel!*

[1] Probably *Los Claros Varones*, "The Celebrated Men," of Fernando del Pulgar, historiographer to Isabella and Ferdinand. He was ambitious to be thought the Plutarch of his nation, whence the title of his book.—However, the book meant by Pepys may be, *Varones ilustres del Nuevo Mundo, desenbridores, conquistadores, pacificadores de las Indias Occidentales*, by Fernando Pizarro y Orellana; printed at Madrid in 1639.

themselves, or been accessary to it, in revenge to other people, and to mischief other people, and thence with Hales to his house, and there did see his beginning of Harris's picture, which I think will be pretty like, and he promises a very good picture.

27th. To Westminster Hall, and up to the Lord's House, and there saw Sir W. Pen go into the House of Lords, where his impeachment was read to him, and he used mighty civilly, the Duke of York being there; and two days hence, at his desire, he is to bring in his answer, and a day then to be appointed for his being heard with Counsel. Thence down into the Hall, and with Creed and Godolphin walked; and do hear that to-morrow is appointed, upon a motion on Friday last, to discourse the business of my Lord Sandwich, moved by Sir R. Howard, that he should be sent for, home; and I fear it will be ordered. Certain news come, I hear, this day, that the Spanish Plenipotentiary[1] in Flanders, will not agree to the peace and terms we and the Dutch have made for him and the King of France; and by this means the face of things may be altered, and we forced to join with the French against Spain, which will be an odd thing. At noon with Creed to my Lord Crewe's, and there dined; and here was a very fine-skinned lady dined, the daughter of my Lord Roberts, and also a fine lady, Mr. John Parkhurst his wife, that was but a boy the other day. And after dinner there comes in my Lady Roberts herself,[2] and with her Mr. Roberts's wife, that was Mrs. Boddevill, the great beauty, and a fine lady indeed. My Lord Crewe, and Sir Thomas, and I, and Creed, all the afternoon debating of my Lord Sandwich's business, against to-morrow, and thence I to the King's playhouse, and there saw most of "The Cardinall," a good play. To Sir W. Pen's, where I supped, and sat all the evening; and, being lighted homeward by Mrs. Markham, I blew out the candle and kissed her.

28th. By coach to Westminster Hall, and there do understand that the business of religion, and the Act against Conventicles, have so taken them up all this morning, and do still, that my Lord Sandwich's business is not like to come on to-day, which I am heartily glad of. This law against Conventicles is very severe; but Creed, whom I meet here, do tell me that, it being moved that Papists' meetings might be included, the House was divided upon it, and it was carried in the negative; which will give great disgust to the people, I doubt. To the King's house, and there did see "Love in a Maze," wherein very good mirth of Lacy, the clown, and Wintershell,[1] the country-knight, his master.

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[1] The Baron de Bergeick (?).

[2] Isabella, daughter of Sir John Smith, of Kent. Lord Robartes's first wife was Lucy, daughter of Robert Rich, second Earl of Warwick, the mother of Robert Robartes, here mentioned, who had married Sarah, daughter and heir of John Bodvile, of Bodvile Castle, in Caernarvonshire. He died, *v. p.*, in 1681, while Ambassador to Denmark, having assumed the title of Viscount Bodmin, upon his father's elevation to the Earldom of Radnor, in 1679.

29th. To White Hall, and there do hear how Sir W. Pen hath delivered in his answer; and the Lords have sent it down to the Commons, but they have not yet read it, nor taken notice of it, so as, I believe, they will, by design, defer it till they rise, that so he, by lying under an impeachment, may be prevented in his going to sea, which will vex him, and trouble the Duke of York. To the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw "Love in a Tubb;" and, after the play done, I stepped up to Harris's dressing-room, where I never was, and there I observe much company come to him, and the Wits, to talk, after the play is done, and to assign meetings. My business was to talk about going down to see "The Resolution." To Westminster Hall, and there met Mr. G. Montagu, and walked and talked; who tells me that the best fence against the Parliament's present fury is delay, and recommended it to me, in my friends' business and my own, if I have any; and is that, that Sir W. Coventry do take, and will secure himself; that the King will deliver up all to the Parliament; and being petitioned the other day by Mr. Brouncker to protect him, with teares in his eyes, the King did say he could not, and bid him shift for himself, at least till the House is up. To White Hall, and there took coach home with a stranger I let into the coach, to club with me for it, he going into London. I set him down at the lower end of Cheapside, and I home, and to Sir W. Pen's, and there, it being now about nine o'clock at night, I heard Mercer's voice, and my boy Tom, singing in the garden, which pleased me mightily, having not seen her since my wife went;

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[1] Wintershell, or Wintersell, as his name was most likely spelt, was one of the original actors under Killigrew, at Drury Lane, and played the King, in "The Humourous Lieutenant," at the opening of that theatre. He was also Sir Amorous, in Ben Jonson's "Epicene;" the King, in "Henry the Fourth," &c. Downes (*Roscius Anglicanus*) says, "Mr. Wintersell was good in tragedy, as well as in comedy, especially in Cokes, in 'Bartholomew Fair,' and that the famous comedian, Nokes, came, in that part, far short of him." He was an excellent instructor, and died in July, 1679. One of his best comic parts, to the last, was Master Slender, which no less a critic than John Dennis praises highly.

and so into the garden to her and sang, and them home to supper, and mightily pleased with her company, in talking and singing, and so parted.

30th. To the Dolphin Tavern, there to meet our neighbours, all of the parish, this being Procession-day, to-dine. And did; and much very good discourse; they being, most of them, very able merchants as any in the City: Sir Andrew Rickard, Mr. Vandeputt,[1] Sir John Fredericke, Harrington, and others. They talked with Mr. Mills about the meaning of this day, and the good uses of it; and how heretofore, and yet in several places, they do whip a boy[2] at each place they stop at, in their procession. I stopped to talk with Mr. Brisband, who gives me an account of the rough usage Sir G. Carteret and his Counsel had the other day, before the Commissioners of Accounts, and what I do believe we shall all of us have, in a greater degree than any he hath had, yet with them, before their three years are out, which are not yet begun, nor God knows when they will, this being like to be no session of Parliament, when they now rise. Thus ends this month; my wife in the country, myself full of pleasure and expence; in some trouble for my friends, and my Lord Sandwich, by the Parliament, and more for my eyes, which are daily worse and worse, that I dare not write or read almost any thing. The Parliament going in a few days to rise; myself so long without accounting now, for seven or eight months, I think, or more, that I know not what condition almost I am in, as to getting or spending for all that time, which troubles me, but I will soon do it. The kingdom in an ill state through poverty; a fleete going out, and no money to maintain it, or set it out; seamen yet unpaid, and mutinous when pressed to go out again; our Office able to do little, nobody trusting us, nor we desiring any to trust us, and yet have not money for any thing, but only what particularly belongs to this fleete going out, and that but lamely too. The Parliament several months upon an Act for £300,000, but cannot or will not agree upon it, but do keep it back, in spite of the King's desires to hasten it, till they can obtain what they have a mind, in revenge upon some men for the late ill managements; and he is forced to submit to what they please, knowing that, without it, he shall have no money, and they as well, that, if they give the money, the King will suffer them to do little more; and then the business of religion do disquiet every body, the Parliament being vehement against the Nonconformists, while the King seems to be willing to countenance them. So we are all poor, and in pieces—God help us! while the peace is like to go on between Spain and France; and then the French may be apprehended able to attack us. So God help us!

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[1] Was this Benjamin Vandeputt, draper, Sheriff of London in 1685?

[2] See note in vol. i., p. 166.

May 1st. Met Sir W. Pen, who labours to have his answer to his impeachment, and sent down by the Lords' House, read by the House of Commons; but they are so busy on other matters, that he cannot, and thereby will, as he believes, by design, be prevented from going to sea this year. Met my cozen Thomas Pepys of Deptford, and took some turns with him; and he is mightily troubled for this Act now passed against Conventicles, and in few words, and sober, do lament the condition we are in, by a negligent Prince and a mad Parliament. To the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Surprizall;" and a disorder in the pit by its raining in, from the cupola at top. I understand how the Houses of Commons and Lords are like to disagree very much, about the business of the East India Company, and one Skinner;[1] to the latter of which the Lords have awarded £5000 from the former, for some wrong done him heretofore; and the former appealing to the Commons, the Lords vote their petition a libell; and so there is like to follow very hot work.

2d. To Hercules-Pillars, and there dined, and thence to the Duke of York's playhouse, at a little past twelve, to get a good place in the pit, against the new play, and there setting a poor man to keep my place, I out, and spent an hour at Martin's, my booksellers, and so back again, where I find the House quite full. But I had my place, and by and by the King comes and the Duke of York; and then a play begins, called "The Sullen Lovers, or, The Impertinents,"[2] having many good humours in it, but the play tedious, and no design at all in it.

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[1] The dispute here alluded to had its origin in a petition against the East India Company, presented to the Peers by Mr. Skinner, a merchant, which led to the memorable quarrel between the two Houses of Parliament, upon a question of privilege. The particulars of the case are detailed in Lingard's *History of England*, vol. xii., p. 234, 4th edition. The Session was prorogued without the matter being settled, and the dispute was only adjusted in 1670, by the Peers consenting to the expedient proposed by the Commons, that a general razure should be made of all the transactions relating to the disputed point. Auchitel Grey, in his *Debates*, vol. i., p. 150, speaking of the quarrel between the two Houses, states, that in order to reconcile them, the King recommended the entries relating thereto should be erased from their Journals. Grey, however, has preserved an account of this memorable case.

[2] A Comedy by Thomas Shadwell.

But a little boy, for a farce, do dance Polichinelli the best that ever anything was done in this world, by all men's report: most pleased with that, beyond anything in the world, and much beyond all the play. Thence to the King's house to see Knipp, but the play done; and so I took a hackney alone, and to the park, and there spent the evening, and to the lodge, and drank new milk. And so home to the Office, ended my letters, and, to spare my eyes, home, and played on my pipes, and so to bed.

3d. (Lord's day). To Church, where I saw Sir A. Rickard, though he be under the Black Rod, by order of the Lords' House, upon the quarrel between the East India Company[1] and Skinner, which is like to come to a very great heat between the two Houses.[2] At noon comes Mr. Mills and his wife, and Mr. Turner and his wife, by invitation to dinner, and we were mighty merry, and a very pretty dinner, of my Bridget and Nell's dressing, very handsome. With Sir W. Pen to Old Street, to see Sir Thomas Teddiman, who is very ill in bed of a fever, got, I believe, by the fright the Parliament have put him into, of late. Thence Pen and I to Islington, and there, at the old house, eat and drank, and merry, and there by chance giving two pretty fat boys each of them a cake, they proved to be Captain Holland's children, whom therefore I pity. So round by Hackney home, having good discourse, Pen being very open to me in his talk, how the King ought to dissolve this Parliament, when the Bill of Money is passed, they being never likely to give him more; how the King hath great opportunity of making himself popular by stopping this Act against Conventicles; and how my Lord Lieutenant[3] of Ireland, if the Parliament continue, will undoubtedly fall, he having managed that place with so much self-seeking, and disorder, and pleasure, and some great men are designing to overthrow him, as, among the rest, my Lord Orrery; and that this will try the King mightily, he being a firm friend to my Lord Lieutenant. So home, and to supper a little, and then to bed, having stepped, after I come home, to Alderman Backewell's about business, and there talked a while with him and his wife, a fine woman of the country, and how they had bought an estate at Buckeworth,[4] within four miles of Brampton.

4th. To the Duke of York's house, and there saw "The

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[1] Of which Sir A. Rickard was President.

[2] It is given at length in the Parliamentary History.

[3] The Duke of Ormond: noticed before.

[4] A parish in Huntingdonshire.

Impertinents" again, and with less pleasure than before, it being but a very contemptible play; and the pit did generally say that of it. Thence, going out, Mrs. Pierce called me from the gallery, and there I took her and Mrs. Corbet by coach up and down, and took up Captain Rolt in the street; and at last, it being too late to go to the Park, I carried them to the Beare in Drury Lane, and there did treat them with a dish of mackrell, the first I have seen this year, and another dish, and mighty merry; and so carried her home.

5th. Creed and I to the Duke of York's playhouse; and there coming late, up to the balcony-box, where we find my Lady Castlemaine and several great ladies; and there we sat with them, and I saw "The Impertinents" once more, now three times, and the three only days it hath been acted. And to see the folly how the House do this day cry up the play, more than yesterday! and I for that reason like it, I find, the better, too; by Sir Positive At-all, I understand is meant Sir Robert Howard. My Lady Castlemaine pretty well pleased with it; but here I sat close to her fine woman, Willson, who indeed is very handsome, but, they say, with child by the King. I asked, and she told me this was the first time her Lady had seen it, I having a mind to say something to her. One thing of familiarity I observed in my Lady Castlemaine: she called to one of her women, another that sat by this, for a little patch off of her face, and put it into her mouth and wetted it, and so clapped it upon her own by the side of her mouth, I suppose she feeling a pimple rising there. Thence with Creed to Westminster Hall, and there met with cozen Roger, who tells me of the great conference this day between the Lords and Commons, about the business of the East India Company, as being one of the weightiest conferences that hath ever been, and maintained as weightily. I am heartily sorry I was not there, it being upon a mighty point of the privileges of the subjects of England, in regard to the authority of the House of Lords, and their being condemned by them as the Supreme Court, which, we say, ought not to be, but by appeal from other Courts. And he tells me that the Commons had much the better of them, in reason and history there quoted, and believes the Lords will let it fall. To walk in the Hall, and there hear that Mrs. Martin's child, my god-daughter, is dead.

6th. I understand that my Lord St. John is meant by Mr. Woodcocke, in "The Impertinents."[1] This morning the

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[1] "Whilst Positive walks, like Woodcock in the park,
Contriving projects with a brewer's clerk."

House is upon the City Bill, and they say hath passed it, though I am sorry that I did not think to put somebody in mind of moving for the churches to be allotted according to the convenience of the people, and not to gratify this Bishop, or that College. To Mr. Pierce's, where invited, and there was Knipp and Mrs. Foster: here dined, but a poor, sluttish dinner, as usual, and so I could not be heartily merry at it: here saw her girl's picture, but it is mighty far short of her boy's, and not like her, neither; but it makes Hales's picture of her boy appear a good picture. To the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Virgin Martyr," and heard the musick that I like so well, and intended to have seen Knipp, but I let her alone; and having there done, went to Mrs. Pierce's back again, where she was. And so to talk, and by and by did eat some curds and cream, and thence away home, and it being night, I did walk in the dusk up and down, round through our garden, over Tower Hill, and so through Crutched Friars, three or four times. Home to put up things against to-morrow's carrier for my wife; and, among others, a very fine salmon-pie, sent me by Mr. Steventon, W. Hewer's uncle.

7th. To the Duke of York's house, and there saw "The Man's the Master," which proves, upon my seeing it again, a very good play. To the King's house, where going in for Knipp, the play being done, I did see Beck Marshall come dressed, off of the stage, and look mighty fine, and pretty, and noble: and also Nell, in her boy's clothes, mighty pretty. But, Lord! their confidence! and how many men do hover about them as soon as they come off the stage, and how confident they are in their talk! Here I did kiss the pretty woman newly come, called Pegg,[1] that was Sir Charles Sedley's mistress, a mighty pretty woman, and seems, but is not, modest. Here took up Knipp into our coach, and all of us with her to her lodgings, and thither comes Bannister with a song of her's, that he hath set in

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Andrew Marvel's *Instructions to a Painter*, part iii., to which is subjoined the following note:—"Sir Robert Howard, and Sir William Bucknell, the brewer."—*Works*, ed. by Capt. E. Thompson, vol. iii., p. 405.

[1] Pegg must have been Margaret Hughes, Prince Rupert's mistress, who had probably before that time lived with Sir Charles Sedley. She belonged to Killigrew's company, when first it was formed, and acted Desdemona, in "Othello," Theodosia, in "The Mock Astrologer," &c. This actress seems to have quitted the stage before 1670, but it is not known when or where she died. Her residence for many years was at Hammersmith, in a fine mansion, built by Sir Nicholas Crispe, which had been purchased for her by Prince Rupert. It was subsequently pulled down, to give place to Brandenburgh House. See note in 11th Feb., 1659-60.

Sir Charles Sedley's play for her,[1] which is, I think, but very meanly set; but this he did, before us, teach her, and it being but a slight, silly, short ayre, she learnt it presently. But I did get him to prick me down the notes of the Echo, in "The Tempest," which pleases me mightily. Here was also Haynes, the incomparable dancer of the King's house. Then we abroad to Marrowbone, and there walked in the garden,[2] the first time I ever was there; and a pretty place it is.

8th. The Lords' house did sit till eleven o'clock last night, about the business of difference between them and the Commons, in the matter of the East India Company. To my Lord Crewe's, and there dined; where Mr. Case, the minister, a dull fellow in his talk, and all in the Presbyterian manner; a great deal of noise and a kind of religious tone, but very dull. After dinner my Lord and I together. He tells me he hears that there are great disputes like to be at Court, between the factions of the two women, my Lady Castlemaine and Mrs. Stewart,[3] who is now well again, the King having made several public visits to her, and like to come to Court: the other is to go to Barkeshire-house,[4] which is taken for her, and they say a Privy-Seal is passed for £5000 for it. He believes all will come to ruin. Thence I to White Hall, where the Duke of York gone to the Lords' House, where there is to be a conference on the Lords' side with the Commons this afternoon, giving in their Reasons, which I would have been at, but could not; for, going by direction to the Prince's chamber,[5] there Brouncker, W. Pen, and Mr. Wren, and I, met, and did our business with the Duke of York. But, Lord! to see how this play[6] of Sir Positive At-all, in abuse of Sir Robert Howard, do take, all the Duke's and every body's talk being of that, and telling more stories of him, of the like nature, that it is now the town and country talk, and, they say, is most exactly true. The Duke of York himself said that, of his playing at trap-ball is true, and told several other stories of him. Then to Brouncker's house, and there sat and talked, I asking many questions in mathematics to my Lord, which he do me the pleasure to satisfy me in.

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[1] The song in Sir C. Sedley's play, "The Mulberry Garden," is "Ah, Cloris, that I now could sit"; the author of which, until within these few years, was supposed to be a Scotchman, from the circumstance of its having been sung to a Scotch air, called "Gilderoy." Bannister's music to it has not been discovered.

[2] On the site of Manchester Square. "Maribone Gardens were situated at the end of the present Harley and Wimpole Street. The north side of Cavendish Square had but two houses, and there were no buildings between them and the Gardens."—Southey's *Common-place Book*, p. 299.

[3] The Duchess of Richmond, who had recently been ill of the smallpox.

[4] Afterwards called from the title of Cleveland conferred on Lady Castlemaine, and now preserved in the names of Cleveland Row and Cleveland Square.

[5] The Prince's Chamber stood on the north side of Palace Yard, and the Sovereigns passed through it, in their way to the old House of Lords.—Smith's *Antiquities of Westminster*.

[6] "The Impertinents."

9th. I hear that the Queen hath miscarryed of a perfect child, being gone about ten weeks, which do show that she can conceive, though it be unfortunate that she cannot bring forth. We are told also that last night the Duchess of Monmouth, dancing at her lodgings, hath sprained her thigh.[1] We are told also that the House of Commons sat till five o'clock this morning, upon the business of the difference between the Lords and them, resolving to do something therein before they rise, to assert their privileges. So I at noon by water to Westminster, and there find the King hath waited in the Prince's chamber these two hours, and the Houses are not ready for him. The Commons having sent this morning, after their long debate therein the last night, to the Lords, that they do think the only expedient left to preserve unity between the two Houses is, that they do put a stop to any proceedings upon their late judgement against the East India Company, till their next meeting; to which the Lords returned answer, that they would return answer to them by a messenger of their own,[2] which they not presently doing, they were all inflamed, and thought it was only a trick, to keep them in suspense till the King come to adjourne them; and so, rather than lose the opportunity of doing themselves right, they presently with great fury come to this vote: "That whoever should assist in the execution of the judgement of the Lords against the Company, should be held betrayers of the liberties of the people of England, and of the privileges of that House." This the Lords had notice of, and were mad at it; and so continued debating without any design to yield to the Commons, till the King came in, and sent for the Commons, where the Speaker made a short but silly speech, about their giving Him £300,000; and then the several Bills, their titles were read, and the King's assent signified in the proper terms, according to the nature of the Bills, of which about three or four were public Bills, and seven or eight private ones, the additional Bills for the building of the City and the Bill against Conventicles being none of them. The King did make a short, silly speech, which he read, giving them thanks for the money, which now, he said, he did believe would be sufficient, because there was peace between his neighbours, which was a kind of a slur, methought, to the Commons; and that he was sorry for what he heard of difference between the two Houses, but that he hoped their recesse would put them into a way of accommodation; and so adjourned them to the 9th of August, and then recollected himself, and told them the 11th; so imperfect a speaker he is. So the Commons went to their House, and forthwith adjourned; and the Lords resumed their House, the King being gone, and sat an hour or two after, but what they did, I cannot tell; but every body expected they would commit Sir Andrew Rickard, Sir Samuel Barnardiston,[1] Mr. Boone, and Mr. Wynne, who were all there, and called in, upon their knees, to the bar of the House; and Sir John Robinson I left there, endeavouring to prevent their being committed to the Tower,[2] lest he should thereby be forced to deny their order, because of this vote of the Commons, whereof he is one, which is an odde case.[3] Into the King's House, and there "The Mayd's Tragedy," a good play, but Knipp not there; and my head and eyes out of order, the first from my drinking wine at dinner, and the other from my much work.

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[1] She never recovered from this lameness. See 15th May, *post.*

[2] The usual form, at this day.

10th. (Lord's day.) Mr. Shepley come to see me, and tells me that my Lady[4] had it in her thoughts, if she had occasion, to borrow £100 of me, which I did not declare my opposition to, though I doubt it will be so much lost. But, however, I will not deny my Lady, if she ask it, whatever comes of it, though it be lost; but shall be glad that it is no bigger sum. To church, and from church home with my Lady Pen; and I took her, and Mrs. Lowther, and old Mrs. Whistler, her mother-in-law, by water with great pleasure as far as Chelsy, and so back to Spring Garden, at Fox-hall, and there walked, and eat, and drank, and so to water again, and set down the old woman at Durham Yard:[5] and it raining all the way, it troubled us; but, however, my cloak kept us all dry, and so home.

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[1] Sir Samuel Barnadiston, of Brightwell Hall, Suffolk, created a Baronet 11th May, 1663.

[2] Of which he was Governor.

[3] This "odd case" was that of Skinner and the East India Company. According to Ralph, the Commons had ordered Skinner, the plaintiff, into the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms, and the Lords did the same by Sir Samuel Barnadiston, Governor of the Company, as likewise Sir Andrew Rickard, Mr. Rowland Gwynn, and Mr. Christopher Boone.

[4] Lady Sandwich.

[5] So called from the palace built there, by Thomas de Hatfield, Bishop of Durham, as the town residence for himself and his successors. It stood

11th. Comes to me my cousin Sarah, and my aunt Lucett, newly come out of Gloucester; and I took them home, and made them drink, but they would not stay dinner, I being alone. But here they tell me that they hear that this day Kate Joyce[1] was to be married[2] to a man called Hollinshed, whom she indeed did once tell me of, and desired me to enquire after him. But, whatever she said of his being rich, I do fear, by her doing this without my advice, it is not as it ought to be; but, as she brews, let her bake. Took coach, and called Mercer, and she and I to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw "The Tempest," and between two acts, I went out to Mr. Harris, and got him to repeat to me the words of the Echo, while I writ them down, having tried in the play to have wrote them; but, having done it without looking upon my paper, I find I could not read the blacklead. But now I have got the words clear, and, in going in thither, had the pleasure to see their actors in their several dresses, especially the seamen and monster, which were very droll: so into the play again. But there happened one thing which vexed me, which is, that the orange-woman did come in the pit, and challenge me for twelve oranges, which she delivered by my order at a late play, at night, in order to give to some ladies in a box, which was wholly untrue, but yet she swore it to be true. But, however, I did deny it, and did not pay her; but, for quiet, did buy 4*s.* worth of oranges of her, at 6*d.* a-piece. Here I saw first my Lord Ormond since his coming from Ireland, which is now about eight days. The play done, I took Mercer by water to Spring Garden; and there with great pleasure walked, and eat, and drank, and sang, making people come about us to hear us, and two little children of one of our neighbours that happened to be there, did come into our arbour, and we made them dance prettily. So by water, with great pleasure, down to the Bridge, and there landed, and took water again on the other side; and so to the Tower, and I saw her home.

12th. Lord Anglesey, in talk about the late difference between the two Houses, do tell us that he thinks the House of Lords may be in an error, at least, it is possible they may, in this matter of Skinner; and did declare his judgement in the House

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on the site of the buildings now called the Adelphi. The name is preserved in Durham Street.

[1] Pepys's first cousin: see 3rd and 5th May, 1664.

[2] See 7th July, *post.*

of Lords against their proceedings therein, he having hindered 100 originall causes being brought into their House, notwithstanding that he was put upon defending their proceedings: but that he is confident that the House of Commons are in the wrong, in the method they take to remedy an error of the Lords, for no vote of theirs can do it; but, in all like cases, the Commons have done it by petition to the King, sent up to the Lords, and by them agreed to, and so redressed, as they did in the Petition of Right. He says that he did tell them indeed, which is talked of, and which did vex the Commons, that the Lords were "*Judices nati et Conciliarii nati;*" but all other Judges among us are under salary, and the Commons themselves served for wages; and therefore the Lords, in reason, were the freer Judges. To Mrs. Mercer's, where I met with her two daughters, and a pretty lady I never knew yet, one Mrs. Susan Gayet, a very pretty black lady, that speaks French well, and is a Catholick, and merchant's daughter, by us, and here was also Mrs. Anne Jones. I took them out, and carried them through Hackney to Kingsland, and there walked to Sir G. Whitmore's house, where I have not been many a day; and so to the old house at Islington, and eat, and drank, and sang, and mighty merry; and so by moonshine with infinite pleasure home, and there sang again in Mercer's garden. And so parted, I having seen a mummy in a merchant's warehouse there, all the middle of the man or woman's body, black and hard. I never saw any before, and, therefore, it pleased me much, though an ill sight; and he did give me a little bit, and a bone of an arme, I suppose, and so home.

13th. To attend the Council about the business of Hemskirke's project of building a ship that sails two feet for one of any other ship,[1] which the Council did agree to be put in practice, the King to give him, if it proves good, £5000 in hand, and £15,000 more in seven years, which, for my part, I think a piece of folly for them to meddle with, because the secret cannot be long kept. So thence, after Council, having drunk some of the King's wine, and water with Mr. Chiffinch, my Lord Brouncker, and some others, I by water to the Old Swan: so home to bed, Mrs. Turner having sat and supped with me. This morning, I hear that last night Sir Thomas Teddiman, poor man! did die by a thrush in his mouth: a good man, and stout and able, and much lamented; though people do make a little mirth, and say, as I believe it did in good part, that the business of the Parliament did break his heart, or, at least, put him into this fever and disorder, that caused his death.

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[1] See 22d April, 1668.

14th. Comes Mercer, and she, to my great content, brings Mrs. Gayet, and I carried them to the King's house; but, coming too soon, we out again to the Rose taverne, and there I did give them a tankard of cool drink, the weather being very hot, and then into the playhouse again, and there saw "The Country Captain," a very dull play, that did give us no content, and, besides, little company there, which made it very unpleasing. Thence to the waterside, at Strand bridge, and so up by water and to Fox-hall, where we walked a great while, and pleased mightily with the pleasure thereof, and the company there, and then in, and eat and drank. It beginning to be dark, we to a corner and sang, that everybody got about us to hear us; and so home, where I saw them both to their doors, and, full of the content of this afternoon's pleasure, I home to bed.

15th. To a Committee for Tangier, where God knows how my Lord Bellassis's accounts passed; understood by nobody but my Lord Ashly, who, I believe, was allowed to let them go as he pleased. But here Sir H. Cholmly had his propositions read, about a greater price for his work of the Mole, or to do it upon account, which, being read, he was bid to withdraw. But, Lord! to see how unlucky a man may be, by chance; for, making an unfortunate motion when they were almost tired with the other business, the Duke of York did find fault with it, and that made all the rest, that I believe he had better have given a great deal, and had nothing said to it to-day; whereas, I have seen other things more extravagant passed at first hearing, without any difficulty. To my Lord Brouncker's, to Mrs. Williams's, and there dined, and she did shew me her closet, which I was sorry to see, for fear of her expecting something from me; and here she took notice of my wife's not once coming to see her, which I am glad of; for she shall not—a prating, vain, idle woman. Thence with Lord Brouncker to Loriners'-hall,[1] by Mooregate, a hall I never heard of before, to Sir Thomas Teddiman's burial, where most people belonging to the sea were. And here we had rings: and here I do hear that some of the last words that he said were, that he had a very good King, God bless him! but that the Parliament had very ill rewarded him for all the service he had endeavoured to do them and his country; so that, for certain, this did go far towards his death. But, Lord! to see among the company the young commanders, and Thomas Killigrew and others that came, how unlike a burial this was, O'Brian taking some ballads out of his pocket, which I read, and the rest come about me to hear! and there very merry we were all, they being new ballads. By and by the corpse went; and I, with my Lord Brouncker, and Dr. Clerke, and Mr. Pierce, as far as the foot of London-bridge; and there we struck off into Thames Street, the rest going to Redriffe, where he is to be buried. And we 'light at the Temple, and there parted; and I to the King's house,[1] and there saw the last act of "The Committee," thinking to have seen Knipp there, but she did not act. And so to my bookseller's, and carried home some books—among others, "Dr. Wilkins's Reall Character." So home, and got Mercer, and she and I in the garden singing till ten at night, and then parted, with great content. The Duchess of Monmouth's hip is, I hear, now set again, after much pain.[2] I am told also that the Countess of Shrewsbury is brought home by the Duke of Buckingham to his house, where his Duchess saying that it was not for her and the other to live together in a house, he answered, "Why, Madam, I did think so, and therefore, have ordered your coach to be ready, to carry you to your father's,"[3] which was a devilish speech, but, they say, true; and my Lady Shrewsbury is there, it seems.

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[1] The Loriners, or *Bit-Makers*, of London, existed as a Company in the reign of Henry VII.; but they were not incorporated till the 3rd December, 1712.

16th. Up; and to the Office, where we sat all the morning; and at noon, home with my people to dinner; and thence to the Office all the afternoon, till, my eyes weary, I did go forth by coach to the King's playhouse, and there saw the best part of "The Sea Voyage,"[4] where Knipp did her part of sorrow very well. I afterwards to her house; but she did not come presently home; and there I did kiss her maid, who is so mighty belle; and I to my tailor's, and to buy me a belt for my new suit against to-morrow; and so home, and there to my Office, and afterwards late walking in the garden; and so home to supper, and to bed, after Nell's cutting of my hair close, the weather being very hot.

17th. (Lord's day.) Up, and put on my new stuff-suit, with a shoulder-belt, according to the new fashion, and the bands of my vest and tunique laced with silk lace, of the colour of my suit: and so, very handsome, to Church: and so home; and there I find W. Howe, and a younger brother of his, come to dine with me; and there comes Mercer, and brings with her Mrs. Gayet, which pleased me mightily; and here was also W. Hewer, and mighty merry; and after dinner to sing psalms. But, Lord! to hear what an excellent base this younger brother of W. Howe's sings, even to my astonishment, and mighty pleasant. By and by Gayet goes away, being a Catholick, to her devotions and Mercer to Church: but we continuing an hour or two singing, and so parted; and I to Sir W. Pen's, and there sent for a hackney-coach; and he and Lady Penn and I out, to take the air. We went to Stepney, and there stopped at the Trinity House, he to talk with the servants there against to-morrow,[1] which is a great day for the choice of a new Master. Thence to Mile End, and there eat and drank, and so home; and I supped with them—that is, eat some butter and radishes, which is my excuse for my not eating any other of their victuals, which I hate, because of their sluttery: and so home, and made my boy read to me part of Dr. Wilkins's new book of the "Real Character;" and so to bed.

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[1] This is the second time that Pepys went to the play from a funeral, yet he sneers at O'Bryan for producing some ballads, which he himself read, and was "very merry," just before the interment.

[2] See 8th May, *ante*.

[3] Lord Fairfax.

[4] A comedy, by Beaumont and Fletcher.

18th. To my Lord Bellassis, at his new house by my late Lord Treasurer's,[2] which, indeed, is mighty noble, and good pictures—indeed, not one bad one in it. Mercer come with Mrs. Horsfield and Gayet according to my desire, and then I took them up, it being almost twelve o'clock, or a little more, to the King's playhouse, where the doors were not then open; but presently they did open; and we in, and find many people already come in, by private ways, into the pit, it being the first day of Sir Charles Sedley's new play, so long expected, "The Mulberry Garden,"[3] of whom, being so reputed a wit, all the world do expect great matters. I having sat here awhile, and eat nothing to-day, did slip out, getting a boy to keep my place; and to the Rose Tavern, and there got half a breast of mutton, off of the spit, and dined all alone. And so to the play again, where the King and Queen, by and by, come, and all the Court; and the house infinitely full. But the play, when it come, though there was, here and there, a pretty saying, and that not very many neither, yet the whole of the play had nothing extraordinary in it, at all, neither of language nor design; insomuch that the King I did not see laugh, nor pleased, from the beginning to the end, nor the company; insomuch that I have not been less pleased at a new play in my life, I think. And which made it the worse was, that there never was worse musick played—that is, worse things composed, which made me and Captain Rolt, who happened to sit near me, mad. So away thence, very little satisfied with the play, but pleased with my company. I carried them to Kensington, to the Grotto, and there we sang, to my great content, only vexed, in going in, to see a son of Sir Heneage Finch's[1] beating of a poor little dog to death, letting it lie in so much pain that made me mad to see it, till, by and by, the servants of the house chiding their young master, one of them come with a thing, and killed the dog outright presently. Thence to Westminster palace, and there took boat and to Fox Hall, where we walked, and eat, and drank, and sang. But I find Mrs. Horsfield one of the veriest citizen's wives in the world, so full of little silly talk, and now and then a little slyly indecent.

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[1] Trinity Monday.

[2] Probably in Bloomsbury Square, the north side of which was then occupied by Southampton House, the town residence of the late Lord Treasurer Southampton. By his daughter, Lady Rachel Wriothesley's [widow of Lord Vaughan] second marriage with William Lord Russell, Southampton House came to the Bedford family, and was afterwards known as Bedford House.

[3] See note to 11th January, 1667-8, *ante*.

19th. Pierce tells me that, for certain, Mr. Vaughan is made Lord Chief Justice, which I am glad of. He tells me, too, that since my Lord of Ormond's coming over, the King begins to be mightily reclaimed, and sups every night with great pleasure with the Queen: and yet, it seems, he is mighty hot upon the Duchess of Richmond; insomuch that, upon Sunday was se'nnight, at night, after he had ordered his Guards and coach to be ready to carry him to the Park, he did, on a sudden, take a pair of oars or sculler, and all alone, or but one with him, go to Somerset House, and there, the garden-door not being open, himself clambered over the wall to make a visit to her, which is a horrid shame!

20th. Up, and with Colonel Middleton, in a new coach he hath made him, very handsome, to White Hall, where the

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[1] Who resided at the mansion afterwards called Kensington Palace. In 1661, Sir Heneage Finch, son of the Recorder of London, purchased this property from his younger brother, Sir John Finch, M.D., and which, after his advancement to the Peerage, obtained the name of Nottingham House. In 1691, it was purchased by King William. Dryden has finely drawn the character of Sir Heneage Finch in the poem of Absalom and Achitophel, under the name of Amri.—Faulkner's *Kensington*.

Duke having removed his lodgings for this year to St. James's, we walked thither; and there to the Council-chamber, where the Committee of the Navy sat; and here we discoursed several things; but, Lord! like fools; so as it was a shame to see things of this importance managed by a Council that understand nothing of them: and, among other things, one was about this building of a ship with Hemskirke's secret, to sail a third faster than any other ship; but he hath got Prince Rupert on his side, and by that means, I believe, will get his conditions made better than he would otherwise, or ought indeed. Having done there, Sir Richard Browne[1] took me to dinner, to a new tavern, above Charing Cross, where some clients of his did give him a good dinner, and good company; among others, one Bovy, a solicitor,[2] and lawyer and merchant all together, who hath travelled very much, did talk some things well; only he is a "Sir Positive:"[3] but the talk of their travels over the Alps very fine. Thence walked to the King's playhouse, and saw "The Mulberry-Garden" again, and cannot be reconciled to it, but only to find here and there an independent sentence of wit, and that is all. To Hales's, and saw the beginnings of Harris's head, which I do not yet like. To the Mulberry-Garden,[4] where I never was before; and find it a very silly place, worse than Spring-garden, and but little company, only a wilderness here, that is somewhat pretty. Home, in my way going into Bishopsgate Street, to bespeak places for myself and boy to go to Cambridge in the coach this week, and so to Brampton, to see my wife.

21st. To the Office, where meets me Sir Richard Ford, who among other things congratulates me, as one or two did yesterday, on my great purchase; and he advises me rather to forbear, if it be not done, as a thing that the world will envy me in: and what is it but my cozen Tom Pepys's buying of Martin Abbey,[1] in Surry! All the town is full of the talk of a meteor, or some fire, that did on Saturday last fly over the City at night, which do put me in mind that, being then walking in the dark an hour or more myself in the garden, after I had done writing, I did see a light before me come from behind me, which made me turn back my head; and I did see a sudden fire or light running in the sky, as it were towards Cheapside ward, and it vanished very quick, which did make me bethink myself what holyday it was, and took it for some rocket, though it was much brighter: and the world do make much discourse of it, their apprehensions being mighty full of the rest of the City to be burned, and the Papists to cut our throats. To Mrs. Martin's, and here she promises me her fine starling, which was the King's, and speaks finely, which I shall be glad of. Meeting in the street with my cozen Alcocke, the young man, that is a good sober youth, I have not seen these four or five years, newly come to town to look for employment: but I cannot serve him, though I think he deserves well. Home, and sang; and eat a dish of greene pease, the first I have seen this year, given me by Mr. Gibson, extraordinary young and pretty.

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[1] Clerk of the Council.

[2] You cannot have forgot what happened to that ugly Beau Bovey, in the time of King Charles the Second:—

> "Bovey's a beauty, if some few agree
> To call him so; the rest to that degree
> Affected are, that with their ears they see."
>
> *Dennis's Letters*, 8vo., 1721, vol. i., p. 42.

He is mentioned by Oldham, in his *Imitation of Boileau*:—

> "Gold to the loathsomest object gives a grace,
> And sets it off, and makes ev'n Bovey please."

And in a note we find this description of Bovey: "An old battered court-fop of those times."

[3] See p. 435, *ante*.

[4] On the site of which Buckingham Palace now stands.

22d. Comes Mr. Martin, the purser, and brings me his wife's starling, which was formerly the King's, which I am mighty proud of. To the Duke of York's house, and saw Sir Martin Mar-all. The House full; and though I have seen it, I think, ten times, yet the pleasure I have is yet as great as ever. I fitted myself for my journey to Brampton to-morrow, which I fear will not be pleasant, because of the wet weather, it raining very hard all this day; but the less it troubles me, because the King and Duke of York and Court are at this day at New-market, at a great horse-race, and proposed great pleasure for two or three days, but are in the same wet.

23d. Up by four o'clock; and, getting my things ready, and recommending the care of my house to W. Hewer, I with my boy Tom, whom I take with me, to the Bull, in Bishopsgate Street, and there, about six, took coach, he and I, and a gentleman and his man, there being another coach also, with as many more, I think, in it; and so away to Bishop's Stafford.[2] Dined, and changed horses and coach, at Mrs. Aynsworth's:[3] but I took no knowledge of her. To dinner, and in comes Captain Forster, that do belong to my Lord Anglesey, who had been at the late horse-races at Newmarket, where the King now is, and says that they had fair weather there yesterday, though we here, and at London, had nothing but rain, insomuch that the ways are mighty full of water, so as hardly to be passed. I hear Mrs. Aynsworth is going to live at London: but I believe will be mistaken in it; for it will be found better for her to be chief where she is, than to have little to do at London. After dinner to Cambridge, about nine at night; and there I met my father's horses, with a man, staying for me. But it is so late, and the waters so deep, that I durst not go to-night; but after supper to bed; and there lay very ill, by reason of some drunken scholars making a noise all night, and vexed for fear that the horses should not be taken up from grass, time enough for the morning. Well pleased all this journey with the conversation of him that went with me, who I think is a lawyer, and lives about Lynne, but his name I did not ask.

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[1] In 1668, the site of Merton, *alias* Martin Priory, was conveyed by Ellis Crispe to Thomas Pepys, of Hatcham Barnes, Master of the Jewel-office to Charles II. and James II.—Manning's *Surrey.*

[2] Bishop Stortford.

[3] See note to 7th October, 1667, *ante.*

24th. (Lord's day.) I up, at between two and three in the morning, and, calling up my boy, and father's boy, set out about three o'clock; and so through the waters with very good success, though very deep almost all the way, and got to Brampton, where most of them in bed. Got me ready in my new stuff clothes that I sent down before me, and so my wife and they got ready too, while I to my father, poor man, and walked with him up and down the house—it raining a little, and the waters all over Portholme and the meadows, so as no pleasure abroad. Here I saw my brother and sister Jackson, she growing fat, and, since being married, I think looks comelier than before: but a mighty pert woman she is, and I think proud, he keeping her mighty handsome, and they say mighty fond, and are going shortly to live at Ellington of themselves, and will keep malting, and grazing of cattle. At noon comes Mr. Phillips and dines with us, and a pretty odd-humoured man he seems to be; but good with all men—of mighty great methods in his eating and drinking, and will not kiss a woman since his wife's death. After dinner my Lady Sandwich sending to see whether I was come, I presently took horse, and find her and her family at chapel: and thither I went in to them, and sat out the sermon, where I heard Jervas Fulwood, now their chaplain, preach a very good and civantick kind of sermon, too good for an ordinary congregation. After sermon, I with my Lady, and my Lady Hinchingbroke, and Paulina, and Lord Hinchingbroke, to the dining-room, saluting none of them, and there sat and talked an hour or two, with great pleasure and satisfaction, to my Lady, about my Lord's matters; but I think not with that satisfaction to her, or me, that it otherwise would, she knowing that she did design to-morrow, and I remaining all the while in fear, of being asked to lend her some money, as I was afterwards, when I had taken leave of her, by Mr. Shepley, £100, which I will not deny my Lady.

25th. The first fair day that we have had some time. So up, and to walk with my father again in the garden, consulting what to do with him and this house when Pall and her husband go away; and I think it will be to let it, and he go live with her, though I am against letting the house for any long time, because of having it to retire to, ourselves. After dinner, took horse, there going with me and my boy, my two brothers,[1] and one Browne, whom they call in mirth Colonel, for our guide, and also Mr. Shepley, to the end of Huntingdon, and another gentleman who accidentally come thither, one Mr. Castle; and I made them drink at the Chequers, where I observed the same tapster, Tom, that was there when I was a little boy: and so, at the end of the town, took leave of Sheply and the other gentleman, and away to Cambridge, the waters not being now so high as before. Here lighting, I took my boy and two brothers, and walked to Magdalene College: and there into the butterys, as a stranger, and there drank of their beer, which pleased me, as the best I ever drank: and hear by the butler's man, who was son to Goody Mulliner over against the College, that we used to buy stewed prunes of, concerning the College and persons in it; and find very few, only Mr. Hollins[2] and Pechell,[3] I think, that were of my time. Thence, giving the fellow something, away walked to Chesterton, to see our old walk, and there into the Church, the bells ringing, and saw the place I used to sit in, and so to the ferry, and ferried over to the other side, and walked with great pleasure, the river being mighty high by Barnewell Abbey: and so by Jesus College to the town, and so to our quarters, and to supper.

26th. Up by four o'clock; and by the time we were ready, and had eat, we were called to the coach, where about six o'clock we set out, there being a man and two women of one company, ordinary people, and one lady alone, that is tolerably handsome, but mighty well spoken, whom I took great pleasure in talking to, and did get her to read aloud in a book she was reading, in the coach, being the King's Meditations;[1] and then the boy and I to sing, and about noon come to Bishop's Stafford, to another house than what we were at the other day, and better used. And here I paid for the reckoning 11*s*., we dining together, and pretty merry; and then set out again, sleeping most part of the way; and got to Bishopsgate Street before eight o'clock, the waters being now most of them down, and we avoiding the bad way in the forest[2] by a privy way, which brought us to Hodsden; and so to Tibalds,[3] that road, which was mighty pleasant. So home, where we find all well, and brother Balty and his wife looking to the house, she mighty fine, in a new gold-laced *just à cour*.[4]

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[1] John Pepys and Mr. Jackson.

[2] John Hollins, of Medley, in Yorkshire; admitted a Pensioner of Magdalene College, March, 1651.

[3] John Peachell, afterwards Master.

27th. Met Mr. Sawyer[5] my old chamber-fellow; and he and I by water together to the Temple, he giving me an account of the base, rude usage, which he and Sir G. Carteret had lately, before the Commissioners of Accounts, where he was, as Counsel to Sir G. Carteret, which I was sorry to hear, they behaving themselves like most insolent and ill-mannered men. With Sir D. Gauden to his house, with my Lord Brouncker and Sir J. Minnes, to dinner, where we dined very well, and much good company, among others, Dr. ——, a fat man, whom by face I know, as one that uses to sit in our church, that after dinner did take me out, and walked together, who told me that he had now newly entered into orders, in the decay of the Church, and did think it his duty so to do, thereby to do his part toward the support and reformation thereof; and spoke very soberly, and said that just about the same age Dr. Donne[6] did enter into orders. I find him a sober gentleman, and a man that hath seen much of the world, and I think may do good. To see Sir W. Pen, whom I find still very ill of the gout, sitting in his great chair, made on purpose for persons sick of that disease, for their ease; and this very chair, he tells me, was made for my Lady Lambert.[7] I to drink some whey at the whey-house.

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[1] The prayers used by Charles I., shortly before his execution.

[2] Epping Forest.

[3] The palace of Theobalds, where James I. died.

[4] *Juste au corps*, a close-fitting vest, made to show the shape.

[5] Afterwards Sir Robert Sawyer, Attorney General, ancestor of the Earls of Carnarvon, who inherit High Clere from him.

[6] John Donne, the well-known Dean of St. Paul's, whose life has been written by Izaak Walton.

[7] John Lambert, the Parliamentary General, was born at Calton Hall, in the parish of Kirkby-Malhamdale, in Yorkshire, 7th Sept., 1619, and married 10th Sept., 1639, Frances, daughter of Sir William Lister, of Thornton, his neighbour, who seems to be the *Lady Lambert* of whom

28th. This morning my bookseller brings me home Marcenus's book of musick,[1] which cost me £3. 2*s.*; but is a very fine book. Met Mercer and Gayet, and took them by water, first to one of the Neat-Houses,[2] where walked in the garden, but nothing but a bottle of wine to be had, though pleased with seeing the garden; and so to Fox Hall, where with great pleasure we walked, and then to the upper end of the further retired walk, and there sat and sang, and brought a great many gallants and fine people about us, and, upon the bench, we did by and by eat and drink what we had, and very merry: and so with much pleasure to the Old Swan, and walked with them home, and there left them.

29th. Received some directions from the Duke of York and the Committee of the Navy about casting up the charge of the present summer's fleete, that so they may come within the bounds of the sum given by the Parliament. But it is pretty to see how Prince Rupert, and other mad, silly people, are for setting out but a little fleete, there being no occasion for it; and say it will be best to save the money for better uses. But Sir G. Carteret did declare that, in wisdom, it was better to do so; but that, in obedience to the Parliament, he was for setting out the fifty sail talked on, though it spent all the money, and to little purpose; and that this was better than to leave it to the Parliament to make bad constructions of their thrift, if any trouble should happen. Thus wary the world is grown! Thence back again, presently home, and did business till noon: and then to Sir G. Carteret's to dinner, with much good company, it being the King's birthday, and many healths drunk: and here I did receive another letter from my Lord Sandwich, which troubles me to see how I have neglected him, in not writing, or but once, all this time of his being abroad; and I see he takes notice, but yet gently, of it. Home, whither, by agreement, by and by comes Mercer and Gayet, and two gentlemen with them,

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Pepys speaks.—*History of Malham*, 8vo., 1786, Appendix, p. 18. The statement in vol. i., p. 1, note 4, that Lambert lived in confinement at Guernsey above thirty years after his trial, though repeated by many writers, turns out to be erroneous. See *Notes and Queries*, vol. vi., pp. 103, 183. It is there explained that the General passed the last fifteen years of his life on the small fortified island of St. Nicholas, commonly called Drake's Island, situated in Plymouth Sound, and that he died during the hard winter of 1683. His wife and two daughters were with him in 1673.

[1] Probably Marsenne's *Harmonie Universelle.*

[2] See 1st August, 1667, *ante.* Part of Westminster was anciently called the Manor of Neat.

Mr. Monteith and Pelham, the former a swaggering young handsome gentleman, the latter a sober citizen merchant. Both sing, but the latter with great skill—the other, no skill, but a good voice, and a good basse, but used to sing only tavern tunes; and so I spent all this evening till eleven at night singing with them, till I was tired of them, because of the swaggering fellow, though the girl Mercer did mightily commend him before to me.

30th. Up, and put on a new summer black bombasin suit; and being come now to an agreement with my barber, to keep my perriwig in good order at 20*s.* a-year, I am like to go very spruce, more than I used to do. To the King's playhouse, and there saw "Philaster;"[1] where it is pretty to see how I could remember almost all along, ever since I was a boy, Arethusa, the part which I was to have acted at Sir Robert Cooke's; and it was very pleasant to me, but more to think what a ridiculous thing it would have been for me to have acted a beautiful woman. Thence to Mr. Pierce's, and there saw Knipp also, and were merry; and here saw my little Lady Katherine Montagu[2] come to town, about her eyes, which are sore, and they think the King's evil, poor, pretty lady.[3] To the New Exchange, and there met Harris and Rolt, and one Richards, a tailor, and great company-keeper, and with these over to Fox Hall, and there fell into the company of Harry Killigrew, a rogue newly come back out of France, but still in disgrace at our Court, and young Newport and others, as very rogues as any in the town, who were ready to take hold of every woman that come by them. And so to supper in an arbour: but, Lord! their mad talk did make my heart ake! And here I first understood by their talk the meaning of the company that lately were called Ballers; Harris telling how it was by a meeting of some young blades, where he was among them, and my Lady Bennet[4] and her ladies; and there dancing naked, and all the roguish things in the world. But, Lord! what loose company was this, that I was in to-night, though full of wit; and worth a man's being in for once, to know the nature of it, and their manner of talk, and lives.

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[1] A tragedy, by Beaumont and Fletcher.

[2] See 3d Sept., 1661.

[3] She died 15th Jan., 1757, aged *ninety-six.*

[4] Evidently adopted as a cant expression. The woman here alluded to was a procuress well known in her day, and described in the *Tatler*, (No. 84) as "the celebrated Madam Bennet." We further learn, from the *Spectator*, (No. 266) that she was the Lady B. to whom Wycherley addressed his ironical dedication of *The Plain Dealer*, which is considered as a masterpiece of raillery. It is worthy of remark, that the fair sex may justly complain of almost every word in the English language designating a female having, at some time or another, been used a term of reproach; for we find Mother, Madam, Mistress, and Miss, all denoting women of bad character; and here Pepys adds the title of my Lady to the number, and completes the ungracious catalogue.

31st. (Lord's day.) To Church. At noon I sent for Mr. Mills and his wife and daughter to dine, and they dined with me, and W. Hewer, and very good company, I being in good humour. They gone to church, comes Mr. Tempest, and he and I sang a psalm or two, and so parted. To Mrs. Pierce's, where Knipp, and she, and W. Howe, and Mr. Pierce, and little Betty, over to Fox Hall, and there walked and supped with great pleasure. Here was Mrs. Manuel also, and mighty good company, and good mirth in making W. Howe spend his six or seven shillings, and so they called him altogether "Cully."[1] So back, and at Somerset-stairs do understand that a boy is newly drowned, washing himself there, and they cannot find his body. I hear that Mrs. Davis is quite gone from the Duke of York's house, and Gosnell comes in her room, which I am glad of. At the play at Court the other night, Mrs. Davis was there; and when she was to come to dance her jigg, the Queen would not stay to see it, which people do think was out of displeasure at her being the King's mistress, that she could not bear it. My Lady Castlemaine is, it seems, now mightily out of request, the King coming little to her, and thus she mighty melancholy and discontented.

June 1st. To Westminster. There I met with Harris and Rolt, and carried them to the Rhenish wine-house,[2] where I have not been in a morning—nor any tavern, I think, these seven years and more. Here I did get the words of a song of Harris, that I wanted. Here also Mr. Young and Whistler by chance met us, and drank with us. Alone to Fox Hall, and walked and saw young Newport, and two more rogues of the town seize on two ladies, who walked with them an hour with their masks on; perhaps civil ladies, and there I left them. To Mr. Mills's, where I never was before, and here find, whom I indeed saw go in, and that did make me go thither, Mrs. Hollworthy and Mrs. Andrews, and here supped, and extraordinary merry till one in the morning, Mr. Andrews coming to us: and, mightily pleased with this night's company and mirth, I home to bed. Mrs. Turner, too, was with us.

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[1] Pepys here alludes to Sir Nicholas Cully (Noke's character) in Etherege's "Comical Revenge, or Love in a Tub."

[2] In Cannon Row.

2d. Took a coach, and called Mercer at their back-door, and she brought with her Mrs. Knightly, a little pretty sober girl, and I carried them to Old Ford, a town by Bow, where I never was before, and there walked in the fields very pleasant, and sang: and so back again, and stopped and drank at the Gun, at Mile-End, and so to the old Exchange door, and did buy them a pound of cherries, cost me 2*s*., and so set them down again; and so by water, it being now about nine o'clock, down to Deptford, where I have not been many a day: and to my boat again, and against the tide home. Got there by twelve, taking into my boat, for company, a man that desired a passage —a certain western bargeman, with whom I had good sport, talking of the old woman of Woolwich,[1] and telling him the whole story.

3d. To White Hall, to the Council-chamber, where I did present the Duke of York with an account of the charge of the present fleete, to his satisfaction; and this being done, did ask his leave for my going out of town five or six days, which he did give me, saying, that my diligence in the King's business was such, that I ought not to be denied when my own business called me any whither. Met Roger Pepys, who is mighty earnest for me to stay from going into the country till he goes, and to bring my people thither for some time: but I cannot, but will find another time this summer for it. To the King's house, and there saw good part of "The Scornfull Lady," and that done, would have taken out Knipp, but she was engaged. To my Lord Crewe's, to visit him; from whom I learn nothing but that there hath been some controversy at the Council-table, about my Lord Sandwich's signing, where some would not have had him, in the treaty with Portugall; but all, I think, is over in it. To Westminster, and thence to the Park, where much good company, and many fine ladies; and in so handsome a hackney I was, that I believe Sir W. Coventry and others, who looked on me, did take me to be in one of my own, which I was a little troubled for. So to the lodge, and drank a cup of new milk, and so home. Then to bed, having laid my business with W. Hewer to go out of town Friday next, with hopes of a great deal of pleasure.

4th. Mr. Clerke, the solicitor, dined with me and my clerks. After dinner I carried and set him down at the Temple, he observing to me how St. Sepulchre's church steeple is repaired already[1] a good deal, and the Fleet Bridge is contracted for by the City to begin to be built this summer, which do please me mightily. I to White Hall, and walked through the Park for a little ayre; and so back to the Council-chamber, to the Committee of the Navy, about the business of fitting the present fleete, suitable to the money given, which, as the King orders it, and by what appears, will be very little; and so as I perceive the Duke of York will have nothing to command, nor can intend to go abroad. But it is pretty to see how careful these great men are to do everything so as they may answer it to the Parliament, thinking themselves safe in nothing but where the judges, with whom they often advise, do say the matter is doubtful; and so they take upon themselves then to be the chief persons to interpret what is doubtful. Thence home, and all the evening to set matters in order against my going to Brampton to-morrow, being resolved upon my journey, and having the Duke of York's leave again to-day; though I do plainly see that I can very ill be spared now, there being much business, especially about this, which I have attended the Council about, and I the man that am alone consulted with; and, besides, my Lord Brouncker is at this time ill, and Sir W. Pen. So things being put in order at the Office, I home to do the like there; and so to bed.

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[1] What this story may have been it would now be futile to inquire. It evidently gave great amusement to Pepys. See 14th and 28th May, 1669, *post.*

5th.[2] (Friday.) At Barnet, for milk, 6*d.* On the highway, to menders of the highway, 6*d.* Dinner at Stevenage, 5*s.* 6*d.*

6th. (Saturday.) Spent at Huntingdon with Bowles, and Appleyard, and Shepley, 2*s.*

7th. (Sunday.) My father, for money lent, and horse-hire, £1. 11*s.*

8th. (Monday.) Father's servants, father having in the garden told me bad stories of my wife's ill words, 14*s.*; one that helped at the horses, 1*s.*; menders of the highway, 2*s.* Pleasant country to Bedford, where, while they stay, I rode through the town; and a good country-town; and there, drinking, 1*s.* We on to Newport; and there I and W. Hewer to the Church, and there give the boy 1*s.* So to Buckingham, a good old town. Here I to see the Church, which very good, and the leads, and a school in it: did give the sexton's boy 1*s.* A fair bridge here, with many arches: vexed at my people's making me lose so much time: reckoning, 13*s.* 4*d.* Mightily pleased with the pleasure of the ground all the day. At night to Newport

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[1] From the damage it sustained in the fire of 1666.

[2] The Journal from this time to the 17th of June is contained on five leaves, inserted in the Book; and after them follow several blank pages.

Pagnell; and there a good pleasant country-town, but few people in it. A very fair and like a Cathedral-Church; and I saw the leads, and a vault that goes far under ground: the town, and so most of this country, well watered. Lay here well, and rose next day by four o'clock: few people in the town: and so away. Reckoning for supper, 19*s.* 6*d.*; poor, 6*d.* Mischance to the coach, but no time lost.

9th. (Tuesday.) We came to Oxford, a very sweet place: paid our guide £1. 2*s.* 6*d.*; barber, 2*s.* 6*d.*; book, Stonehenge,[1] 4*s.*; boy that showed me the colleges before dinner, 1*s.* To dinner; and then out with my wife and people, and landlord: and to him that showed us the schools and library, 10*s.*; to him that showed us All Souls' College and Chichly's picture,[2] 5*s.* So to see Christ Church with my wife, I seeing several others very fine alone, before dinner, and did give the boy that went with me 1*s.* Strawberries, 1*s.* 2*d.* Dinner and servants, £1. 0*s.* 6*d.* After coming home from the schools, I out with the landlord to Brazen-nose College to the butteries, and in the cellar find the hand of the Child of Hales,[3] . . . . long. Butler, 2*s.* Thence with coach and people to Physic-garden, 1*s.* So to Friar Bacon's study: I up and saw it, and gave the man 1*s.* Bottle of sack for landlord, 2*s.* Oxford mighty fine place; and well seated, and cheap entertainment. At night came to Abingdon, where had been a fair of custard; and met many people and scholars going home; and there did get some pretty good musick, and sang and danced till supper: 5*s.*

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[1] Probably Inigo Jones's *Discourse on Stonehenge*, printed in 1663; or, perhaps, *Chorea Gigantum*, of the same date, by W. Charleton.

[2] Henry Chicheley, Archbishop of Canterbury, the Founder of All Souls' College.

[3] John Middleton, the remarkable person here alluded to, known by the name of "The Child of Hale," was born in 1578, and buried in the churchyard of Hale, in Lancashire, in 1623, where his gravestone is still to be seen. About the year 1617, Sir Gilbert Ireland took him up to the Court of James I., when he threw the King's wrestler, and put out his thumb, by which feat he disobliged the courtiers, and was sent back, with a present of £20 from the Sovereign. He returned home by Brazenose College, then full of Lancashire students, and his picture was taken, and is still preserved there. Likenesses of this English giant are also extant at High Legh, at Knowsley, and at Mr. Ireland Blackburne's seat, at Hale. "Middleton's hand," observes Plot, (*History of Staffordshire*, p. 297) "measured, from the carpus to the end of his middle finger, seventeen inches, his palm was eight inches and a half broad, and his whole height nine feet three inches, wanting but six inches of the height of Goliah, if the portrait of him in Brazenose Library, drawn at length, as it is said, in his just proportion, be a true piece of him." These dimensions appear to have been compared with the portrait at Hale, with which they exactly accorded, as did the shape of the giant's hand cut upon a stone in the College cellar, with the date affixed, to which Pepys alludes. The blank in the *Diary*, after the word Hales, was probably left for the dimensions of the hand.

10th. (Wednesday.) Up, and walked to the Hospitall: very large and fine, and pictures of founders, and the History of the Hospitall; and is said to be worth £700 per annum, and that Mr. Foly[1] was here lately to see how their lands were settled; and here, in old English, the story of the occasion of it, and a rebus at the bottom.[2] So did give the poor, which they would not take but in their box, 2*s.* 6*d.* So to the inn, and paid the reckoning and what not, 13*s.* So forth towards Hungerford, led this good way by our landlord, one Heart, an old but very civil and well-spoken man, more than I ever heard, of his quality. He gone, we forward; and I vexed at my people's not minding the way. So come to Hungerford, where very good trouts, eels, and crayfish. Dinner: a mean town. At dinner there, 12*s.* Thence set out with a guide, who saw us to Newmarket-heath,[3] and then left us, 3s. 6*d.* So all over the Plain by the sight of the steeple, the Plain high and low, to Salisbury, by night; but before I came to the town, I saw a great fortification, and there 'light, and to it and in it; and find it prodigious, so as to fright me to be in it all alone at that time of night, it being dark. I understand, since, it to be that, that is called Old Sarum.[4] Come to the George Inne, where lay in a silk bed; and very good diet. To supper; then to bed.

11th. (Thursday.) Up, and W. Hewer and I up and down the town, and find it a very brave place. The river goes through every street; and a most capacious market-place. The city great, I think greater than Hereford. But the

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[1] Thomas Foley, of Witley Court, who himself founded an Hospital for sixty boys at Stourbridge, in Worcestershire. See 27th October, 1664. He probably wished for precedents as to the mode of settlement.

[2] See Ashmole's *History of Berks*, vol. i., p. 127, 8vo. The following is the rebus (?) noticed by Pepys:—"V.A.B.I.N.D.O.N.R.F.I. Take the first letter of youre foure fader, with A., the worker of Wer, and I. and N. the colore of an asse; set them together, and tel me yf you can, what it is than. Richard Fannande, Irenmonger, hathe made this Tabul, and sit it here in the yere of King Henry the Sexte, XXVI$^{te}$."

[3] Probably a mistake for East or Market Lavington, which lies in the same direction.

[4] Pepys must mean that the earthworks, more than a hundred feet in height, were prodigious and alarming, the space contained within them being only twenty-seven acres. There is undoubtedly something sublime in standing within the area, in the complete solitude and magnificence of the ramparts.

Minster most admirable; as big, I think, and handsomer than Westminster: and a most large Close about it, and houses for the Officers thereof, and a fine palace for the Bishop. So to my lodging back, and took out my wife and people to show them the town and Church; but they being at prayers, we could not be shown the Choir. A very good organ; and I looked in, and saw the Bishop, my friend Dr. Ward.[1] Thence to the inne; and there not being able to hire coach-horses, and not willing to use our own, we got saddle horses, very dear. Boy that went to look for them, 6*d*. So the three women behind W. Hewer, Murford, and our guide, and I single to Stonehenge, over the Plain and some great hills, even to fright us. Come thither, and find them as prodigious as any tales I ever heard of them, and worth going this journey to see. God knows what their use was! they are hard to tell, but yet may be told. Gave the shepherd-woman, for leading our horses, 4*d*. So back by Wilton, my Lord Pembroke's house, which we could not see, he being just coming to town; but the situation I do not like, nor the house at present much, it being in a low but rich valley. So back home; and there being 'light, we to the Church, and there find them at prayers again, so could not see the Choir; but I sent the women home, and I did go in, and saw very many fine tombs, and among the rest some very ancient, of the Montagus.[2] So home to dinner; and, that being done, paid the reckoning, which was so exorbitant, and particular in rate of my horses, and 7*s*. 6*d*. for bread and beer, that I was mad, and resolve to trouble the mistress about it, and get something for the poor; and come away in that humour: £2. 5*s*. 6*d*. Servants, 1*s*. 6*d*.; poor, 1*s*.; guide to the Stones, 2*s*.; poor woman in the street, 1*s*.; ribbands, 9*d*.; wash-woman, 1*s*.; sempstress for W. Hewer, 3*s*.; lent W. Hewer, 2*s*. Thence about six o'clock, and with a guide went over the smooth Plain indeed till night; and then, by a happy mistake, and that looked like an adventure, we were carried out of our way to a town where we would lye, since we could not go as far as we would. And there with great difficulty come about ten at night to a little inn, where we were fain to go into a room where a pedlar was in bed, and made him rise; and there wife and I lay, and in a truckle-bed Betty Turner and Willett. But good beds, and the master of the house a sober, understanding man, and I had good discourse with him about this country's matters, as wool, and corne, and other things. And he also merry, and made us mighty merry at supper, about manning the new ship, at Bristol, with none but men whose wives do master them; and it seems it is in reproach to some men of estate that are such hereabouts, that this is become common talk. By and by to bed, glad of this mistake, because, as it seems, had we gone on as we intended, we could not have passed with our coach, and must have lain on the Plain all night. This day from Salisbury I wrote by the post my excuse for not coming home, which I hope will do, for I am resolved to see the Bath, and, it may be, Bristol.

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[1] Seth Ward, recently translated to Salisbury, from Exeter.

[2] The Montacutes, from whom Lord Sandwich's family claimed descent.

12th. (Friday.) Up, finding our beds good, but lousy; which made us merry. We set out, the reckoning and servants coming to 9*s.* 6*d.*; my guide thither, 2*s.*; coachman, advanced, 10*s.* So rode a very good way, led to my great content by our landlord to Philips-Norton, with great pleasure, being now come into Somersetshire; where my wife and Deb. mightily joyed thereat,[1] I commending the country, as indeed it deserves. And the first town we came to was Brekington, where, we stopping for something for the horses, we called two or three little boys to us, and pleased ourselves with their manner of speech.[2] At Philips-Norton I walked to the Church, and there saw a very ancient tomb of some Knight Templar, I think; and here saw the tombstone whereon there were only two heads cut, which the story goes, and credibly, were two sisters, called the Fair Maids of Foscott,[3] that had two bodies upward and one belly, and there lie buried. Here is also a very fine ring of six bells, and they mighty tuneable. Having dined very well, 10*s.*, we come before night to the Bath; where I presently stepped out with my landlord, and saw the baths, with people in them. They are not so large as I expected, but yet pleasant; and the town most of stone, and clean, though the streets generally narrow. I home, and being weary, went to bed without supper; the rest supping.

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[1] They were natives of that county.

[2] The *Zummerzetshire* dialect.

[3] "In the floor of the nave of the Church of Norton St. Philips are the mutilated portraitures, in stone, of two females, close to each other, and called, by the inhabitants, *The Fair maidens of Fosscot*, or *Fosstoke*, a neighbouring hamlet, now depopulated. There is a tradition that the persons they represent were twins, whose bodies were at their birth conjoined together: that they arrived at a state of maturity; and that one of them dying, the survivor was constrained to drag about her lifeless companion, till death released her of her horrid burthen."—Collinson's *Hist. of Somersetshire*, iii., 371, in which no notice occurs of the Templar's tomb. At Biddenden, in Kent, is a tradition of the same kind, but, according to Hasted, without foundation.—See *History of Kent*, vol. iii., p. 66, folio ed.

13th. (Saturday.) Up at four o'clock, being by appointment called up to the Cross Bath, where we were carried one after another, myself, and wife, and Betty Turner, Willet, and W. Hewer. And by and by, though we designed to have done, before company come, much company come; very fine ladies; and the manner pretty enough, only methinks it cannot be clean to go so many bodies together in the same water. Good conversation among them that are acquainted here, and stay together. Strange to see how hot the water is; and in some places, though this is the most temperate bath, the springs so hot as the feet not able to endure. But strange to see, when women and men here, that live all the season in these waters, cannot but be parboiled, and look like the creatures of the bath! Carried away, wrapped in a sheet, and in a chair, home; and there one after another thus carried, I staying above two hours in the water, home to bed, sweating for an hour; and by and by, comes musick to play to me, extraordinary good as ever I heard at London almost, or anywhere: 5*s.* Up, to go to Bristol, about eleven o'clock, and paying my landlord that was our guide from Chiltern, 10*s.*, and the serjeant of the bath 10*s.*, and the man that carried us in chairs, 3*s.* 6*d.*, set out toward Bristol, and come thither, in coach hired to spare our own horses, about two o'clock; the way bad, but country good, where set down at the Horseshoe, and there, being trimmed by a very handsome fellow, 2*s.*, walked with my wife and people through the city, which is in every respect another London, that one can hardly know it, to stand in the country, no more than that. No carts, it standing generally on vaults, only dog-carts. So to the Three Crowns Tavern I was directed; but, when I came in, the master told me that he had newly given over the selling of wine; it seems, grown rich; and so went to the Sun; and there Deb. going with W. Hewer and Betty Turner to see her uncle Butts, and leaving my wife with the mistress of the house, I to see the quay, which is a most large and noble place; and to see the new ship building by Bally, neither he nor Furzer[1] being in town. It will be a fine ship. Spoke with the foreman, and did give the boys that kept the cabin, 2*s.* Walked back to the Sun, where I find Deb. come back, and with her, her uncle, a sober merchant, very good company, and so like one of our sober, wealthy, London merchants, as pleased me mightily. Here we dined, and much good talk with him, 7*s.* 6*d.*: a messenger to Sir John Knight,[1] who was not at home, 6*d.* Then walked with Butts and my wife and company round the quay, and to the ship; and he showed me the Custom-house, and made me understand many things of the place, and led us through Marsh Street, where our girl was born. But, Lord! the joy that was among the old poor people of the place, to see Mrs. Willet's daughter, it seems her mother being a brave woman and mightily beloved! And so brought us a back way by surprize to his house, where a substantial good house, and well furnished; and did give us good entertainment of strawberries, a whole venison-pasty, cold, and plenty of brave wine, and above all Bristol milk:[2] where comes in another poor woman, who, hearing that Deb. was here, did come running hither, and with her eyes so full of tears, and heart so full of joy, that she could not speak when she come in, that it made me weep too: I protest that I was not able to speak to her, which I would have done, to have diverted her tears. Butts's wife a good woman, and so sober and substantiall as I was never more pleased anywhere. Servant-maid, 2*s.* So thence took leave, and he with us through the city, where in walking I find the city pay him great respect, and he the like to the meanest, which pleased me mightily. He showed us the place where the merchants meet here, and a fine Cross yet standing, like Cheapside. And so to the Horseshoe, where paid the reckoning, 2*s.* 6*d.* We back, and by moonshine to the Bath again, about ten o'clock: bad way; and giving the coachman 1*s.*, went all of us to bed.

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[1] Daniel Furzer, Surveyor to the Navy.

14th. (Sunday.) Up, and walked up and down the town, and saw a pretty good market-place, and many good streets, and very fair stone-houses. And so to the great Church,[1] and there saw Bishop Montagu's[2] tomb; and, when placed, did there see many brave people come, and, among others, two men brought in, in litters, and set down in the chancel to hear: but I did not know one face. Here a good organ; but a vain, pragmatical fellow preached a ridiculous, affected sermon, that made me angry, and some gentlemen that sat next me, and sang well. So home, walking round the walls of the City, which are good, and the battlements all whole. After dinner comes Mr. Butts again to see me, and he and I to church, where the same idle fellow preached; and I slept most of the sermon. To this church again, to see it, and look over the monuments, where, among others, Dr. Venner[3] and Pelling,[4] and a lady of Sir W. Waller's;[5] he lying with his face broken. My landlord did give me a good account of the antiquity of this town and Wells; and of two Heads, on two pillars, in Wells church.

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[1] Mayor of Bristol, 1663, and M.P. for that city.

[2] A sort of rum punch (milk punch), which, and turtle, were products of the trade of Bristol with the West Indies. So Byron says in the first edition of his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*:—

> "Too much in turtle Bristol's sons delight,
> Too much o'er bowls of rack prolong the night."

These lines will not be found in the modern editions, but the following are substituted:—

> "Your turtle feeder's verse must needs be flat,
> Though Bristol bloat him with the verdant fat."

Mr. Macaulay says of the collations with which the sugar refiners of Bristol regaled their visitors: "The repast was dressed in the furnace, and was accompanied by a rich brewage made of the best Spanish wine, and celebrated over the whole kingdom as *Bristol milk.*"—*Hist. of England,* vol. i., p. 335.

15th. (Monday.) Looked into the baths, and find the King and Queen's full of a mixed sort, of good and bad, and the Cross only almost for the gentry. So home with my wife, and did pay my guides, two women, 5*s.*; one man, 2*s.* 6*d.*; poor, 6*d.*; woman to lay my foot-cloth, 1*s.* So to our inne, and there eat and paid reckoning, £1. 8*s.* 6*d.*; servants, 3*s.*; poor, 1*s.*; lent the coachman, 10*s.* Before I took coach, I went to make a boy dive in the King's bath, 1*s.* I paid also for my coach and a horse to Bristol, £1. 1*s.* 6*d.* Took coach, and away, without any of the company of the other stage-coaches, that go out of this town to-day; and rode all day with some trouble, for fear of being out of our way, over the Downes, where the life of the shepherds is, in fair weather only, pretty. In the afternoon come to Abury, where, seeing great stones like those of Stonehenge standing up, I stopped, and took a countryman of that town, and he carried me and showed me a place trenched in,[6] like Old Sarum almost, with great stones pitched in it, some bigger than those of Stonehenge in figure, to my great admiration: and he told me that most people of learning, coming by, do come and view them, and that the King did so: and the Mount cast hard by is called Silbury,[1] from one King Seall buried there, as tradition says. I did give this man 1*s.* So took coach again, seeing one place with great high stones pitched round, which, I believe, was once some particular building, in some measure like that of Stonehenge. But, about a mile off, it was prodigious to see how full the Downes are of great stones; and all along the vallies, stones of considerable bigness, most of them growing certainly out of the ground so thick as to cover the ground, which makes me think the less of the wonder of Stonehenge, for hence they might undoubtedly supply themselves with stones, as well as those at Abury. In my way did give to the poor and menders of the highway 3*s.* Before night come to Marlborough, and lay at the Hart; a good house, and a pretty fair town for a street or two; and what is most singular is, their houses on one side having their pent-houses supported with pillars, which makes it a good walk. All the five coaches that come this day from Bath, as well as we, were gone out of the town before six.

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[1] The Abbey Church.

[2] James Montagu, Bishop of Bath and Wells in 1608, and of Winchester in 1616: ob. 1618. He was uncle to the Earl of Sandwich, whose mother was Pepys's aunt. Hence Pepys's curiosity respecting the tomb.

[3] Tobias Venner, who practised as a physician at Bath nearly half a century, and died 27th March, 1660, æt. 85.

[4] John Pelling, B.D., rector of Bath for thirty years.

[5] Jane, sole daughter of Sir Richard Reynell, wife of Sir William Waller, the Parliamentary General.

[6] The well-known temple of the Druids, described by Stukeley in his *Itinerary.*

16th. (Tuesday.) After paying the reckoning, 14*s.* 4*d.*, and servants, 2*s.*, poor, 1*s.*, set out; and, passing through a good part of this country of Wiltshire, saw a good house[2] of Alexander Popham's,[3] and another of my Lord Craven's,[4] I think, in Barkeshire. Come to Newbery, and there dined—and musick: a song of the old courtier of Queen Elizabeth's, and how he was changed upon the coming in of the King, did please me mightily,[5] and I did cause W. Hewer to write it out. Then comes the reckoning, forced to change gold, 8*s.* 7*d.*; servants and poor, 1*s.* 6*d.* So out, and lost our way, but come into it again; and in the evening betimes come to Reading;

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[1] Of which a good description is given in *The Archæologia*, vol. xxviii., p. 402.

[2] Littlecote House, a fine old mansion, in the parish of Ramsbury, Wilts, still in the possession of the Popham family. Some interest has attached to the place, as the supposed scene of the extraordinary child-murder, ascribed to William Darel, who sold Littlecote to Sir John Popham, 1587, an account of which is given in Sir Walter Scott's *Rokeby*, and Britton's *Wiltshire*, vol. iii., p. 260.

[3] M.P. for Bath.

[4] Hampstead Marshal, since destroyed by fire.

[5] It occurs with the air in Durfay's Pills to Purge Melancholy. A more modern version of this is given in Ritson's *English Songs*, vol. ii., p. 156: the air is in vol. iii., p. 280. A still more modern version has been of late years in vogue, under the title of "The Fine Old English Gentleman."

and I to walk about the town, which is a very great one, I think bigger than Salisbury: a river[1] runs through it, in seven branches, which unite in one, in one part of the town, and runs into the Thames half-a-mile off: one odd sign of the Broad Face.[2] Then to my inn, and so to bed.

17th. (Wednesday.) Rose, and paying the reckoning, 12*s.* 6*d.*; servants and poor, 2*s.* 6*d.*; musick, the worst we have had, coming to our chamber-door, but calling us by wrong names; so set out with one coach in company, and through Maydenhead, which I never saw before, to Colebrooke[3] by noon; the way mighty good; and there dined, and fitted ourselves a little to go through London, anon. Somewhat out of humour all day, reflecting on my wife's neglect of things, and impertinent humour got by this liberty of being from me, which she is never to be trusted with; for she is a fool. Thence pleasant way to London, before night, and find all very well, to great content; and saw Sir W. Pen, who is well again. I hear of the ill news by the great fire at Barbadoes. Home, and there with my people to supper, all in pretty good humour, though I find my wife hath something in her gizzard, that only waits an opportunity of being provoked to bring up; but I will not, for my content-sake, give it.

18th. I did receive a hint or two from my Lord Anglesey, as if he thought much of my taking the ayre as I have done; but I care not: but, whatever the matter is, I think he hath some ill-will to me, or at least an opinion that I am more the servant of the Board than I am. At noon home to dinner, where my wife still in a melancholy, fusty humour, and crying, and do not tell me plainly what it is; but I by little words find that she hath heard of my going to plays, and carrying people abroad every day, in her absence; and that I cannot help but the storm will break out in a little time. To my Lady Peterborough's, who tells me, among other things, her Lord's good words to the Duke of York lately, about my Lord Sandwich, and that the Duke of York is kind to my Lord Sandwich, which I am glad to hear: my business here was about her Lord's pension from Tangier. Here met with Povy, who tells me how hard Creed is upon him, though he did give him, about six months since, I think he said, fifty pieces in gold; and one thing there is in his accounts which I fear will touch me, but I shall help it, I hope. So my wife not speaking a word going nor coming, nor willing to go to a play, though a new one, I to the Office, and did much business. At night home, where supped Mr. Turner and his wife, and Betty and Mercer and Pelling, as merry as the ill, melancholy humour that my wife was in, would let us, which vexed me; but I took no notice of it, thinking that will be the best way, and let it wear away itself. After supper, parted, and to bed; and my wife troubled all night, and about one o'clock goes out of the bed to the girl's bed, which did trouble me, she crying and sobbing, without telling the cause. By and by she comes back to me, and still crying; I then rose, and would have sat up all night, but she would have me come to bed again; and being pretty well pacified, we to sleep.

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[1] The Kennet.

[2] Still in existence.

[3] Colnbrook.

19th. Between two and three in the morning we were waked with the maids crying out, "Fire, fire, in Marke-lane!" So I rose and looked out, and it was dreadful; and strange apprehensions in me, and us all, of being presently burnt. So we all rose; and my care presently was to secure my gold, and plate, and papers, and could quickly have done it, but I went forth to see where it was; and the whole town was presently in the streets; and I found it in a new-built house that stood alone in Minchin-lane, over against the Cloth-workers'-hall, which burned furiously: the house not yet quite finished; and the benefit of brick was well seen, for it burnt all inward, and fell down within itself; so no fear of doing more hurt. So homeward, and stopped at Mr. Mills's, where he and she at the door, and Mrs. Turner, and Betty, and Mrs. Hollworthy, and there I stayed and talked, and up to the Church leads, and saw the fire, which spent itself, till all fear over. My wife fell into her blubbering, and at length had a request to make to me, which was, that she might go into France, and live there, out of trouble; and then all come out, that I loved pleasure and denied her any; and I find that there have been great fallings out between my father and her, whom, for ever hereafter, I must keep asunder, for they cannot possibly agree. And I said nothing, but, with very mild words and few, suffered her humour to spend, till we begun to be very quiet, and I think all will be over, and friends. Yesterday I heard how my Lord Ashly is like to die, having some imposthume in his breast, that he hath been fain to be cut into the body. To White Hall, where we attended the Duke of York in his closet, upon our usual business. And thence out, and did see many of the Knights of the Garter, with the King and Duke of York, going into the Privy-chamber, to elect the Elector of Saxony[1] in that Order, who, I did hear the Duke of York say, was a good drinker: I know not upon what score this compliment is done him. My wife and Deb. have been at the King's playhouse to-day, thinking to spy me there; and saw the new play, "Evening Love,"[1] of Dryden's, which, though the world commends, she likes not. So to supper and talk, and all in good humour.

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[1] John George, Elector of Saxony, invested with the Garter 13th April, 1668; installed by proxy, 29th May, 1671; and died 1680.

20th. My wife and I alone to the King's house and there I saw this new play my wife saw yesterday, and do not like it, it being very smutty, and nothing so good as "The Maiden Queen," or "The Indian Emperour," of Dryden's making. I was troubled at it; and my wife tells me wholly, which he confesses a little in the epilogue, taken out of the "Illustre Bassa."[2] I to Mr. Povy, and there settled some business: and he thinks there will be great revolutions, and that Creed will be a great man, though a rogue, he being a man of the old strain, which will now be up again.

21st. (Lord's day.) Dined with my wife and Deb. alone, but merry and in good humour, which is, when all is done, the greatest felicity of all.

22d. With Balty to St. James's, and there presented him to Mr. Wren about his being Muster-Master this year, which will be done. So up to wait on the Duke of York, and thence, with Sir W. Coventry, walked to White Hall: good discourse about the Navy, where want of money undoes us. Thence to the Coffee-house in Covent Garden; but met with nobody but Sir Philip Howard, who shamed me before the whole house there, in commendation of my speech in Parliament. To the King's playhouse, and saw an act or two of the new play, "Evening Love," again, but like it not. Calling this day at Herringman's,[3] he tells me Dryden do himself call it but a fifth-rate play. From thence to my Lord Brouncker's, where a Council of the Royall Society; and there heard Mr. Harry Howard's noble offers about ground for our College, and his intentions of building his own house there most nobly. My business was to meet Mr. Boyle, which I did, and discoursed about my eyes; and he did give me the best advice he could, but refers me to one Turberville,[4] of Salisbury, lately come to town, who I will go to. Thence home, where the streets full, at our end of the town, removing their wine against the Act begins, which will be two days hence, to raise the price.

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[1] A comedy, the second title of which was "The Mock Astrologer."

[2] See 24th February, *ante*.

[3] H. Herringman, a printer and publisher in the New Exchange: see 10th Aug., 1667, *ante*.

[4] Daubigny Turberville, of Oriel College; created M.D. at Oxford, 1660. He was a physician of some eminence, and, dying at Salisbury on the 21st April, 1696, aged 85, he was buried in the cathedral, where his monument remains. Cassan, in his *Lives of the Bishops of Sarum*, part iii., p. 103, has reprinted an interesting account of Turberville, from the *Memoir of Bishop Seth Ward*, published in 1697, by Dr. Walter Pope. Turberville

23d. To Dr. Turberville about my eyes, whom I met with: and he did discourse, I thought, learnedly about them; and takes time before he did prescribe me any thing, to think of it.

24th. Creed and Colonel Atkins come to me about sending coals to Tangier; and upon that most of the morning. With wife, Mercer, Deb., and W. Hewer to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw "The Impertinents," a pretty good play; and so by water to Spring Garden, and there supped, and so home.

26th. At noon, with my Fellow-Officers, to the Dolphin, at Sir G. Carteret's charge, to dinner, he having some accounts examined this morning.

27th. Dined at home, and then my wife, and Deb., and I to the King's playhouse, to see "The Indian Queene," but do not doat upon Nan Marshall's acting therein, as the world talks of her excellence. Thence with my wife to buy some linnen, £13 worth, for sheets, &c., at the new shop over against the New Exchange; and the master, who is come out of London[1] since the fire, says his and other tradesmen's retail trade is so great here, and better than it was in London, that they believe they shall not return, nor the city be ever so great for retail as heretofore.[2]

28th. (Lord's day.) Much talk of the French setting out their fleete afresh; but I hear nothing that our King is alarmed at it, at all, but rather making his fleete less.[3]

29th. To Dr. Turberville's, and there did receive a direction for some physic, and also a glass of something to drop into my eyes: he gives me hopes that I may do well. Then to White Hall, where I find the Duke of York in the Council-chamber; and the Officers of the Navy were called in about Navy business,

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was born at Wayford, co. Somerset, in 1612, and became an expert oculist; and probably Pepys received great benefit from his advice, as his vision does not appear to have failed during the many years that he lived, after discontinuing the *Diary*. The Doctor died rich, and subsequently to his decease his sister Mary, inheriting all his prescriptions and knowing how to use them, practised as an oculist in London, with good reputation.

[1] To the Strand.

[2] The trade still proceeds westward.

[3] His Majesty and Prince Rupert returned to town the day before, after viewing the fleet in the Downs and the new fortifications at Sheerness.—*The London Gazette*, No. 273.

about calling in of more ships; the King of France having, as the Duke of York says, ordered his fleete to come in, notwithstanding what he had lately ordered for their staying abroad. Thence to the Chapel, it being St. Peter's day, and did hear an anthem of Silas Taylor's making; a dull, old-fashioned thing, of six and seven parts, that nobody could understand: and the Duke of York, when he came out, told me that he was a better store-keeper than anthem-maker, and that was bad enough, too. This morning Mr. May[1] showed me the King's new buildings at White Hall, very fine; and, among other things, his cielings, and his houses of office. With my wife to the King's playhouse—"The Mulberry Garden," which she had not seen.

30th. At the Office all the morning: then home to dinner, where a stinking leg of mutton, the weather being very wet and hot to keep meat in. Then to the Office again, all the afternoon: we met about the Victualler's new contract. And so up, and to walk all the evening with my wife and Mrs. Turner, in the garden, till supper, about eleven at night; and so, after supper, parted, and to bed, my eyes bad, but not worse, only weary with working. But, however, very melancholy under the fear of my eyes being spoiled, and not to be recovered; for I am come that I am not able to read out a small letter, and yet my sight good for the little while I can read, as ever it was, I think.

July 1st. My cozen Roger dined with us, and mighty importunate for our coming down to Impington, which I think to do, this Sturbridge fair. To White Hall, and so to St. James's, where we met; and much business with the Duke of York. And I find the Duke of York very hot for regulations in the Navy; and, I believe, is put on it by Sir W. Coventry; and I am glad of it: and particularly, he falls heavy on Chatham-yard, and is vexed that Lord Anglesey did, the other day, complain at the Council-table of disorders in the Navy, and not to him. So I to White Hall to a Committee of Tangier; and there vexed with the importunity and clamours of Alderman Backewell, for my acquittance for money by him supplied to the garrison, before I have any order for paying it: so home, calling at several places—among others, the 'Change, and on Cooper, to know when my wife shall come and sit for her picture.

3d. To the Commissioners of Accounts at Brooke House,[2] the first time I was ever there, and found Sir W. Turner in the chair; and present, Lord Halifax, Thomas Gregory, Dunster, and Osborne.[1] I long with them, and see them hot set on this matter; but I did give them proper and safe answers. Halifax, I perceive, was industrious on my side, in behalf of his uncle Coventry,[2] it being the business of Sir W. Warren. Vexed only at their denial of a copy of what I set my hand to, and swore. To an alehouse: met Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, and Dr. Clerke, Waldron,[3] Turberville, my physician for the eyes, and Lowre,[4] to dissect several eyes of sheep and oxen, with great pleasure, and to my great information. But strange that this Turberville should be so great a man, and yet, to this day, had seen no eyes dissected, or but once, but desired this Dr. Lowre to give him the opportunity to see him dissect some.

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[1] Hugh May

[2] In Holborn, where Brooke Street and Greville Street now are.

4th. Up, and to see Sir W. Coventry, and give him account of my doings yesterday, which he well liked of, and was told thereof by my Lord Halifax before; but I do perceive he is much concerned for this business. Gives me advice to write a smart letter to the Duke of York about the want of money in the Navy, and desire him to communicate it to the Commissioners of the Treasury; for he tells me he hath hot work sometimes to contend with the rest for the Navy, they being all concerned for some other part of the King's expenses, which they would prefer to this, of the Navy. He showed me his closet, with his round table, for him to sit in the middle, very convenient; and I borrowed several books of him, to collect things out of about the Navy, which I have not. All the afternoon busy, till night, and then to Mile-End with my wife and girl, and there drank and eat a jole of salmon, at the Rose and Crown, our old house; and so home to bed.

5th. (Lord's day.) About four in the morning took four pills of Dr. Turberville's prescribing, for my eyes, and I did get my wife to spend the morning reading of Wilkins's Reall Character.[5] At noon comes W. Hewer and Pelling, and young Michell and his wife, and dined with us, and most of the afternoon talking; and then at night my wife to read again, and to supper and to bed.

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[1] Afterwards Sir Thomas Osborne, Viscount Dunblane, Earl of Danby, Marquis of Carmarthen, and Duke of Leeds. He became Lord High Treasurer and K.G.

[2] Lord Halifax's mother was Anne, sister of Sir John and Sir William Coventry, and of Harry Coventry. She married, secondly, Sir Thomas Chichele, or Chicheley, of Wimpole, in Cambridgeshire, Master of the Ordnance, which circumstance explains many allusions made by Pepys.

[3] Thomas Waldron of Baliol College; created M.D. at Oxford 1653: afterwards Physician in Ordinary to Charles II.

[4] Richard Lower, of Christ Church; admitted Bachelor of Physic at Oxford, 1665, and afterwards a celebrated physician. He died in 1690.

[5] *An Essay towards a Real Character and a Philosophical Language, with an Alphabetical Dictionary*, London, 1668, folio, by John Wilkins, shortly afterwards made Bishop of Chester.

6th. Attended the Duke of York, and was there by himself told how angry he was, and did declare to my Lord Anglesey, about his complaining of things of the Navy to the King in Council, and not to him and I perceive he is mightily concerned at it, and resolved to reform things therein. With Sir W. Coventry: and we walked in the Park together a good while. He mighty kind to me: and hear many pretty stories of my Lord Chancellor's being heretofore made sport of by Peter Talbot the priest, in his story of the death of Cardinal Bleau;[1] by Lord Cottington, in his *Dolor de las Tripas;* and Tom Killigrew, in his being bred in Ram Ally, and bound 'prentice to Lord Cottington, going to Spain with £1000, and two suits of clothes. Thence to Mr. Cooper's, and there met my wife and W. Hewer and Deb.; and there my wife first sat for her picture: but he is a most admirable workman, and good company. Here comes Harris, and first told us how Betterton is come again upon the stage: whereupon my wife and company to the Duke's house to see "Henry the Fifth;" while I to attend the Duke of York at the Committee of the Navy, at the Council, where some high dispute between him and W. Coventry about settling pensions upon all Flag-Officers, while unemployed: W. Coventry against it, and, I think, with reason Thence I to the playhouse, and saw a piece of the play, and glad to see Betterton; and so with wife and Deb. to Spring-garden, and eat a lobster. Great doings at Paris, I hear, with their triumphs for their late conquests.[2] The Duchess of Richmond sworn last week of the Queen's Bedchamber, and the King minding little else but what he used to do—about his women.

7th. Kate Joyce come to me, but took no notice to me of her being married,[3] but seemed mighty pale, and doubtful what to say or do, expecting, I believe, that I should begin; and not finding me beginning, said nothing, but, with trouble in her face, went away. In the evening to Unthanke's; and we are fain to go round by Newgate, because of Fleet Bridge being under rebuilding. Home and supped: and Mrs. Turner, the mother, comes to us, and there late, and so to bed.

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[1] It is probable these stories, in ridicule of Clarendon, are nowhere recorded. Cardinal Jean Balue was the minister of Louis XI. of France. The reader will remember him in Sir W. Scott's *Quentin Durward.* He was confined for eleven years in an iron cage, invented by himself,

———"Neque enim lex æquior ulla
Quam necis artifices arte perire suâ."—*Art. Am.*

in the Chateau de Loches, and died soon after he regained his liberty.

[2] See April 27th and 30th, 1668, *ante.*

[3] See 11th May, *ante.*

8th. To Sir W. Coventry, and there discoursed of several things; and I find him much concerned in the present enquiries now on foot of the Commissioners of Accounts, though he reckons himself and the rest very safe, but vexed to see us liable to these troubles, in things wherein we have laboured to do best. Thence, he being to go out of town to-morrow, to drink Banbury waters, I to the Duke of York to attend him about business of the Office; and find him mighty free to me, and how he is concerned to mend things in the Navy himself, and not leave it to other people. So home to dinner; and then with my wife to Cooper's, and there saw her sit; and he do extraordinary things indeed. So to White Hall; and there by and by the Duke of York comes to the Robe-chamber, and spent with us three hours till night, in hearing the business of the Masters-Attendants of Chatham, and the Store-keeper of Woolwich; and resolves to displace them all; so hot he is of giving proofs of his justice at this time, that it is their great fate now, to come to be questioned at such a time as this.

10th. To Cooper's; and there find my wife, and W. Hewer and Deb., sitting, and painting; and here he do work finely, though I fear it will not be so like as I expected: but now I understand his great skill in musick, his playing and setting to the French lute most excellently; and he speaks French, and indeed is an excellent man. Thence, in the evening, with my people in a glass hackney-coach to the park, but was ashamed to be seen. So to the lodge and drank milk, and so home.

11th. To the King's playhouse, to see an old play of Shirly's, called "Hide Parke;" the first day acted; where horses are brought upon the stage: but it is but a very moderate play, only an excellent epilogue spoke by Beck Marshall.[1]

12th. (Lord's day.) This last night Betty Michell about midnight cries out, and my wife goes to her, and she brings forth a girl, and this afternoon the child is christened, and my wife godmother again to a Betty.

13th. Walked to Ducke Lane, and there to the bookseller's, at the Bible. I did there look upon and buy some books, and made way for coming again to the man. Thence to Reeves's, and there saw some, and bespoke a little perspective,[1] and was mightily pleased with seeing objects in a dark room. To Cooper's, and spent the afternoon with them; and it will be an excellent picture. Thence my people all by water to Deptford, to see Balty, while I to buy my espinette,[2] which I did now agree for, and did at Haward's meet with Mr. Thacker, and heard him play on the harpsichon, so as I never heard man before, I think. So home, it being almost night, and there find in the garden Pelling, who hath brought Tempest, Wallington, and Pelham, to sing,[3] and there had most excellent musick late, in the dark, with great pleasure; but above all with little Wallington. This morning I was let blood, and did bleed about fourteen ounces, towards curing my eyes.

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[1] Never printed.

14th. This day Bosse finished his copy of my picture, which I confess I do not admire, though my wife prefers him to Browne: nor do I think it like. He does it for W. Hewer, who hath my wife's also, which I like less. This afternoon my Lady Pickering come to see us: I busy, saw her not. But how natural it is for us to slight people out of power, and for people out of power to stoop to see those that while in power they contemned!

15th. At noon is brought home the espinette I bought the other day of Haward; costs me £5. My Lady Duchess of Monmouth is still lame, and likely always to be so,[4] which is a sad chance for a young lady to get, only by trying of tricks in dancing.

16th. I by water with my Lord Brouncker to Arundell House, to the Royal Society, and there saw the experiment of a dog's being tied through the back, about the spinal artery, and thereby made void of all motion; and the artery being loosened again, the dog recovers. Thence to Cooper's, and saw his advance on my wife's picture, which will be indeed very fine. So with her to the 'Change, to buy some things, and here I first bought of the sempstress next my bookseller's, where the pretty young girl is, that will be a great beauty.

17th. To White Hall, where waited on the Duke of York, and then at the Council about the business of tickets; and I did discourse to their liking, only was too high to assert that nothing could be invented to secure the King more in the business of tickets than there is; which the Duke of Buckingham did except against, and I could have answered, but forebore; but all liked very well. The weather excessive hot, so as we were forced to lie in two beds, and I only with a sheet and rug, which is colder than ever I remember I could bear.

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[1] A perspective glass.

[2] See 21st February, 1665-66, *ante*. Espinette is the French term for a small harpsichord, at that time called in England a spinet. The name arose, no doubt, from the artificial thorns used to strike the wires, for which pieces of quills were afterwards substituted.

[3] Tempest and Wallington were members of the Music Society referred to in note to 15th Sept., 1667.

[4] See 9th and 15th May, 1668, *ante*.

18th. My old acquaintance, Will Swan,[1] to see me, who continues a factious fanatick still, and I do use him civilly, in expectation that those fellows may grow great again. They say the King of France is making a war again, in Flanders, with the King of Spain; the King of Spain refusing to give him all that he says was promised him in that treaty. Creed told me this day how when the King was at my Lord Cornwallis's,[2] when he went last to Newmarket, that being there on a Sunday, the Duke of Buckingham did in the afternoon make an obscene sermon to him out of Canticles.

19th. (Lord's day.) Come Mr. Cooper, Hales, Harris, Mr Butler, that wrote Hudibras, and Mr. Cooper's cozen Jacke; and by and by come Mr. Reeves and his wife, whom I never saw before: and there we dined: a good dinner, and company that pleased me mightily, being all eminent men in their way. Spent all the afternoon in talk and mirth, and in the evening parted.

20th. To the old Exchange, to see a very noble fine lady I spied as I went through, in coming; and there took occasion to buy some gloves, and admire her, and a mighty fine fair lady indeed she was. Thence idling all the afternoon. To visit my Lord Crewe, who is very sick, to great danger, by an erisypelas; the first day I heard of it. To buy a rest for my espinette at the ironmonger's by Holborn Conduit, where the fair pretty woman is that I have lately observed there.

21st. Went to my plate-maker's, and there spent an hour about contriving my little plates, for my books of the King's four Yards.

22d. Attending at the Committee of the Navy about the old business of tickets, where the only expedient they have found is to bind the Commanders and Officers by oaths. The Duke of York told me how the Duke of Buckingham, after the Council the other day, did make mirth at my position, about the sufficiency of present rules in the business of tickets; and here I took occasion to desire a private discourse with the

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[1] See 22d June and 15th Dec., 1662, *ante*.

[2] At Culford, in Suffolk.

Duke of York, and he granted it to me on Friday next. This day a falling out between my wife and Deb., about a hood lost, which vexed me.

23d. Up, and all day long, except at dinner, at the Office, at work, till I was almost blind, which makes my heart sad.

24th. Up, and by water to St. James's, having, by the way, shown Symson Sir W. Coventry's chimney-pieces, in order to the making me one;[1] and there, after the Duke of York was ready, he called me to his closet; and there I did long and largely show him the weakness of our Office, and did give him advice to call us to account for our duties, which he did take mighty well, and desired me to draw up what I would have him write to the Office.[2] I did lay open the whole failings of the Office. and how it was his duty to fine them, and to find fault with them, as Admiral, especially at this time, which he agreed to, and seemed much to rely on what I said. Attended, all of us, the Duke of York, and had the hearing of Mr. Pett's business, the Master-Shipwright at Chatham, and I believe he will be put out. But here Commissioner Middleton did, among others, shew his good-nature and easiness to the Masters-Attendants, by mitigating their faults, so as, I believe, they will come in again. So home, the Duke of York staying with us till almost night.

25th. At the Office all the morning; and at noon, after dinner, to Cooper's, it being a very rainy day, and there saw my wife's picture go on, which will be very fine indeed. And so home again to my letters, and then to supper and to bed.

26th. (Lord's day.) Up; and all the morning and after dinner, the afternoon also, with W. Hewer in my closet, setting right my Tangier Accounts, which I have let alone these six months and more, but find them very right, and to my great comfort. So in the evening to walk with my wife, and to supper and to bed.

27th. To see my Lord Crewe, whom I find up; and did wait on him; but his face sore, but in hopes to do now very well again. Thence to Cooper's, where my wife's picture almost done, and mighty fine indeed. So over the water with my wife, and Deb., and Mercer, to Spring-Garden, and there sat and walked; and observe how rude some of the young gallants of the town are become, to go into people's arbours where there are not men, and almost force the women; which troubled me, to see the confidence of the vice of the age: and so we away by water, with much pleasure home.

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[1] See 14th Aug., *post.*

[2] See 27th Aug., *post.*

28th. With my wife and Deb. to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw "The Slighted Maid," but a mean play; and thence home, there being little pleasure now in a play, the company being but little. Here we saw Gosnell, who is become very homely, and sings meanly, I think, to what I thought she did.

29th. Comes Mr. Swan, my old acquaintance, and dines with me, and tells me, for a certainty, that Creed is to marry Betty Pickering, and that the thing is concluded which I wonder at, and am vexed for. I with my wife and two girls to the King's house, and saw "The Mad Couple," a mean play altogether, and thence to the Hyde Parke, where but few coaches.

30th. To White Hall. There met with Mr. May, who was giving directions about making a close way for people to go dry from the gate up into the House, to prevent their going through the galleries; which will be very good. I staid and talked with him about the state of the King's Offices in general, and how ill he is served, and do still find him an excellent person.

31st. With Mr. Ashburnham;[1] and I made him admire my drawing a thing presently in shorthand: but, God knows! I have paid dear for it, in my eyes. To the King's house, to see the first day of Lacy's "Monsieur Ragou,"[2] now new acted. The King and Court all there, and mighty merry—a farce. Thence Sir J. Minnes giving us, like a gentleman, his coach, hearing we had some business, we to the Park, and so home. Little pleasure there, there being little company, but mightily taken with a little chariot that we saw in the street, and which we are resolved to have our's like it. The month ends mighty sadly with me, my eyes being now past all use almost; and I am mighty hot upon trying the late printed[3] experiment of paper tubes.

August 1st. My wife, and Deb., and I, to the King's house again, coming too late yesterday to hear the prologue, and do like the play better now than before; and, indeed, there is a great deal of true wit in it, more than in the common sort of plays.

2d. (Lord's day.) Up, and at home all the morning, hanging and removing of some pictures, in my study and house. After dinner, I and Tom, my boy, by water up to Putney, and there heard a sermon, and many fine people in the Church. Thence walked to Barne Elmes, and there, and going and coming, did make the boy read to me several things, being now-a-days unable to read myself anything, for above two lines together, but my eyes grow weary.

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[1] William Ashburnham, the cofferer.

[2] The Old Troop; or, Monsieur Ragou, a Comedy, by John Lacey, printed in 1672, 4to.

[3] An account of these tubulous spectacles is given in *The Philosophical Transactions*, vol. iii., pp. 727–731. See *Diary*, 12th and 23d of Aug., *post.*

3d. Meeting Dr. Gibbons, carried him to the Sun taverne, in King Street, and there made him, and some friends of his, drink; among others, Captain Silas Taylor.

4th. At my Lord Arlington's, where, by Creed's being out of town, I have the trouble given me of drawing up answers to the complaints of the Turks of Algiers, and so I have all the papers put into my hand.

5th. To the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw "The Guardian;" formerly the same, I find, that was called "Cutter of Coleman Street;" a silly play. And thence to Westminster Hall, where I met Fitzgerald;[1] and with him to a tavern, to consider of the instructions for Sir Thomas Allen, against his going to Algiers; he and I being designed to go down to Portsmouth by the Council's order, to-morrow morning. So I away home, and there bespeak a coach; and so home and to bed.

6th. Waked betimes, and my wife, at an hour's warning, is resolved to go with me, which pleases me, her readiness. But before ready, comes a letter from Fitzgerald, that he is seized upon last night by an order of the General's by a file of musqueteers, and kept prisoner in his chamber. The Duke of York did tell me of it to-day: it is about a quarrel between him and Witham, and they fear a challenge: so I to him, and sent my wife by the coach round to Lambeth. I lost my labour going to his lodgings, and he in bed: and, staying a great while for him, I at last grew impatient, and would stay no longer; but to St. James's to Mr. Wren, to bid him "God be with you!" and so over the water to Fox Hall; and there my wife and Deb. took me up, and we away to Gilford, losing our way for three or four miles, about Cobham. At Gilford we dined; and I showed them the hospitall there of Bishop Abbot's,[2] and his tomb in the church, which, and the rest of the tombs there, are kept mighty clean and neat, with curtains before them. So to coach again, and got to Liphook, late over Hindhead, having an old man, a guide, in the coach with us; but got thither with great fear of being out of our way, it being ten at night. Here good, honest people; and after supper, to bed.

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[1] See 24th Sept., 1662; and 29th April, 1663.

[2] George Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury. Ob. 1633.

7th. To coach, and with a guide to Petersfield, where I find Sir Thomas Allen and Mr. Tippets[1] come; the first about the business, the latter only in respect to me; as also Fitzgerald, who came post all last night, and newly arrived here. We four sat down presently to our business, and in an hour despatched all our talk; and did inform Sir Thomas Allen well in it, who I perceive, in serious matters, is a serious man: and tells me he wishes all we are told be true, in our defence; for he finds by all that the Turks have, to this day, been very civil to our merchant-men every where; and, if they would have broke with us, they never had such an opportunity over our rich merchant-men, as lately, coming out of the Streights. Then to dinner, and pretty merry: and here was Mr. Martin, the purser, who dined with us, and wrote some things for us. And so took coach again back; Fitzgerald with us, whom I was pleased with all the day, with his discourse of his observations abroad, as being a great soldier and of long standing abroad; and knows all things and persons abroad very well—I mean, the great soldiers of France, and Spain, and Germany; and talks very well. Came at night to Gilford, where the Red Lyon so full of people, and a wedding, that the master of the house did get us a lodging over the way, at a private house, his landlord's, mighty neat and fine; and there supped: and so to bed.

8th. Met uncle Wight, whom I sent to last night, and Mr. Wight coming to see us, and I walked with them back to see my aunt at Katherine Hill, and there walked up and down the hill and places about: but a dull place, but good ayre, and the house dull. But here I saw my aunt, after many days not seeing her—I think, a year or two; and she walked with me to see my wife. And here, at the Red Lyon, we all dined together, and pretty merry, and then parted: and we home to Fox Hall, where Fitzgerald and I 'light, and by water to White Hall, where the Duke of York being abroad, I by coach and met my wife. I hear that Colbert,[2] the French Ambassador is come, and hath been at Court *incognito*. When he hath his audience, I know not.

9th. (Lord's day.) Waited on the Duke of York: and both by him and several of the Privy-Council, beyond expectation, I find that my going to Sir Thomas Allen was looked upon as a thing necessary: and I have got some advantage by it, amon them. To visit Lord Brouncker, and back to White Hall where saw the Queen and ladies; and so, with Mr. Slingsby, t Mrs. Williams's, thinking to dine with Lord Brouncker there but did not, having promised my wife to come home, thoug here I met Knipp, to my great content. So home; and, afte dinner, I took my wife and Deb. round by Hackney, and u and down to take the ayre; and then home, and made visit to Mrs. Turner, and Mrs. Mercer, and Sir W. Pen, who i come from Epsom not well, and Sir J. Minnes, who is not wel neither. And so home to supper, and to set my books a littl right, and then to bed.

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[1] John Tippet, a Surveyor of the Navy; afterwards knighted.

[2] Charles Colbert, Marquis de Croissy, brother of Jean Baptiste Colbert, the great Minister.

10th. To my Lord Arlington's house, the first time since h came thither, at Goring-House, a very fine, noble place; an there he received me in sight of several Lords with grea respect. I did give him an account of my journey; and here while I waited for him a little, my Lord Orrery took notice o me, and begun discourse of hangings, and of the improvemen of shipping: I not thinking that he knew me, but did the discover it, with a mighty compliment of my abilities an ingenuity, which I am mighty proud of; and he do speak mos excellently. To Cooper's, where I spent all the afternoo with my wife and girl, seeing him make an end of her picture which he did to my great content, though not so great as, confess, I expected, being not satisfied in the greatness of th resemblance, nor in the blue garment: but it is most certainl a most rare piece of work, as to the painting.[1] He hath £3 for his work—and the chrystal, and case, and gold case come to £8. 3*s*. 4*d*.; and which I sent him this night, that I migh be out of his debt. Home to supper, and my wife to read ridiculous book I bought to-day of the History of the Taylor Company.[2]

11th. The Parliament met long enough to adjourne to th 10th of November next. At the office all the afternoon ti night, being mightily pleased with a trial I have made of the use of a tube-spectacall of paper, tried with my right eye. This day I hear that, to the great joy of the Nonconformists, the time is out of the Act against them, so that they may meet: and they have declared that they will have a morning lecture[1] up again, which is pretty strange; and they are connived at by the King every where, I hear, in the City and country. This afternoon my wife, and Mercer, and Deb., went with Pelling to see the gypsies at Lambeth,[2] and have their fortunes told; but what they did, I did not enquire.

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[1] This miniature of Mrs. Pepys cannot be traced.

[2] The title of this book was, "The Honour of the Merchant Taylor Wherein is set forth the noble acts, valliant deeds, and heroick perform ances of Merchant Taylors in former ages; their honourable loves ar knightly adventures, their combating of foreign enemies and glorio successes in honour of the English nation; together with their pious ac and large benevolences, their building of publick structures, especially th of Blackwell Hall, to be a market-place for the selling of woollen cloath Written by William Winstanley. Lond. 1668." 8vo. With the head Sir Ralph Blackwell, with a gold chain: arms of London on the right, ar of the Merchant Taylors on the left.

12th. Captain Cocke tells me that he hears for certain the Duke of York will lose the authority of an Admiral, and be governed by a Committee: and all our Office changed; only they are in dispute whether I shall continue or no, which puts new thoughts in me, but I know not whether to be glad or sorry. Home to dinner, where Pelling dines with us, and brings some partridges, which are very good meat; and, after dinner, I, and wife, and Mercer, and Deb., to the Duke of York's house, and saw "Macbeth," to our great content, and then home, where the women went to the making of my tubes.[3] Then come Mrs. Turner and her husband to advise about their son, the Chaplain, who is turned out of his ship, a sorrow for them, which I am troubled for, and do give them the best advice I can.

13th. W. Howe dined with me, who tells me for certain that Creed is like to speed in his match with Mrs. Betty Pickering. Here dined with me also Mr. Hollier, who is mighty vain in his pretence to talk Latin.

14th. At home I find Symson, putting up my new chimney-piece,[4] in our great chamber, which is very fine, but will cost a great deal of money, but it is not flung away. I with Mr. Wren, by invitation, to Sir Stephen Fox's to dinner, where the Cofferer[5] and Sir Edward Savage;[6] where many good stories of the antiquity and estates of many families at this day in

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[1] The morning lectures at Cripplegate were of great celebrity among the Puritans. Many of them were published, forming 6 volumes in 4to, closely printed. The form of lecture, it is believed, still exists.

[2] Most probably at Norwood, in the parish of Lambeth, a place, even in our day, famous as the resort of gipsies.

[3] The paper tubes for his eyes: see 31st July, *ante*.

[4] See 24th July, *ante*.

[5] William Ashburnham.

[6] He was probably of the family of Savage, seated at Frodsham, in Cheshire; and had been attached to the Royal cause. According to Kennet, (*Chronicle*, p. 869) he married the widow of Sir Richard Smith, one of the King's privy-council.

Cheshire, and that part of the kingdom, more than what is on this side, near London. My lady [Fox] dining with us; a very good lady, and a family governed so nobly and neatly as do me good to see it. Thence the Cofferer, Sir Stephen, and I to the Commissioners of the Treasury about business: and so I up to the Duke of York, who enquired for what I had promised him, about my observations of the miscarriages of our Office; and I told him he should have it next week, being glad he called for it; for I find he is concerned to do something, and to secure himself thereby, I believe: for the world is labouring to eclipse him, I doubt; I mean, the factious part of the Parliament. The Office met this afternoon as usual, and waited on him; where, among other things, he talked a great while of his intentions of going to Dover soon, to be sworn as Lord Warden,[1] which is a matter of great ceremony and state. Spent the evening talking with my wife and piping, and pleased with our chimney-piece.

15th. After dinner with my wife, Mercer, and Deb., to the King's playhouse, and there saw "Love's Mistresse" revived, the thing pretty good, but full of variety of divertisement.

16th. (Lord's day.) All the morning at the Office with W. Hewer, there drawing up my Report to the Duke of York, as I have promised, about the faults of this Office.

17th. To Hampstead, to speak with the Attorney-general,[2] whom we met in the fields, by his old route and house; and after a little talk about our business of Ackeworth, went and saw the Lord Wotton's[3] house[4] and garden, which is wonderfull fine: too good for the house, the gardens are, being, indeed, the most noble that ever I saw, and brave orange and lemon-trees. Thence to Mr. Chichly's[1] by invitation, and there dined with Sir John, his father not coming home. And while at dinner comes by the French Ambassador Colbert's mules, the first I ever saw, with their sumpter-clothes mighty rich, and his coaches, he being to have his entry to-day: but his things, though rich, are not new; supposed to be the same his brother[2] had the other day, at the treaty at Aix-la-Chapelle, in Flanders. Thence to the Duke of York's house, and there saw "Cupid's Revenge,"[3] under the new name of "Love Despised," that hath something very good in it, though I like not the whole body of it. This day the first time acted here.

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[1] Of the Cinque Ports.

[2] Sir Geoffry Palmer, Bart. He died at his house at Hampstead, 1st May, 1670.

[3] Poliander de Kirkhoven, Lord of Denfleet, in Holland, married Katherine, widow of Henry Lord Stanhope, eldest son of Philip, Earl of Chesterfield, who died *vitâ patris*. She was one of the four daughters and co-heirs of Thomas Lord Wotton; and her son, Charles Henry Kirkhoven, here mentioned, was created Lord Wotton, of Wotton, in Kent, in 1650, by reason of his descent, and Earl of Bellomont, in Ireland in 1670. He died without issue in 1682.

[4] Belsyze House, in the parish of Hampstead, was for many years the residence of the Wood family, as lessees, under the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, in whom the property is still vested. When Pepys visited the place, it was the chief seat of Charles Henry Kirkhoven, Lord Wotton, above-mentioned. That mansion, long since pulled down, had become, in 1720, a house of public entertainment, and was much in vogue, and continued open as late as 1745. See Lysons's *Environs*, and Park's *History of Hampstead*.

18th. Alone to the Park; but there were few coaches: among the few, there were our two great beauties, my Lady Castlemaine and Richmond; the first time I saw the latter since she had the smallpox. I had much pleasure to see them, but I thought they were strange one to another.

19th. This week my people wash, over the water, and so I little company at home. Being busy above, a great cry I hear, and go down; and what should it be but Jane, in a fit of direct raving, which lasted half-an-hour. It was beyond four or five of our strength, to keep her down; and, when all come to all, a fit of jealousy about Tom, with whom she is in love. So at night, I, and my wife, and W. Hewer called them to us, and there I did examine all the thing, and them, in league. She in love, and he hath got her to promise him to marry, and he is now cold in it, so that I must rid my hands of them, which troubles me.

20th. To work till past twelve at night, that I might get my great letter to the Duke of York ready against to-morrow, which I shall do, to my great content.

21st. Up betimes, and with my people again to work, and finished all before noon: and then I by water to White Hall, and there did tell the Duke of York that I had done; and he hath desired me to come to him at Sunday next in the afternoon, to read the letter over, by which I have more time to consider and correct it. To St. James's; and by and by comes Monsieur Colbert, the French Ambassador, to make his first visit to the Duke of York, and then to the Duchess: and I saw it: a silly piece of ceremony, he saying only a few formal words. A comely man, and in a black suit and cloak of silk, which is a strange fashion, now it hath been so long left off. This day I did first see the Duke of York's room of pictures of some Maids of Honour, done by Lilly:[1] good, but not like. Thence to Reeves's, and bought a reading-glass, and so to my bookseller's again, there to buy a Book of Martyrs,[2] which I did agree for; and so away home, and there busy very late at the correcting my great letter to the Duke of York, and so to bed.

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[1] In Great Queen Street.

[2] A mistake of Pepys's. Colbert de Croissy, then in England, had been the French Plenipotentiary at Aix-la-Chapelle.

[3] By Beaumont and Fletcher.

22d. Pretty well at ease, my great letter being now finished to my full content; and I thank God I have opportunity of doing it, though I know it will set the Office and me by the ears for ever. This morning Captain Cocke comes, and tells me that he is now assured that it is true, what he told me the other day, that our whole Office will be turned out, only me, which, whether he says true or not, I know not, nor am much concerned, though I should be better contented to have it thus than otherwise. To the 'Change, and thence home, and took London-bridge in my way; walking down Fish Street, and Gracious Street, to see how very fine a descent they have now made down the hill, that it is become very easy and pleasant. Going through Leaden-Hall, it being market-day, I did see a woman catched, that had stole a shoulder of mutton off of a butcher's stall, and carrying it wrapt up in a cloth, in a basket. The jade was surprised, and did not deny it, and the woman so silly as to let her go that took it, only taking the meat.

23d. (Lord's day.) To church, and heard a good sermon of Mr. Gifford's at our church, upon "Seek ye first the kingdom of Heaven and its righteousness, and all things shall be added to you." A very excellent and persuasive, good and moral sermon. He showed, like a wise man, that righteousness is a surer moral way of being rich, than sin and villainy. After dinner to the Office, Mr. Gibson and I, to examine my letter to the Duke of York, which, to my great joy, I did very well by my paper tube, without pain to my eyes. And I do mightily like what I have therein done; and did, according to the Duke of York's order, make haste to St. James's, and about four o'clock got thither: and there the Duke of York was ready, expecting me, and did hear it all over with extraordinary content; and did give me many and hearty thanks, and in words the most expressive tell me his sense of my good endeavours, and that he would have a care of me on all occasions; and did, with much inwardness,[1] tell me what was doing, suitable almost to what Captain Cocke tells me, of designs to make alterations in the Navy; and is most open to me in them, and with utmost confidence desires my further advice on all occasions: and he resolves to have my letter transcribed, and sent forthwith to the Office. So, with as much satisfaction as I could possibly, or did hope for, and obligation on the Duke of York's side professed to me, I away into the Park, and there met Mr. Pierce and his wife, and sister and brother, and a little boy, and with them to Mulberry Garden, and spent 18*s.* on them, and there left them, she being again with child, and by it, the least pretty that ever I saw her. And so I away, and got a coach, and home, and there with my wife and W. Hewer, talking all the evening, my mind running on the business of the Office, to see what more I can do to the rendering myself acceptable and useful to all, and to the King. We to supper, and to bed.

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[1] The set of portraits known as "King Charles's Beauties," formerly in Windsor Castle, but now at Hampton Court.

[2] The Book of Martyrs was Fox's *Acts and Monuments*.

24th. My wife is upon hanging the long chamber, where the girl lies, with the sad stuff[2] that was in the best chamber, in order to the hanging that, with tapestry.

25th. Up, and by water to St. James's; and there, with Mr. Wren, did discourse about my great letter, which the Duke of York hath given him; and he hath set it to be transcribed by Billings, his man, whom, as he tells me, he can most confide in for secresy, and is much pleased with it, and earnest to have it be; and he and I are like to be much together in the considering how to reform the Office, and that by the Duke of York's command. Thence I, mightily pleased with this success, away to the Office, where all the morning, my head full of this business. And it is pretty how Lord Brouncker this day did tell me how he hears that a design is on foot to remove us out of the Office: and proposes that we two do agree to draw up a form of a new constitution of the Office, there to provide remedies for the evils we are now under, that so we may be beforehand with the world, which I agreed to, saying nothing of my design; and, the truth is, he is the best man of them all, and I would be glad, next myself, to save him; for, as he deserves best, so I doubt he needs his place most.

26th. In my way to the Old Swan,[3] finding a great many people gathered together in Cannon Street about a man that was working in the ruins, and the ground did sink under him, and he sunk in, and was forced to be dug out again, but without hurt. It is strange to say with what speed[1] the people employed do pull down Paul's steeple, and with what ease: it is said that it, and the choir are to be taken down this year, and another church begun in the room thereof, the next. Home by coach with Sir D. Gauden, who, by the way, tells me how the City do go on in several things towards the building of the public places, which I am glad to hear; and gives hope, that in a few years it will be a glorious place; but we met with several stops and troubles in the way in the streets, so as makes it bad to travel in the dark now through the City. So I to Mr. Batelier's by appointment, where I find my wife, and Deb., and Mercer; Mrs. Pierce and her husband, son, and daughter; and Knipp and Harris, and W. Batelier, and his sister Mary, and cozen Gumbleton, a good-humoured, fat young gentleman, son to the Jeweller, that dances well; and here danced all night long, with a noble supper; and about two in the morning the table spread again for a noble breakfast beyond all moderation, that put me out of countenance, so much and so good. Mrs. Pierce and her people went home betimes, she being big with child; but Knipp and the rest staid till almost three in the morning, and then broke up.

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[1] *i. e.*, intimacy. [2] Stuff of a sad colour. [3] In Upper Thames Street.

27th. Knipp home with us, and I to bed, and rose about six, mightily pleased with last night's mirth. To St. James's, and there, with Mr. Wren, did correct his copy of my letter, which the Duke of York hath signed in my very words, without alteration of a syllable.[2] And so, pleased therewith, I to my Lord Brouncker, who I find within, but hath business, and so comes not to the Office to-day. And so I by water to the Office, where we sat all the morning; and, just as the Board rises, comes the Duke of York's letter, which I knowing, and the Board not being full, and desiring rather to have the Duke of York deliver it himself to us, I suppressed it for this day, my heart beginning to falsify in this business, as being doubtful of the trouble it may give me by provoking them; but, however, I am resolved to go through it, and it is too late to help it now. At noon to dinner to Captain Cocke's, where I met with Mr. Wren; my going being to tell him what I have done, which he likes, and to confer with Cocke about our Office; who tells me that he is confident the design of removing our Officers do hold, but that he is sure that I am safe enough. So away home, and there met at Sir Richard Ford's with the Duke of York's Commissioners about our Prizes, with whom we shall have some trouble, before we make an end with them. I with my wife, and W. Batelier, and Deb.; carried them to Bartholomew Fayre, where we saw the dancing of the ropes and nothing else, it being late.

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[1] The stones fell so fast, that Pepys felt a sensation like sea-sickness! see 14th Sept., 1668, *post*.

[2] See p. 552.

28th. To White Hall, where the Duke of York did call me aside, and told me that he must speak with me in the afternoon, and with Mr. Wren, for that now he hath got the paper from my Lord Keeper[1] about the exceptions taken against the management of the Navy; and so we are to debate upon answering them. At noon I home with Sir W. Coventry to his house; and there dined with him, and talked freely with him; and did acquaint him with what I have done, which he is well pleased with, and glad of: and do tell me that there are endeavours on foot to bring the Navy into new, but, he fears, worse hands. The Duke of York fell to work with us, the Committee being gone, in the Council-chamber; and there, with his own hand, did give us his long letter, telling us that he had received several from us, and now did give us one from him, taking notice of our several doubts and failures, and desired answer to it, as he therein desired; this pleased me well; and so fell to other business, and then parted. And the Duke of York, and Wren, and I, it being now candle-light, into the Duke of York's closet in White Hall; and there read over this paper of my Lord Keeper's, wherein are laid down the faults of the Navy, so silly, and the remedies so ridiculous, or else the same that are now already provided, that we thought it not to need any answer, the Duke of York being able himself to do it: that so it makes us admire the confidence of these men to offer things so silly, in a business of such moment. But it is a most perfect instance of the complexion of the times! and so the Duke of York said himself, who, I perceive, is mightily concerned in it, and do, again and again, recommend it to Mr. Wren and me together, to consider upon remedies fit to provide for him to propound to the King, before the rest of the world, and particularly the Commissioners of Accounts, who are men of understanding and order, to find our faults, and offer remedies of their own, which I am glad of, and will endeavour to do something in it. So parted, and with much difficulty, by candle-light, walked over the matted Gallery, as it is now with the mats and boards all taken up, so that we walked over the rafters. But strange to see how hard matter the plaister of Paris is, that is there taken up, as hard as stone! And pity to see Holben's work in the ceiling blotted on, and only whited over! My wife this day with Hales, to sit for her hand to be mended, in her picture.

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[1] Sir Orlando Bridgman.

29th. Up, and all the morning at the Office, where the Duke of York's long letter[1] was read, to their great trouble, and their suspecting me to have been the writer of it. And at noon comes, by appointment, Harris to dine with me: and after dinner he and I to Chyrurgeons'-hall, where they are building it new, very fine; and there to see their theatre, which stood all the fire, and, which was our business, their great picture of Holben's,[2] thinking to have bought it, by the help of Mr. Pierce, for a little money: I did think to give £200 for it, it being said to be worth £1000; but it is so spoiled that I have no mind to it, and is not a pleasant, though a good picture. Thence carried Harris to his playhouse, where, though four o'clock, so few people there at "The Impertinents," as I went out; and do believe they did not act, though there was my Lord Arlington and his company there. So I out, and met my wife in a coach, and stopped her going thither to meet me; and took her, and Mercer, and Deb., to Bartholomew-Fair, and there did see a ridiculous, obscene little stage-play, called "Merry Andrey;"[3] a foolish thing, but seen by every body: and so to Jacob Hall's[4] dancing of the ropes; a thing worth seeing, and mightily followed. Writing to my father to-night not to unfurnish our house in the country for my sister, who is going to her own house, because I think I may have occasion myself to come thither; and so I do, by our being put out of the Office, which do not at all trouble me to think of.

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[1] A copy of this letter exists in the British Museum, Harl. MS., 6003: see 24th July, *ante*, and 29th Aug., *post*. In the Pepysian Collection are the following:—An Inquisition, by his Royal Highness the Duke of York when Lord High Admiral of England, into the Management of the Navy, 1668, with his Regulations thereon, fol. Also Mr. Pepys's Defence of the same upon an Inquisition thereunto by Parliament, 1669 fol.

[2] The picture here mentioned still adorns the Court Room at Barber Surgeons' Hall, in Monkwell Street. It represents Henry VIII. in the act of delivering their charter to the Barber Surgeons' and Surgeons' Companies, which were united in the 32d year of that King; it contains eighteen figures. The painting is considered to be one of Holbein's best works, and is in good preservation, though it may have been damaged by the Great Fire, when the Hall suffered so much as to require repair. We are not told whether the Company named any price, even if our Journalist had been inclined to the speculation. A fine print from the picture was made by B. Baron, in 1736, and it has again been engraved for Knight's *London*, which contains a very interesting account of Barbers Surgeons' Hall: the names of the persons represented by Holbein will also be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for April, 1789.

[3] Merry Andrew.

[4] See 7th April, 1668, *ante*.

30th. (Lord's day.) Walked to St. James's and Pell-Mell, and read over, with Sir W. Coventry, my long letter to the Duke of York, and which the Duke of York hath, from mine, wrote to the Board, wherein he is mightily pleased, and I perceive do put great value upon me, and did talk very openly on all matters of State, and how some people have got the bit into their mouths, meaning the Duke of Buckingham and his party, and would likely run away with all. But what pleased me mightily was to hear the good character he did give of my Lord Falmouth for his generosity, good-nature, desire of public good, and low thoughts of his own wisdom; his employing his interest in the King to do good offices to all people, without any other fault than the freedom he do learn in France of thinking himself obliged to serve his King in his pleasures: and was Sir W. Coventry's particular friend: and Sir W. Coventry do tell me very odde circumstances about the fatality of his death,[1] which are very strange.[2] Thence to White Hall to chapel, and heard the anthem, and did dine with the Duke of Albemarle, in a dirty manner as ever. All the afternoon, I sauntered up and down the house and Park. And there was a Committee for Tangier met, wherein Lord Middleton would, I think, have found fault with me for want of coles; but I slighted it, and he made nothing of it, but was thought to be drunk; and I see that he hath a mind to find fault with me and Creed, neither of us having yet applied ourselves to him about anything: but do talk of his profits and perquisites taken from him, and garrison reduced, and that it must be increased, and such things as, I fear, he will be just such another as my Lord Tiviott and the rest, to ruin that place. So I to the Park, and there walk an hour or two; and in the King's garden, and saw the Queen and ladies walk; and I did steal some apples off the trees;[3] and here did see my Lady Richmond, who is of a noble person as ever I did see, but her face worse than it was considerably by the smallpox; her sister[4] is also very handsome. Coming into the Park, and the door kept strictly, I had opportunity of handing in the little, pretty, squinting girl of the Duke of York's house, but did not make acquaintance of her; but let her go, and a little girl that was with her, to walk by themselves. So to White Hall in the evening, to the Queen's side, and there met the Duke of York; and he did tell me and Sir W. Coventry, who was with me, how the Lord Anglesey did take notice of our reading his long and sharp letter to the Board; but that it was the better, at least he said so. The Duke of York, I perceive, is earnest in it, and will have good effects of it; telling Sir W. Coventry that it was a letter that might have come from the Commissioners of Accounts, but it was better it should come first from him. I met Lord Brouncker, who, I perceive, and the rest, do smell that it comes from me, but dare not find fault with it; and I am glad of it, it being my glory and defence that I did occasion and write it. So by water home; and did spend the evening with W. Hewer, telling him how we are all like to be turned out, Lord Brouncker telling me this evening that the Duke of Buckingham did, within few hours, say that he had enough to turn us all out: which I am not sorry for at all, for I know the world will judge me to go for company; and my eyes are such as I am not able to do the business of my Office as I used, and would desire to do, while I am in it.

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[1] See 3d June, 1665, *ante*.

[2] The particulars of this prediction are recorded in a MS. in the Pepysian Collection, but the reference to it is unfortunately mislaid.

[3] Apple Tree Yard, in York Street, St. James's Square, still preserves the names of the fruit trees formerly growing there.

[4] Sophia Stuart, married to Henry Bulkeley, fourth son of Thomas, first Viscount Bulkeley, and Master of the Household to Charles II.—Collins's *Peerage*, vol. viii., p. 16, ed. 1812.

31st. To Hercules-Pillars,[1] and there dined all alone, while I sent my shoe to have the heel fastened at Wotton's. To the Duke of York's playhouse, and saw "Hamlet," which we have not seen this year before, or more; and mightily pleased with it, but, above all, with Betterton, the best part, I believe, that ever man acted. Thence to the Fayre, and saw "Polichinelle," and so home. This night lay the first night in Deb.'s chamber, which is now hung with that, that hung our great chamber, and is now a very handsome room. This day Mrs. Batelier did give my wife a mighty pretty Spaniel [Flora], which she values mightily, and is pretty. But, as a new comer, I cannot be fond of her.

September 1st. To Bartholomew Fair, and there saw several sights; among others, the mare that tells money,[2] and many things, to admiration; and, among others, come to me, when she was bid to go to him of the company, that most loved a pretty wench in a corner. And this did cost me 12*d.* to the horse, which I had flung him before, and did give me occasion to kiss a mighty *belle fille* that was exceeding plain, but *fort belle.*

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[1] In Fleet Street: see 11th October, 1660, *ante*.

[2] This is not the first learned horse of which we read. Shakespeare, *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i., sc. 2, mentions "the dancing horse," which, as may well be supposed, has led to much comment. All that can be found on the subject in general, and on Banks's bay horse in particular, is given in Reed's Shakspeare, 1813, vol. vii., pp. 24, 26.

2d. Fast-day for the burning of London, strictly observed.

3d. To my bookseller's, for "Hobbs's Leviathan,"[1] which is now mightily called for; and what was heretofore sold for 8*s.* I now give 24*s.* for, at the second hand, and is sold for 30*s.*, it being a book the Bishops will not let be printed again.

4th. At the Office all the morning; and at noon my wife, and Deb., and Mercer, and W. Hewer and I to the Fair, and there, at the old house, did eat a pig, and was pretty merry, but saw no sights, my wife having a mind to see the play "Bartholomew-Fair," with puppets. And it is an excellent play; the more I see it, the more I love the wit of it; only the business of abusing the Puritans begins to grow stale, and of no use, they being the people that, at last, will be found the wisest. And here Knipp come to us, and sat with us, and thence took coach in two coaches, and losing one another, my wife, and Knipp, and I to Hercules Pillars, and there supped, and I did take from her mouth the words and notes of her song of "the Larke," which pleases me mightily. And so set her at home, and away we home, where our company come before us. This night Knipp tells us that there is a Spanish woman lately come over, that pretends to sing as well as Mrs. Knight; both of whom I must endeavour to hear.

5th. To Mr. Hales's new house, where, I find, he hath finished my wife's hand, which is better than the other; and here I find Harris's picture,[2] done in his habit of "Henry the Fifth;"[3] mighty like a player, but I do not think the picture near so good as any yet he hath made for me: however, it is pretty well.

6th. (Lord's day.) Up betimes, and got myself ready to go by water, and about nine o'clock took boat with Henry Russell to Gravesend, coming thither about one, where, at the Ship, I dined; and thither come to me Mr. Hosier, whom I went to speak with, about several businesses of work that he is doing, and I would have him do, of writing work, for me. And I did go with him to his lodging, and there did see his wife, a pretty tolerable woman, and do find him upon an extraordinary good work of designing a method of keeping our Storekeeper's Accounts, in the Navy. Here I should have met with Mr. Wilson, but he is sick, and could not come from Chatham to me. So, having done with Hosier, I took boat again the beginning of the flood, and come home by nine at night, with much pleasure, it being a fine day. Going down I spent reading of the "Five Sermons of Five Several Styles,"[1] worth comparing one with another; but I do think, when all is done, that, contrary to the design of the book, the Presbyterian style and the Independant are the best of the five sermons to be preached; and this I do, by the best of my present judgement, think. My boy was with me, and read to me all day, and we sang a while together, and so home to supper a little, and so to bed.

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[1] *Leviathan*, by Thomas Hobbes, of Malmesbury, published in 1651. It was reprinted in 1680, with its old date. All Hobbes's works have been printed in 1839, under the editorial care of Sir William Molesworth.

[2] See *ante*, 22d July, 1663.

[3] In Lord Orrery's play.

7th. With my Lord Brouncker, (who was this day in an unusual manner merry, I believe with drink) J. Minnes, and W. Pen to Bartholomew-Fair; and there saw the dancing mare again, which, to-day, I find to act much worse than the other day, she forgetting many things, which her master beat her for, and was mightily vexed; and then the dancing of the ropes, and also the little stage-play, which is very ridiculous.

8th. Up; and by water to White Hall, and to St. James's, there to talk a little with Mr. Wren about the private business we are upon, in the Office, where he tells me he finds that they all suspect me to be the author of the great letter,[2] which I value not, being satisfied that it is the best thing I could ever do for myself; and so, after some discourse of this kind more, I back to the Office, and there all the morning; and after dinner to it again, all the afternoon, and very late, and then home to supper, where met W. Batelier and Betty Turner, and, after some talk with them, and supper, we to bed. This day, I received so earnest an invitation again from Roger Pepys, to come to Sturbridge-Fair [at Cambridge], that I resolved to let my wife go, which she shall do the next week.

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[1] By Abraham Wright, Fellow of St. John's Coll., Oxford, afterwards Vicar of Oakham, who died in 1690. The title is, "Five Sermons, in Five several Styles, or Waies of Preaching. First, in Bp. Andrews, his *way;* before the late King upon the first day of Lent. Second, in Bp. Hall's *way;* before the clergie at the author's own ordination in Christ Church, Oxford. Third, in Dr. Maine's and Mr. Cartwright's *way;* before the University at St. Marie's, Oxford. Fourth, in the Presbyterian *way;* before the Citie, at St. Paul's, London. Fifth, in the Independent *way;* never preached. . . . Printed for Edw. Archer, 1656." Wood says, "The chief end in printing these sermons, was, first, to show the difference between the University and City breeding up of preachers, and to let the people know that any one that hath been bred a scholar is able to preach any way to the capacity and content of an auditory. And, secondly, that can do this, but they only that have had such education: yet, notwithstanding, ordinary capacities are more taken with cloak and laymen's preaching than that of the gown."

[2] See from 21st to 27th August, 1668, *ante.*

9th. To the Duke of Richmond's lodgings by his desire, by letter, yesterday. I find him at his lodgings in the little building in the bowling-green, at White Hall, that was begun to be built by Captain Rolt.[1] They are fine rooms. I did hope to see his lady; but she, I hear, is in the country. His business was about his yacht, and he seems a mighty good-natured man, and did presently write me a warrant for a doe from Cobham, when the season comes, buck season being past. I shall make much of this acquaintance, that I may live to see his lady near. Thence to Westminster, to Sir R. Long's Office:[2] and, going, met Mr. George Montagu, who talked and complimented me mightily; and long discourse I had with him, who, for news, tells me for certain that Trevor do come to be Secretary at Michaelmas, and that Morrice goes out, and he believes, without my compensation. He tells me that now Buckingham do rule all; and the other day, in the King's journey he is now on, at Bagshot, and that way, he caused Prince Rupert's horses to be turned out of an inne, and caused his own to be kept there, which the Prince complained of to the King, and the Duke of York seconded the complaint; but the King did overrule it for Buckingham, by which there are high displeasures among them; and Buckingham and Arlington rule all. To White Hall, where Brouncker, W. Pen, and I attended the Commissioners of the Treasury about the victualling-contract, where high words between Sir Thomas Clifford and us, and myself more particularly, who told him that something, that he said was told him about this business, was a flat untruth. However, we went on to our business in the examination of the draught, and so parted, and I vexed at what happened.

10th. There dined with me Batelier and his wife, and Mercer, and my people, at a good venison-pasty; and after dinner I and W. Howe, who come to see me, by water to the Temple, and met our four women, my wife, W. Batelier, Mercer, and Deb., at the Duke's play-house, and there saw "The Maid in

[1] See 11th Dec., 1667, *ante*.

[2] At the Exchequer, of which he was Auditor.

the Mill," revived—a pretty, harmless old play. I to the office, where a child is laid at Sir J. Minnes's door, as there was one heretofore. Thence to Unthanke's, and 'Change, where wife did a little business, while Mercer and I staid in the coach; and, in a quarter of an hour, I taught her the whole Larke's song perfectly, so excellent an eare she hath. Here we at Unthanke's 'light, and walked them to White Hall, my wife mighty angry at it, and did give me ill words before Batelier, which vexed me, but I made no matter of it, but vexed to myself. So landed them, it being fine moonshine, at the Bear,[1] and so took water to the other side, and home.

12th. To the Office, where till noon, and I did see great whispering among my brethren about their replies to the Duke of York, which vexed me, though I know no occasion for it; for I have no manner of ground to fear them. At noon home to dinner, and, after dinner, to work all the afternoon again. At home late, and so to bed.

13th. (Lord's day.) By coach to St. James's, and met, to my wish, the Duke of York and Mr. Wren; and understand the Duke of York hath received answers from Brouncker, W. Pen, and J. Minnes; and as soon as he saw me, he bid Mr. Wren read them over with me. So having no opportunity of talk with the Duke of York, and Mr. Wren some business to do, he put them into my hands like an idle companion, to take home with me before himself had read them, which do give me great opportunity of altering my answer, if there was cause. After supper, made my wife to read them all over, wherein she is mighty useful to me; and I find them all evasions, and in many things false, and in few, to the full purpose. Little said reflective on me, though W. Pen and J. Minnes do mean me in one or two places, and J. Minnes a little more plainly would lead the Duke of York to question the exactness of my keeping my records; but all to no purpose. My mind is mightily pleased by this, if I can but get time to have a copy taken of them, for my future use; but I must return them to-morrow. So to bed.

14th. Up betimes, and walked to the Temple, and stopped, viewing the Exchange, and Paul's, and St. Fayth's, where strange how the very sight of the stones falling from the top of the steeple do make me sea-sick! But no hurt, I hear, hath yet happened in all this work of the steeple, which is very much. So from the Temple I by coach to St. James's, where

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[1] At the foot of London Bridge, pulled down Dec. 1761: see 21st Sept., *post*.

I find Sir W. Pen and Lord Anglesey, who delivered this morning his answer to the Duke of York, but I could not see it. But after being above with the Duke of York, I down with Mr. Wren; and he and I read all over that I had, and I expounded them to him, and did so order it that I had them home with me, so that I shall, to my heart's wish, be able to take a copy of them. After dinner, I by water to White Hall; and there, with the Cofferer[1] and Sir Stephen Fox, attended the Commissions of the Treasury, about bettering our fund; and are promised it speedily.

15th. Up mighty betimes, my wife and people, Mercer lying here all night, by three o'clock, and I about five; and they before, and I after them, to the coach in Bishopsgate Street, which was not ready to set out. So took wife and Mercer and Deb. and W. Hewer, who are all to set out this day for Cambridge, to cozen Roger Pepys's, to see Sturbridge Fayre; and I showed them the Exchange, which is very finely carried on, with good dispatch. So walked back and saw them gone, there being only one man in the coach besides them; and so home to the Office. To the King's playhouse, to see a new play, acted but yesterday, a translation out of French by Dryden, called "The Lady's à la Mode:"[2] so mean a thing as, when they came to say it would be acted again to-morrow, both he that said it, Beeson,[3] and the pit fell a-laughing, there being this day not a quarter of the pit full.

16th. Walking it to the Temple, and in my way observe that the Stockes[4] are now pulled quite down; and it will make the coming into Cornhill and Lumberd Street mighty noble. I stopped, too, at Paul's, and there did go into St. Fayth's Church, and also in the body of the west part of the Church; and do see a hideous sight of the walls of the Church ready to fall, that I was in fear as long as I was in it: and here I saw the great vaults underneath the body of the Church. No hurt, I hear, is done yet, since their going to pull down the Church and steeple; but one man, one Mound, this week fell from the top of the roof, of the east end, that stands next the steeple, and there broke himself all to pieces. It is pretty here to see how the late Church was but a case wrought over the old Church; for you may see the very old pillars standing whole within the wall of this. When I come to St. James's, I find the Duke of York gone with the King to see the muster of the Guards in Hyde Park; and their Colonel, the Duke of Monmouth, to take his command this day of the King's Life-Guard, by surrender of my Lord Gerard. So I took a hackney-coach, and saw it all: and indeed it was mighty noble, and their firing mighty fine, and the Duke of Monmouth in mighty rich clothes: but the well-ordering of the men I understand not. Here, among a thousand coaches that were there, I saw and spoke to Mrs. Pierce: and by and by Mr. Wren hunts me out, and gives me my Lord Anglesey's answer to the Duke of York's letter, where, I perceive, he do do what he can to hurt me, by bidding the Duke of York call for my books: but this will do me all the right in the world, and yet I am troubled at it. So away out of the Park, and home; and there Mr. Gibson and I to dinner: and all the afternoon with him, writing over anew, and a little altering, my answer to the Duke of York, which I have not yet delivered, and so have the opportunity of doing it after seeing all their answers, though this do give me occasion to alter very little. This done, he to write it over, and I to the Office, where late, and then home; and he had finished it; and then he to read to me the Life of Archbishop Laud,[1] wrote by Dr. Heylin; which is a shrewd book, but that which I believe will do the Bishops in general no great good, but hurt, it pleads for so much Popish. This day my father's letters tell me of the death of poor Fancy in the country, big with puppies, which troubles me, as being one of my oldest acquaintances and servants. Also good Stankes is dead.

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[1] William Ashburnham.

[2] No play called "The Ladies à la Mode" has been traced in 1668, or in any earlier or later year. A comedy entitled "Love à la Mode" was brought out very soon after the Restoration, but it was anonymous. Pepys is believed to be the only authority for attributing the piece to Dryden, who possibly had a hand in it, but did not print the play, on account of its ill success. A comedy, named "Damoyselles à la Mode," and printed in 1667, 8vo., is mentioned by Langbaine, p. 56, as written by Richard Flecknoe, and dedicated to the Duchess of Newcastle; but it does not appear to have ever been acted, though, in point of title and date, it comes very near what is wanted.

[3] Probably Beeston, who had been Manager of the Cockpit Theatre.

[4] The Stocks Market took its name from a pair of stocks erected near this spot. See 10th Dec., 1660, *ante*. About 1675, Sir Robert Viner purchased an equestrian statue of John Sobieski trampling down the Turk; which, when it had undergone some necessary alterations, he erected in Stocks Market as Charles II. trampling on Oliver Cromwell. The Mansion House now stands on the site. About 1737, the statue was presented to Robert Viner, the lineal representative of the convivial Lord Mayor, and the market transferred to the space gained by covering over the Fleet

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Ditch. This Fleet Market has, in its turn, given place to Farringdon Street.

[1] *Cyprianus Anglicus; or*, *The Life and Death of Archbishop Laud*, by Peter Heylin, D.D.

17th. At noon comes Knipp, with design to dine with Lord Brouncker, but she being undressed, and there being much company, dined with me; and after dinner I out with her, and carried her to the playhouse; and in the way did give her five guineas as a fairing, I having giving her nothing a great while, and her coming hither sometimes having been matter of cost to her. So to the King's playhouse, and saw "Rollo, Duke of Normandy,"[1] which, for old acquaintance, pleased me pretty well. This evening Batelier comes to tell me that he was going down to Cambridge to my company, to see the Fair, which vexed me, and the more because I fear he do know that Knipp did dine with me to-day.[2]

18th. To St. James's, and there took a turn or two in the Park; and then up to the Duke of York, and there had opportunity of delivering my answer to his late letter, which he did not read, but give to Mr. Wren, as looking on it as a thing I needed not have done, but only that I might not give occasion to the rest to suspect my communication with the Duke of York against them. So now I am at rest in that matter, and shall be more, when my copies are finished of their answers. To White Hall, and thither comes the Duke of York to us, where I find him somewhat sour, and particularly angry with Lord Anglesey for his not being there now, nor at other times. To the King's house, and saw a piece of "Henry the Fourth," at the end of the play, thinking to have gone abroad with Knipp, but it was too late, and she to get her part against to-morrow, in "The Silent Woman," and so I only set her at home, and away home.

19th. To the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Silent Woman;" the best comedy, I think, that ever was wrote: and sitting by Shadwell[3] the poet, he was big with admiration of it. Here was my Lord Brouncker and W. Pen and their ladies in the box, being grown mighty kind of a sudden; but, God knows, it will last but a little while, I dare swear. Knipp did her part mighty well.[4] And so home straight, and to write, and particularly to my cozen Roger, who, W. Hewer and my wife writes me, do use them with mighty plenty and noble entertainment: so to supper, and to bed. All the news now is, that Mr. Trevor is for certain to be Secretary, in Morrice's place, which the Duke of York did himself tell me yesterday; and also that

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[1] By John Fletcher.

[2] And that he might tell Mrs. Pepys.

[3] Thomas Shadwell, the dramatic writer. Ob. 1692.

[4] She played the Silent Woman. See Downes's *Roscius Anglicanus*, p. 4, 1708.

Parliament is to be adjourned to the 1st of March, which do please me well, hoping thereby to get my things in a little better order than I should have done; and the less attendances at that end of the town in winter.

20th. (Lord's day.) To church, and heard a dull sermon of Dr. Hicks who is a suitor to Mrs. Howell, the widow of our turner of the Navy; and thence home to dinner, staying till past one o'clock for Harris, whom I invited, and to bring Shadwell the poet with him; but they came not, and so a good dinner lost, through my own folly. And so to dinner alone, having since church heard the boy read over Dryden's Reply to Sir R. Howard's Answer, about his Essay of Poesy, and a letter[1] in answer to that; the latter whereof is mighty silly, in behalf of Howard. To visit Mrs. Pierce, with whom, and him, I staid a little while, and do hear how the Duchesse of Monmouth is at this time in great trouble of the shortness of her lame leg, which is likely to grow shorter and shorter, that she will never recover[2] it. So back, and walked in Gray's Inn walks a while, but little company; and so over the fields to Clerkenwell, to see whether I could find that the fair Botelers[3] do live there still, I seeing Frances the other day in a coach with Cary Dillon,[4] her old servant, but know not where she lives.

21st. To St. James's, and there the Duke of York did of his own accord come to me, and tell me that he had read, and do like of, my answers to the objections which he did give me the other day, about the Navy; and so did Sir W. Coventry too, who told me that the Duke of York had shown him them. To Southwarke-Fair, very dirty, and there saw the puppet-show of Whittington, which was pretty to see; and how that idle thing do work upon people that see it, and even myself too! And thence to Jacob Hall's dancing on the ropes, where I saw such action as I never saw before, and mightily worth seeing; and here took acquaintance with a fellow that carried me to a tavern, whither come the musick of this booth, and by and by Jacob Hall himself, with whom I had a mind to speak, to hear whether he had ever any mischief by falls in his time. He told me, "Yes, many, but never to the breaking of a limb:" he seems a mighty strong man. So giving them a bottle or two of wine, I away with Payne, the waterman. He, seeking me at the play, did get a link to light me, and so light me to the Beare,[1] where Bland, my waterman, waited for me with gold and other things he kept for me, to the value of £40 and more, which I had about me, for fear of my pockets being cut. So by link-light through the bridge, it being mighty dark, but still weather, and so home, where I find my draught of "The Resolution" come, finished, from Chatham; but will cost me, one way or other, above £12 or £13, in the board, frame, and garnishing, which is a little too much, but I will not be beholden to the King's officers that do it. This day I met Mr. Moore in the New Exchange, and had much talk of my Lord's concernments. This day also came out first the new five-pieces in gold, coined by the Guiny Company;[2] and I did get two pieces of Mr. Holder.

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[1] "A letter from a Gentleman to the Honourable Ed. Howard, Esq., occasioned by a Civiliz'd Epistle of Mr. Dryden's before his Second Edition of his Indian Emperour. In the Savoy, printed by Thomas Newcomb, 1668." The "Civiliz'd Epistle," was a caustic attack on Sir Robert Howard; and the Letter is signed, "Sir, your faithful and humble servant, R.F."—*i.e.*, Richard Flecknoe.—*Gent.'s Mag.*, for Dec, 1850, p. 59.

[2] See 9th and 15th May, and 15th July, 1668, *ante*.

[3] Or Butlers: see 18th June, 24th July, 4th Aug., 1660; 23d June, 11th Aug., 1661; 31st Dec., 1662; 27th March, 2d Oct., 1664; 19th April, 1665.

[4] Cary Dillon was the youngest son of Robert, second Earl of Roscommon, by his third wife, Anne, daughter of Sir William Stroud, of Stoake, in Somersetshire, and widow of Henry, Lord Folliott, of Ballyshannon. He is the Colonel Dillon before mentioned by Pepys, and who had killed Colonel Giles Rawlins in a duel. See 19th Aug., 1662, (where the note is in error.) He afterwards held several posts under Charles II., and James II., and upon the death, in 1684, of his nephew, the poet, he succeeded as fifth Earl of Roscommon. He married, not Frances Boteler, but Katherine, daughter of John Werden, of Chester, and sister of Major-General Robert Werden, (before mentioned,) Groom of the Bedchamber to the Duke of York, and Comptroller of his Household when King. Lord Roscommon died 25th Nov., 1689.

22d. To the Office, where sitting all the morning: at noon, home to dinner, with my people, and so to the Office again, where busy all the afternoon, and in the evening spent my time walking in the dark, in the garden, to favour my eyes, which I find nothing but ease do help. In the garden there comes to me my Lady Pen and Mrs. Turner and Markham, and we sat and talked together, and I carried them home, and there eat a bit of something, and by and by comes Sir W. Pen, and eat with us, and mighty merry—in appearance, at least, he being on all occasions glad to be at friendship with me, though we hate one another, and know it on both sides. This day Mr. Wren did give me, at the Board, Commissioner Middleton's answer to the Duke of York's great letter; so that now I have all of them.

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[1] See 10th Sept., 1668, *ante.*

[2] Guineas took their name from the gold brought from Guinea, by the African Company, who, as an encouragement to bring over gold to be coined, were permitted, by their charter from Charles II., to have their stamp of an elephant upon the coin. There were likewise five-pound pieces, like the guinea, with the inscription upon the rim, like the crown piece.

23d. At noon comes Mr. Evelyn to me, about some business with the Office, and there in discourse tells me of his loss, to the value of £500, which he hath met with, in a late attempt of making of bricks[1] upon an adventure with others, by which he presumed to have got a great deal of money: so that I see the most ingenious men may sometimes be mistaken. To White Hall, to attend the Commissioners of the Treasury with Alderman Backewell, about £10,000 he is to lend us for Tangier.

25th. W. Batelier with me, who is lately come from Impington, beyond which I perceive he went not, whatever his pretence at first was; and so he tells me how well and merry all are there, and how nobly used by my cozen. The Duke of York did tell me how —— Clifford is for Child, and for removing of old Officers, he saying plainly to-night, that though D. Gauden was a man that had done the best service that he believed any man, or any ten men, could have done, yet that it was for the King's interest not to let it lie too long in one hand, lest nobody should be able to serve him but one. But the Duke of York did openly tell him that he was not for removing of old servants that have done well, neither in this place, nor in any other place, which is very nobly said.

26th. Could sleep but little last night, for my concernments in this business of the victualling, for Sir D. Gauden, and he comes to me, and there I did tell him all, and give him my advice, and so he away. To Charing Cross, and there into the great new Ordinary,[2] by my Lord Mulgrave's,[3] being led thither by Mr. Beale, one of Oliver's, and now of the King's Guards; and he sat with me while I had two quilted pigeons, very handsome and good meat: and there he and I talked of our old acquaintances, W. Clerke and others, he being a very civil man, and so parted. To White Hall, and there attended the King and Council. I present, and then withdrew; and they spent two hours at least afterwards about it, and at last rose; and to my great content, the Duke of York, at coming out, told me that it was carried for D. Gauden at 6*d.*, 8*d.*, and 8¾*d.*; but with great difficulty, I understand, both from him and others, so much that Sir Edward Walker told me that he prays to God he may never live to need to plead his merit, for D. Gauden's sake; for that it hath stood him in no stead in this business at all, though both he and all the world that speaks of him, speaks of him as the most deserving man of any servant of the King's, of the whole nation, and so I think he is: but it is done, and my heart is glad at it. To my house, where D. Gauden did talk a little, and he do mightily acknowledge my kindness to him, and I know I have done the King and myself good service in it. This noon I went to my Lady Peterborough's house, and talked with her about the money due to her Lord, and it gives me great trouble, her importunity and impertinency about it. This afternoon at Court I met with Lord Hinchingbroke, newly come out of the country, who tells me that Creed's business[1] with Mrs. Pickering will do, which I am neither troubled nor glad at.

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[1] Evelyn seems to allude to this speculation, when he records that "Sir John Kiviet came to article with me about his brickwork."—*Diary*, 7th September, 1667.

[2] The Swan tavern.

[3] John Sheffield, third Earl of Mulgrave, afterwards created Marquis and Duke of Normanby and Buckinghamshire. He was succeeded by his only son, Edmund, with whom all the honours became extinct, in 1737.

27th. (Lord's day.) To White Hall, calling in at Somerset House Chapel, and there did hear a little masse: and so to White Hall; and there the King being gone to Chapel, I to walk all the morning in the Park, where I met Mr. Wren; and he and I walked together in the Pell-Mell, it being most summer weather that ever was seen: and here talking of several things: of the corruption of the Court, and how unfit it is for ingenuous men, and himself particularly, to live in it, where a man cannot live but he must spend money, and cannot get it suitably, without breach of his honour: and he did thereupon tell me of the basest thing of my Lord Barkeley that ever was heard of any man, which was this:—how the Duke of York's Commissioners do let his wine-licenses at a bad rate, and being offered a better, they did persuade the Duke of York to give some satisfaction to the former to quit it, and let it to the latter, which being done, my Lord Barkeley did make the bargain for the former to have £1500 a-year to quit it; whereof, since, it is come to light that they were to have but £800 and himself £700, which the Duke of York hath ever since for some years paid, though the second bargain hath been broken, and the Duke of York lost by it, half of what the first was. He told me that there had been a seeming accommodation between the Duke of York and the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Arlington, the two latter desiring it; but yet that there is not true agreement between them, but they do labour to bring in all new creatures into play, and the Duke of York do oppose it. Thence, he gone, I to the Queen's Chapel, and there heard some good singing; and so to White Hall, and saw the King and Queen at dinner: and thence with Sir Stephen Fox to dinner; and the Cofferer[1] with us; and there mighty kind usage, and good discourse. Thence spent all the afternoon walking in the Park, and then in the evening at Court, on the Queen's side; and there met Mr. Godolphin,[2] who tells me that the news is true we heard yesterday, of my Lord Sandwich's being come to Mount's-Bay, in Cornwall. This night, in the Queen's drawing-room, my Lord Brouncker told me the difference that is now between the three Ambassadors here, the Venetian,[3] French,[4] and Spaniard;[5] the third not being willing to make a visit to the first, because he would not receive him at the door; who is willing to give him as much respect as he did to the French, who was used no otherwise, and who refuses now to take more of him, upon being desired thereto, in order to the making an accommodation in this matter.

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[1] Their marriage, which took place soon after.

28th. Knipp's maid comes to me, to tell me that the women's[6] day at the playhouse is to-day, and that therefore I must be there, to encrease their profit. I did give the pretty maid Betty[7] that comes to me, half-a-crown for coming, and had a kiss or two—*elle* being mighty *jolie.* By water to St. James's, and there had good opportunity of speaking with the Duke of York, who desires me again, talking on that matter, to prepare something for him to do for the better managing of our Office, telling me that, my Lord Keeper and he talking about it yesterday, my Lord Keeper did advise him to do so, it being better to come from him than otherwise, which I have promised to do. Thence to my Lord Burlington's house,[8] the first time I ever was there, it being the house built by Sir John Denham, next to Clarendon House; and here I visited my Lord Hinchingbroke and his lady; Mr. Sidney Montagu being last night come to town unexpectedly from Mount's-Bay, where he left my Lord well, eight days since, so as we now hourly expect to hear of his arrival at Portsmouth. Sidney is mighty grown; and I am glad I am here to see him at his first coming, though it cost me dear, for here I come to be necessitated to supply them with £500 for my Lord.[1] He sent him up with a declaration to his friends, of the necessity of his being presently supplied with £2000; but I do not think he will get £1000: however, I think it becomes my duty to my Lord to do something extraordinary in this, and the rather because I have been remiss in writing to him during this voyage, more than ever I did in my life, and more indeed than was fit for me. By and by comes Sir W. Godolphin to see Mr. Sidney, who, I perceive, is much dissatisfied that he should come to town last night, and not yet be with my Lord Arlington, who, and all the town, hear of his being come, and he did, it seems, take notice of it to Godolphin this morning: so that I perceive this remissness in affairs do continue in my Lord's managements still, which I am sorry for; but, above all, to see in what a condition my Lord is for money, that I dare swear he do not know where to take up £500 of any man in England at this time, upon his word, but of myself, as I believe by the sequel hereof it will appear. Here I first saw and saluted my Lady Burlington,[2] a very fine-speaking lady, and a good woman, but old, and not handsome; but a brave woman. Here my Lady Hinchingbroke tells me that she hath bought most of the wedding-clothes for Mrs. Pickering, so that the thing[3] is gone through, and will soon be ended. Here I also, standing by a candle that was brought for sealing a letter, do set my periwigg a-fire, which made such an odd noise, nobody could tell what it was till they saw the flame, my back being to the candle. To my vintner's, and there did only look upon his wife, which is mighty handsome; and so to my glove and ribbon shop, in Fenchurch Street, and did the like there. And there, stopping against the door of the shop, saw Mrs. Horsfall,[4] now a widow, in a coach: I to her, and shook her by the hand, and so she away; and I by coach to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The City Match,"[5] not acted these thirty years, and but a silly play: the King and

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[1] William Ashburnham.

[2] Sidney Godolphin.

[3] Pietro Mocenigo, of whose entry into London, on the 17th September, 1668, an account is given in Evelyn's *Diary*, and in Bp. Kennett's *Complete History*, vol. vi., 271. A MS. copy of his relation of his embassy is in the British Museum. He was afterwards Ambassador to Rome.

[4] Charles Colbert: see 8th August, 1668, *ante.*

[5] Count de Dona.

[6] Their benefit.

[7] See 16th May, 1668.

[8] In Piccadilly: it still preserves its name. The house was probably built by Sir John Denham for Lord Burlington, from what is stated, 20th Feb., 1664–5, *ante.*

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[1] See Pepys's letter to Lord Sandwich on this subject, in the Correspondence, 29th September, 1668.

[2] Elizabeth, sole daughter and heir to Henry Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, wife of Richard Boyle, first Earl of Burlington. All the estates of these families came to the Cavendish family by the marriage of William, fourth Duke of Devonshire, with Lady Charlotte Boyle, heiress of Richard, last Earl of Burlington and Cork. The title of Burlington was revived for her son, Lord George Cavendish, grandfather of the present Earl of Burlington.

[3] The marriage with Creed.

[4] Probably the same as Mrs. Horsfield: see 18th May, 1668.

[5] A comedy, by Jasper Maine, D.D.

Court there; the house, for the women's sake, mighty full. So I to White Hall, and there all the evening on the Queen's side; and it being a most summer-like day, and a fine warm evening, the Italians came in a barge under the leads, before the Queen's drawing-room; and so the Queen and ladies went out, and heard them, for almost an hour: and the singing was indeed very good together; but yet there was but one voice that alone did appear considerable, and that was Signor Joanni.[1] This done, by and by they went in: and here I saw Mr. Sidney Montagu kiss the Queen's hand, who was mighty kind to him, and the ladies looked mightily on him; and the King came by and by, and did talk to him. So I away by coach with Alderman Backewell home, who is mighty kind to me, more than ordinary, in his expressions. But I do hear this day what troubles me, that Sir W. Coventry is quite out of play, the King seldom speaking to him; and that there is a design of making a Lord Treasurer, and that my Lord Arlington shall be the man; but I cannot believe it. But yet the Duke of Buckingham hath it in his mind, and those with him, to make a thorough alteration in things; and, among the rest, Coventry to be out. The Duke of York did this day tell me how hot the whole party was in the business of Gauden; and particularly, my Lord Anglesey tells me, the Duke of Buckingham, for Child against Gauden; but the Duke of York did stand stoutly to it.

29th. (Tuesday. Michaelmas day.) Up, and to the Office, where all the morning.

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October 11th.[2] To church, where I find Parson Mills come to town and preached, and the Church full, most people being now come home to town, though the season of year is as good as summer, in all respects. At noon dined at home with my wife, all alone. At night comes Mr. Turner and his wife, and there they tell me that Mr. Harper is dead at Deptford, and so now all his and my care is, how to secure his being Storekeeper in his stead; and here they and their daughter, and a kinswoman that come along with them, did sup with me, and pretty merry.

[1] Probably Giovanni B. Draghi: see 12th Feb., 1666–7.

[2] In this part of the *Diary*, no entry occurs for thirteen days, though there are several pages left blank. During the interval, Pepys went into the country, as he subsequently mentions his having been at Saxham, in Suffolk, during the King's visit to Lord Crofts, which took place at this time (see Oct. 23d, *post*). He might also probably have gone to Impington, to fetch his wife, whom we find dining at her home on the 11th October. At all events, the pages left blank were never filled up.

12th. Up, and with Mr. Turner to White Hall, to enquire when the Duke of York will be in town, in order to Mr. Turner's going down to Audley End,[1] about his place; and here I met in St. James's Park with one that told me that the Duke of York would be in town to-morrow. I did stop my intentions of going to the Court, also this day, about securing Mr. Turner's place of Petty-purveyor to Mr. Hater. Meeting a gentleman of my Lord Middleton's looking for me about the payment of the £1000 lately ordered to his Lord, in advance of his pay, which shall arise upon his going Governor to Tangier, I did go to his Lord's lodgings, and there spoke the first time with him, and find him a shrewd man, but a drinking man, I think, as the world says; but a man that hath seen much of the world, and is a Scot. I offered him my service, though I can do him little; but he sends his man home with me, where I made him stay, till I had gone to Sir W. Pen, to bespeak him about Mr. Hater, who, contrary to my fears, did appear very friendly, to my great content; for I was afraid of his appearing for his man Burroughs. But he did not; but did declare to me afterwards his intentions to desire an excuse in his own business, to be eased of the business of Comptroller, his health not giving him power to stay always in town, but he must go into the country. Home, where I find Sir H. Cholmly come to town; and is come hither to see me: and he is a man that I love mightily, as being, of a gentleman, the most industrious that ever I saw. He staid with me awhile talking, and telling me his obligations to my Lord Sandwich, which I was glad of; and that the Duke of Buckingham is now chief of all men in this kingdom, which I knew before; and that he do think the Parliament will hardly ever meet again; which is a great many men's thoughts, and I shall not be sorry for it. I home, and there to dinner, and Mr Pelling with us; and thence my wife and Mercer, and W. Hewer and Deb., to the King's playhouse, and afterwards by water with them, and there we did hear the Eunuch, who, it seems, is a Frenchman, but long bred in Italy, sing, which I seemed to take as new to me, though I saw him on Saturday last, but said nothing of it; but such action and singing I could never have imagined to have heard, and do make good whatever Tom Hill used to tell me. Here we met with Mr. Batelier and his sister, and so they home with us in two coaches, and there at my house staid and supped, and this night my bookseller Shrewsbury comes, and brings my books of Martyrs, and I did pay him for them, and did this nigh make the young women before supper to open all the volumes for me. Read a ridiculous nonsensical book set out by Will Pen[1] for the Quakers; but so full of nothing but nonsense, that I was ashamed to read in it.

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[1] Her Majesty, attended by several ladies of the Court, left Whitehall for Audley End, on the 6th October, where his Majesty was expected, after having divertised himself at Newmarket. The Court remained at Audley End till the 14th.—*The London Gazette*, No. 302.

13th. With my Lord Brouncker, and did get his ready assent to T. Hater's having of Mr. Turner's place, and so Sir J Minnes's also: but when we come to sit down at the Board comes to us Mr. Wren this day to town, and tells me that James Southern do petition the Duke of York for the Storekeeper's place of Deptford, which did trouble me much, and also the Board, though, upon discourse, after he was gone, we did resolve to move hard for our Clerks, and that places of preferment may go according to seniority and merit. After doing some business I with Mr. Turner to the Duke of Albemarle's at night; and there did speak to him about his appearing to Mr. Wren as a friend to Mr. Turner, which he did take kindly from me; and so away thence, well pleased with what we had now done, and so I with him home, stopping at my Lord Brouncker's and getting his hand to a letter I wrote to the Duke of York for T. Hater. At my Lord Middleton's, to give him an account o what I had done this day, with his man, at Alderman Backe well's, about the getting of his £1000 paid;[2] and here he did take occasion to discourse about the business of the Dutch war, which, he says, he was always an enemy to; and did discourse well of it, I saying little, but pleased to hear him talk and to see how some men may by age come to know much and yet by their drinking and other pleasures render themselves not very considerable. I did this day find by discourse with somebody, that this nobleman was the great Major-Genera Middleton, that was of the Scots army, in the beginning of the late war against the King.

14th. To White Hall, and there walked to St. James's, where I find the Court mighty full, it being the Duke of York's birth day; and he mighty fine, and all the musick, one after another, to my great content. Here I met with Sir H. Cholmly; and he and I to walk, and to my Lord Barkeley's new house,[1] there to see a new experiment of a cart, which, by having two little wheeles fastened to the axle-tree, is said to make it go with half the ease and more, than another cart; but we did not see the trial made. To St. James's, and there met my brethren; but the Duke of York being gone out, and to-night being a play there, and a great festival, we would not stay, but went all of us to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Faythful Shepherdess" again, that we might hear the French Eunuch sing, which we did, to our great content, though I do admire his action as much as his singing, being both beyond all I ever saw or heard.

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[1] Penn's first work, entitled "Truth exalted, in a short but sur testimony against all those religions, faiths, and worships, that have bee formed and followed, in the darkness of apostacy; and for that gloriou light which is now risen, and shines forth, in the life and doctrine of th despised Quakers . . . by W. Penn, whom divine love constrains, in hol contempt, to trample on Egypt's glory, not fearing the King's wrath, havin beheld the Majesty of Him who is invisible."

[2] It was probably for this payment that the tally was obtained, the los of which caused Pepys so much anxiety: see 26th Nov., 1668 *post*.

15th. After dinner, my wife and I and Deb. out by coach to the upholsterer's in Long Lane, Alderman Reeves's, and then to Alderman Crow's, to see variety of hangings, and were mightily pleased therewith; and at last I think we shall pitch upon the best suit of Apostles, where three pieces for my room will come to almost £80: so home. This day at the Board comes unexpected the warrants from the Duke of York for Mr. Turner and Hater, for the places they desire, which contents me mightily.

16th. I took my wife by coach and Deb., and showed her Mr. Wren's hangings and bed, at St. James's, and Sir W. Coventry's in the Pell-Mell, for our satisfaction in what we are going to buy; and so by Mr. Crow's, home, about his hangings, and do pitch upon buying his second suit of Apostles—the whole suit, which comes to £83; and this we think the best for us, having now the whole suit, to answer any other rooms or service. With Mr. Hater by water to St. James's: there Mr. Hater, to give Mr. Wren thanks for his kindness about his place that he hath lately granted him, of Petty Purveyor of petty missions, upon the removal of Mr. Turner to be Storekeeper at Deptford, on the death of Harper. To my aunt Wight's, the first time, I think, these two years; and there mighty kindly used, and had a barrel of oysters, and so to look up and down their house, they having hung a room since I was there, but with hangings not fit to be seen with mine, which I find all come home to-night.

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[1] See the description of this splendid mansion, which afterwards burnt to the ground by accident, in Evelyn's *Diary*, 25th September, 1672. A small view of it, taken from an old map, is given in the notes to his *Memoirs of Mrs. Godolphin.*

17th. Late home, and there with much pleasure getting Mr Gibbs, that writes well, to write the name upon my ne draught of "The Resolution;" and so set it up, and altere the situation of some of my pictures in my closet, to my extraordinary content. Mr. Moore and Seymour were with me thi afternoon, who tell me that my Lord Sandwich was receive mighty kindly by the King, and is in exceeding great estee with him, and the rest about him; but I doubt it will be har for him to please both the King and the Duke of York, whic I shall be sorry for. Mr. Moore tells me the sad condition m Lord is in, in his estate and debts; and the way he now live in, so high, and so many vain servants about him, that he mus be ruined, if he do not take up, which, by the grace of God, will put him upon, when I come to see him.

18th. With Lord Brouncker to Lincolne's Inn, and Mr Ball, to visit Dr. Wilkins, now newly Bishop of Chester: an he received us mighty kindly; and had most excellent discours from him about his Book of Reall Character:[1] and so I wit Lord Brouncker to White Hall, and there saw the Queen an some ladies.

19th. With my wife and Deb. and Mr. Harman, the upholsterer, and carried them to take measure of Mr. Wren' bed in St. James's, I being resolved to have just such anothe made me. To the Duke of York's playhouse; and there saw the first time acted, "The Queen of Arragon,"[2] an old Blackfriars' play, but an admirable one, so good that I am astonishe at it, and wonder where it hath lain asleep all this while, that have never heard of it before. Here met W. Batelier and Mrs Hunt, Deb's aunt; and saw her home—a very witty woman and one that knows this play, and understands a play might well. Left at her home in Jewen Street, and we home, and t supper, and my wife to read to me, and so to bed.

20th. This day a new girl come to us in the room of Nell who is lately, about four days since, gone away, being grow lazy and proud. This girl to stay only till we have a boy which I intend to keep when I have a coach, which I am no about. At this time my wife and I mighty busy laying ou money in dressing up our best chamber, and thinking of coach and coachman and horses, &c.; and the more becaus of Creed's being now married to Mrs. Pickering; a thing could never have expected, but it is done about seven or te days since. I walked out to look for a coach, and saw many; and did light on one[1] for which I bid £50, which do please me mightily.

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[1] See 15th May, 1668, *ante*.

[2] A tragi-comedy, by William Habington. Upon its revival, the prologue and epilogue were written by Butler, the author of *Hudibras*.

21st. At noon to dinner to Mr. Batelier's, his mother coming this day a-housewarming to him, and several friends of his, to which he invited us. Here mighty merry, and his mother the same: I heretofore took her for a gentlewoman of understanding. I rose from table before the rest, because under an obligation to go to my Lord Brouncker's, where to meet several gentlemen of the Royal Society, to go and make a visit to the French Embassador Colbert, at Leicester House,[2] he having endeavoured to make one or two to my Lord Brouncker, as our President, but he was not within, but I came too late, they being gone before: so I followed to Leicester House;[3] but they are gone in and up before me; and so I away to the New Exchange, and there staid for my wife, and she come, we to Cow Lane, and there I showed her the coach which I pitch on, and she is out of herself for joy almost. But the man not within, so did nothing more towards an agreement, but to Mr. Crow's about a bed, to have his advice. *Memorandum:* that from Crow's, we went back to Charing Cross, and there left my people at their tailor's, while I to my Lord Sandwich's lodgings, who came to town the last night, and is come thither to lye: and met with him within: and among others my new cozen Creed, who looks mighty soberly; and he and I saluted one another with mighty gravity, till we came to a little more freedom of talk about it. But here I hear that Sir Gilbert Pickering is lately dead, about three days since, which makes some sorrow there, though not much, because of his being long expected to die, having been in a lethargy long. So waited on my Lord to Court, and there staid and saw the ladies awhile: and thence to my wife, and took them up; and so home, and to supper and bed.

22d. Up, and W. Batelier's Frenchman, a perriwigg maker, comes and brings me a new one, which I liked and paid him for: a mighty genteel fellow. To Crow's, and there did see some more beds; and we shall, I think, pitch upon a camlott one, when all is done. Thence to Arundell House, where the first time we[4] have met since the vacation, and not much company: but here much good discourse, and afterwards my Lord and others and I to the Devil tavern,[1] and there eat and drank, and so home by coach; and there found my uncle Wight and aunt, and Woolly and his wife, and there supped, and mighty merry. And anon they gone, and Mrs. Turner staid, who was there also to talk of her husband's business; and the truth is, I was the less pleased to talk with her, for that she hath not yet owned, in any fit manner of thanks, my late and principal service to her husband about his place, which I alone ought to have been thanked for, if they know as much as I do; but let it go: if they do not own it, I shall have it in my hand to teach them to do it. This day word come from all the Principal Officers to bring the Commissioners of Accounts their patents, which I did in the afternoon, by leaving it at their office, but am troubled at what should be their design therein.

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[1] In Cow Lane.

[2] There is a picture of Leicester House at Penshurst.

[3] It occupied the north side of the present Leicester Square. Lisle Street and Sidney's Alley preserve some of the names.

[4] The Royal Society.

23d. To my Lord Sandwich's, where I find my Lord within, but busy, private; and so I staid a little talking with the young gentlemen: and so away with Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, towards Tyburne, to see the people executed; but come too late, it being done: two men and a woman hanged.[2] In the afternoon comes my cozen, Sidney Pickering,[3] to bring my wife and me his sister's Favour for her wedding, which is kindly done. Pierce do tell me, among other news, the late frolick and debauchery of Sir Charles Sedley and Buckhurst, running up and down all the night, almost naked, through the streets; and at last fighting, and being beat by the watch and clapped up all night; and how the King takes their parts; and my Lord Chief Justice Keeling hath laid the constable by the heels[4] to answer it next Sessions: which is a horrid shame. How the King and these gentlemen did make the fiddlers of Thetford, this last progress, to sing them all the obscene songs they could think of. How Sir W. Coventry was brought the other day to the Duchess of York by the Duke, to kiss her hand; and did acknowledge his unhappiness to occasion her so much sorrow, declaring his intentions in it, and praying her pardon; which she did give him upon his promise to make good his pretences of innocence to her family, by his faithfulness to his Master, the Duke of York. That the Duke of

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[1] In Fleet Street.

[2] The gallows at Tyburn stood on the site of No. 49 Connaught Square.

[3] Mrs. Creed's brother.

[4] An expression probably taking its rise from the custom of fastening people by their feet in the stocks.

Buckingham is now all in all, and will ruin Coventry, if he can: and that Coventry do now rest wholly upon the Duke of York for his standing, which is a great turn. He tells me that my Lady Castlemaine, however, is a mortal enemy to the Duke of Buckingham, which I understand not; but, it seems, he is disgusted with his greatness, and his ill usage of her. That the King was drunk at Saxam[1] with Sedley, Buckhurst, &c., the night that my Lord Arlington came thither, and would not give him audience, or could not: which is true, or it was the night that I was there, and saw the King go up o his chamber, and was told that the King had been drinking. He tells me, too, that the Duke of York did the next day chide Bab. May for his occasioning the King's giving himself up to these gentlemen, to the neglecting of my Lord Arlington: o which he answered merrily, that there was no man in England that had a head to lose, durst do what they do, every day, with the King, and asked the Duke of York's pardon: which is a sign of a mad world; God bless us out of it!

24th. This morning comes to me the coachmaker,[2] and agreed with me for £53, and to stand to the courtesy of what more I should give him upon the finishing of the coach:[3] he is likely, also, to fit me with a coachman. Lord Brouncker tells me that the making Sir J. Minnes a bare Commissioner[4] is now in doing, which I am glad of, but he peaks of two new Commissioners, which I do not believe.

25th. (Lord's day.) Up, and discoursing with my wife about our house, and many new things we are doing of, and so to church I, and there find Jack Fenn come, and his wife, a pretty black woman: I never saw her before, nor took notice of her now. At night W. Batelier comes, and sups with us; and, after supper, to have my head combed by Deb.

26th. I was obliged to attend the Duke of York, thinking to have had a meeting of Tangier to-day, but had not; but he did take me and Mr. Wren into his closet, and there did press me to prepare what I had to say upon the answers of my fellow-officers to his great letter, which I promised to do against his coming to town again, the next week: and so to other discourse, finding plainly that he is in trouble, and apprehensions of the Reformers, and would be found to do what he can towards reforming, himself. And so thence to my Lord Sandwich's, where, after long stay, he being in talk with others privately, I to him; and there he, taking physic and keeping his chamber, I had an hour's talk with him about the ill posture of things at this time, while the King gives countenance to Sir Charles Sedley and Lord Buckhurst. He tells me that he thinks his matters do stand well with the King, and hopes to have dispatch to his mind; but I doubt it, and do see that he do fear it, too. He told me of my Lady Carteret's trouble about my writing of that letter of the Duke of York's lately to the Office, which I did not own, but declared to be of no injury to Sir G. Carteret, and that I would write a letter to him to satisfy him therein. But this I am in pain how to do, without doing myself wrong, and the end I had, of preparing a justification to myself hereafter, when the faults of the Navy come to be found out: however, I will do it in the best manner I can.

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[1] Saxham, near Bury St. Edmunds, then the seat of William Baron Crofts, long since pulled down. "My last told your Grace I was going nto the country to pass my Christmas at my Lord Crofts'; and when I tell ou that the Duke of Bucks and George Potter were there, you will not oubt but we passed it merrily."—*Lord Arlington to the Duke of Ormond, Oxford*, Jan. 9, 1666. (*Miscellanea Aulica*, p. 371.)

[2] See 20th Oct., *ante*.

[3] See 29th Nov., *post*.

[4] On his relinquishing his other office of Comptroller of the Navy.

27th. This evening Mr. Spong come, and sat late with me, and first told me of the instrument called a parallelogram,[1] which I must have one of, shewing me his practice thereon, by a map of England.

28th. By coach with Mr. Gibson to Chancery Lane, and there made oath before a Master in Chancery to the Tangier account of fees, and so to White Hall, where, by and by, a Committee met, my Lord Sandwich there, but his report was not received, it being late; but only a little business done, about the supplying the place with victuals. But I did get, with great content, my account allowed of fees, with great applause by my Lord Ashly and Sir W. Pen. Thence home, calling at one or two places; and there about our workmen, who are at work upon my wife's closet, and other parts of my house, that we are all in dirt.

29th. Mr. Wren first tells us of the order from the King, come last night to the Duke of York, for signifying his pleasure to the Solicitor-General for drawing up a Commission for suspending of my Lord Anglesey,[2] and putting in Sir

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[1] Now generally called *pentagraph*. It is a very useful instrument, by means of which persons having no skill in drawing may copy designs, prints, &c., in any proportion.

[2] See, in *Memoirs relating to the Navy*, 8vo., 1729, two warrants of 18th Oct., 1668, and 20th Oct., 1668, addressed by the Duke of York to

Thomas Littleton and Sir Thomas Osborne,[1] the former a creature of Arlington's, and the latter of the Duke of Buckingham's, during the suspension. The Duke of York was forced to obey, and did grant it, he being to go to Newmarket this day with the King, and so the King pressed for it. But Mr. Wren do own that the Duke of York is the most wounded in this, in the world, for it is done and concluded without his privity, after his appearing for Lord Anglesey, and that it is plain that they do ayme to bring the Admiralty into Commission too, and lessen the Duke of York. This do put strange apprehensions into all our Board; only I think I am the least troubled at it, for I care not at all for it: but my Lord Brouncker and Pen do seem to think much of it.

30th. Up betimes; and Mr. Povy comes to even accounts with me, which we did, and then fell to other talk. He tells me, in short, how the King is made a child of, by Buckingham and Arlington, to the lessening of the Duke of York, whom they cannot suffer to be great, for fear of my Lord Chancellor's return, which, therefore, they make the King violent against. That he believes it is impossible these two great men can hold together long: or, at least, that the ambition of the former is so great, that he will endeavour to master all, and bring into play as many as he can. That Anglesey will not lose his place easily, but will contend in law with whoever comes to execute it. That the Duke of York, in all things, but in his amours, is led by the nose by his wife. That Sir W. Coventry is now, by the Duke of York, made friends with the Duchess; and that he is often there, and waits on her. That he do believe that these present great men will break in time, and that Sir W. Coventry will be a great man again; for he do labour to have nothing to do in matters of the State, and is so usefull to the side that he is on, that he will stand, though at present he is quite out of play. That my Lady Castlemaine hates the Duke of Buckingham. That the Duke of York

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Sir Heneage Finch, the Solicitor-General. The former directs him to prepare a warrant for his suspension, and the second to prepare a Bill for the royal signature, constituting and appointing Sir Thomas Osborne and Sir Thomas Lyttleton to the office of Treasurer of the Navy, hitherto filled by Lord Anglesey.

[1] Eldest son of Sir Edward Osborne, Bart.; made a Privy-Councillor 1672, and the following year constituted Lord High Treasurer, and elected K.G. in 1677. He was created Baron Osborne of Kiveton and Viscount Latimer of Danby 1673, Earl of Danby 1674, Viscount Dunblaine, in Scotland, in 1675, Marquis of Caermarthen 1689, and Duke of Leeds 1694. Ob. 1712, æt. suæ 81.

hath expressed himself very kind to my Lord Sandwich, which I am mighty glad of. That we are to expect more changes if these men stand. This done, he and I to talk of my coach, and I got him to go see it, where he finds most infinite fault with it, both as to being out of fashion and heavy, with so good reason that I am mightily glad of his having corrected me in it; and so I do resolve to have one of his build, and with his advice, both in coach and horses, he being the fittest man in the world for it.

31st. This day my Lord Anglesey was at the Office, and do seem to make nothing of this business of his suspension, resolving to bring it into the Council, where he seems not to doubt to have right, he standing upon his defence and patent, and hath put in his caveats to the several Offices: so, as soon as the King comes back,[1] which will be on Tuesday next, he will bring it into the Council. This day Roger Pepys and his son Talbot, newly come to town, come and dined with me, and mighty glad I am to see them.

November 1st. (Lord's day.) This noon Mr. Povy sent his coach for my wife and I to see, which we like mightily, and will endeavour to have him get us just such another.

2d. Up, and a cold morning, by water through bridge without a cloak, and there to Mr. Wren at his chamber at White Hall, the first time of his coming thither this year, the Duchesse coming thither to-night. To visit Creed at his chamber, but his wife not come thither yet, nor do he tell me where she is, though she be in town, at Stepny, at Atkins's.[2] To Mr. Povy's about a coach, but there I find my Lords Sandwich, Peterborough, and Hinchingbroke, Charles Harbord, and Sidney Montagu; and there I was stopped, and dined mighty nobly at a good table, with one little dish at a time upon it, but mighty merry. I was glad to see it: but sorry, methought, to see my Lord have so little reason to be merry, and yet glad, for his sake, to have him cheerful. After dinner up, and looked up and down the house, and so to the cellar: and thence I slipt away, without taking leave. This day I went, by Mr. Povy's direction, to a coach-maker[3] near him, for a coach just like his, but it was sold this very morning.

3d. We had a great deal of do this day at the Office about Clutterbucke,[4] I declaring my dissent against the whole

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[1] From Newmarket. [2] Colonel Atkins. See 24th June, 1668.

[3] Mr. Povey lived in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Pepys no doubt went to Long Acre, then as now, celebrated for its coachmakers.

[4] See note to 4th February, 1663-4.

Board's proceedings, and I believe I shall go near to show W. Pen a very knave in it, whatever I find my Lord Brouncker.

4th. To White Hall; and there I find the King and Duke of York came the last night, and every body's mouth full of my Lord Anglesey's suspension being sealed, which it was, it seems, yesterday; so that he is prevented in his remedy at the Council; and, it seems, the two new Treasurers[1] did kiss the King's hand this morning, brought in, by my Lord Arlington. They walked up and down together in the Court this day, and several people joyed them; but I avoided it, that I might not be seen to look either way. This day also I hear that my Lord Ormond is to be declared in Council no more Deputy Governor of Ireland, his commission being expired: and the King is prevailed with to take it out of his hands; which people do mightily admire, saying that he is the greatest subject of any prince in Christendome, and hath more acres of land than any, and hath done more for his Prince than ever any yet did. But all will not do; he must down, it seems, the Duke of Buckingham carrying all before him. But that, that troubles me most is, that they begin to talk that the Duke of York's regiment is ordered to be disbanded; and more, that undoubtedly his Admiralty will follow: which do shake me mightily, and I fear will have ill consequences in the nation, for these counsels are very mad. The Duke of York do, by all men's report, carry himself wonderfull submissive to the King, in the most humble manner in the world; but yet, it seems, nothing must be spared that tends to the keeping out the Chancellor; and that is the reason of all this. The great discourse now is, that the Parliament shall be dissolved and another called, which shall give the King the Dean and Chapter's lands; and that will put him out of debt. And it is said that Buckingham do knowingly meet daily with Wildman and other Commonwealth-men; and that when he is with them, he makes the King believe that he is with his wenches; and something looks like the Parliament's being dissolved, by Harry Brouncker's being now come back, and appearing this day the first time at White Hall; but he hath not been yet with the King, but is secure that he shall be well received, I hear God bless us, when such men as he shall be restored! But that, that pleases me most is, that several do tell me that Pen is to be removed; and others, that he hath resigned his place; and particularly Spragg tells me for certain that he hath resigned it, and is become a partner with Gauden in the Victualling: in which I think he hath done a very cunning thing; but I am sure I am glad of it; and it will be well for the King to have him out of this Office. Sir John Talbot[1] talks mighty high for my Lord of Ormond: and I perceive this family of the Talbots hath been raised by my Lord. This evening, my wife and I, talking of our being put out of the Office, and my going to live at Deptford at her brother's, till I can clear accounts, and rid my hands of the town, which will take me a year or more, and I do think it will be best for me to do so, in order to our living cheap, and out of sight.

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[1] Sir Thomas Osborne and Sir Thomas Lyttelton.

5th. The Duke of York did call me and Mr. Wren; and my paper, that I have lately taken pains to draw up, was read, and the Duke of York pleased therewith; and we did all along conclude upon answers to my mind for the Board, and that which, if put in execution, will do the King's business. But I do now more and more perceive the Duke of York's trouble, and that he do lie under great weight of mind from the Duke of Buckingham's carrying things against him; and particularly when I advised that he would use his interest that a seaman might come into the room of Sir W. Pen, who is now declared to be gone from us to that of the Victualling, and did show how the Office would now be left without one seaman in it, but the Surveyor and the Comptroller, who is so old as to be able to do nothing, he told me plainly that I knew his mind well enough as to seamen, but that it must be as others will. And Wren did tell it me as a secret, that when the Duke of York did first tell the King about Sir W. Pen's leaving of the place, and did move the King that either Captain Cox or Sir Jer. Smith might succeed him, the King did tell him that was a matter fit to be considered of, and would not agree to either presently: and so the Duke of York could not prevail for either, nor knows who it shall be. The Duke did tell me himself, that if he had not carried it privately when first he mentioned Pen's leaving his place to the King, it had not been done; for the Duke of Buckingham and those of his party do cry out upon it, as a strange thing to trust such a thing into the hands of one that stands accused in Parliament: and that they have so far prevailed upon the King that he would not have him named in the Council, but only take his name to the Board; but I think he said that only D. Gauden's name shall go in the patent; at least, at the time when Sir Richard Browne[2] asked the King the names of D. Gauden's security, the King told him it was not yet necessary for him to declare them. And by and by, when the Duke of York and we had done, Wren brought into the closet Captain Cox and James Temple about business of the Guiney Company; and talking something of the Duke of Buckingham's concernment therein, says the Duke of York, "I shall give the Devil his due, as they say the Duke of Buckingham hath paid in his money to the Company," or something of that kind, wherein he would do right to him. The Duke of York told me how these people do begin to cast dirt upon the business that passed the Council lately, touching Supernumeraries, as passed by virtue of his authority there, there being not liberty for any man to withstand what the Duke of York advises there; which, he told me, they bring only as an argument to insinuate the putting of the Admiralty into Commission, which by all men's discourse is now designed, and I perceive the same by him. This being done, and going from him, I up and down the house to hear news: and there every body's mouth full of changes; and, among others, the Duke of York's regiment of Guards, that was raised during the late war at sea, is to be disbanded: and also, that this day the King do intend to declare that the Duke of Ormond is no more Deputy of Ireland, but that he will put it into Commission. This day our new Treasurers did kiss the King's hand, who complimented them, as they say, very highly,—that he had for a long time been abused in his Treasurer, and that he was now safe in their hands. I saw them walk up and down the Court together all this morning; the first time I ever saw Osborne, who is a comely gentleman. This day I was told that my Lord Anglesey did deliver a petition on Wednesday in Council to the King, laying open, that whereas he had heard that his Majesty had made such a disposal of his place, which he had formerly granted him for life upon a valuable consideration, and that, without any thing laid to his charge, and during a Parliament's sessions, he prayed that his Majesty would be pleased to let his case be heard before the Council and the Judges of the land, who were his proper counsel in all matters of right: to which, I am told, the King, after my Lord's being withdrawn, concluded upon his giving him an answer some few days hence; and so he was called in, and told so. At the Treasurer's, Sir Thomas Clifford, where I did eat some oysters; which, while we were at, in comes my Lord Keeper[1] and much company; and so I thought it best to withdraw. And so away, and to the Swedes Agent's,[1] and there met Mr. Povy; where the Agent would have me stay and dine, there being only them, and Joseph Williamson, and Sir Thomas Clayton;[2] but what he is I know not. Here much extraordinary noble discourse of foreign princes, and particularly the greatness of the King of France, and of his being fallen into the right way of making the kingdom great. I was mightily pleased with this company and their discourse. With Mr. Povy spent all the afternoon going up and down among the coachmakers in Cow Lane, and did see several, and at last did pitch upon a little chariott, whose body was framed, but not covered, at the widow's, that made Mr. Lowther's fine coach; and we are mightily pleased with it, it being light, and will be very genteel and sober: to be covered with leather, but yet will hold four. Being much satisfied with this, I carried him to White Hall. Home, where I give my wife a good account of my day's work.

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[1] See 17th January, 1667–8, *ante*.

[2] As Clerk of the Council.

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[1] Sir Orlando Bridgman.

6th. To see Roger Pepys at his lodgings, next door to Arundell House, a barber's; and there I did see a book, which my Lord Sandwich hath promised one to me of, "A Description of the Escuriall in Spain;"[3] which I have a great desire to have, though I took it for a finer book when he promised it me.

7th. This afternoon I did go out towards Sir D. Gauden's, thinking to have bespoke a place for my coach and horses, when I have them, at the Victualling Office; but find the way so bad and long that I returned, and looked up and down for places elsewhere, in an inne, which I hope to get with more convenience than there.

8th. (Lord's day.) Up, and at my chamber all the morning, setting my papers to rights, with my boy; and so to dinner at noon.

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[1] Sir J. B. Leyenburg.

[2] Thomas Clayton, M.D., Professor of Physic, and Anatomy Lecturer at Oxford, for which University he was returned to serve in Parliament in 1660, and afterwards knighted, and made Warden of Merton College,

[3] The book alluded to by Pepys is that of the Father Francisco de los Santos, first printed at Madrid, in 1657, and entitled *Descripcion breve del Monasterio de S. Lorenzo el Real del Escorial, unica maravilla del mundo.* It is in folio, and has some plates; but Pepys might well express his disappointment, for the appearance of the volume does not answer to the magnificence of the subject. About the time when Pepys wrote, or soon after, the Escurial received some damage by fire, and was even said to be totally destroyed; and in that belief, an abstract of Father Francisco's work was published in 1671, purporting to be "translated into English by a servant of the Earl of Sandwich." That a great amount of damage was really done, is proved by the title of the third edition of the work, printed in Madrid in 1681, which says that the Escurial was rebuilt, after the fire, by Charles II.; and Santos, then alive, asserts the same, in his dedication to that King, comparing him to the restorers of Solomon's Temple.

9th. The Duke of York told me that Sir W. Pen had been with him this morning, to ask whether it would be fit for him to sit at the Office now, because of his resolution to be gone, and to become concerned in the Victualling. The Duke of York answered, "Yes, till his contract was signed." Thence I to Lord Sandwich's, and there to see him; but was made to stay very long, as his best friends are, and when I came to him had little pleasure, his head being full of his own business, I think. Thence to White Hall with him, to a Committee of Tangier; a day appointed for him to give an account of Tangier, and what he did, and found there, which, though he had admirable matter for it, and his doings there were good, and would have afforded a noble account, yet he did it with a mind so low and mean, and delivered in so poor a manner, that it appeared nothing at all, nor any body seemed to value it; whereas, he might have shown himself to have merited extraordinary thanks, and been held to have done a very great service: whereas now, all that cost the King hath been at for his journey through Spain thither, seems to be almost lost. After we were up, Creed and I walked together, and did talk a good while of the weak Report my Lord made, and were troubled for it; I fearing that either his mind and judgment are depressed, or that he do it out of his great neglect, and so that he do all the rest of his affairs accordingly. I staid about the Court a little while, and then to look for a dinner, and had it at Hercules-Pillars, very late, all alone, costing me 10*d.*

11th. To the Office, where, by a speciall desire, the new Treasurers came, and there did show their Patent, and the Great Seal for the suspension of my Lord Anglesey: and here did sit and discourse of the business of the Office: and brought Mr. Hutchinson with them, who, I hear, is to be their Paymaster, in the room of Mr. Waith. For it seems they do turn out every servant that belongs to the present Treasurer: and so for Fenn, do bring in Mr. Littleton, Sir Thomas's brother, and oust all the rest. But Mr. Hutchinson do already see that his work now will be another kind of thing than before, as to the trouble of it. They gone, and, indeed, they appear, both of them, very intelligent men, I home to dinner. Then by coach to my cozen Roger Pepys, who did, at my last being with him this day se'nnight, move me as to the supplying him with £500 this term, and £500 the next, for two years, upon a mortgage, he having that sum to pay, a debt left him by his father, which I did agree to, trusting to his honesty and ability, and am resolved to do it for him, that I may not have all I have lie in the King's hands.

12th. With Mr. Gibson late at my chamber, making an end of my draught of a letter for the Duke of York, in answer to the answers of this Office, which I have now done to my mind, so as, if the Duke likes it, will, I think, put an end to a great deal of the faults of this Office, as well as my trouble for them. So to bed.

13th. Up, and with Sir W. Pen by coach to White Hall, where to the Duke of York, and there did our usual business; and thence I to the Commissioners of the Treasury, where I staid, and heard an excellent case argued between my Lord Gerard and the Town of Newcastle, about a piece of ground which that Lord hath got a grant of, under the Exchequer Seal, which they were endeavouring to get of the King, under the Great Seal. I liked mightily the Counsel for the town, Shafto,[1] their Recorder, and Mr. Offly.[2] But I was troubled, and so were the Lords,[3] to hear my Lord fly out against their[4] great pretence of merit from the King, for their sufferings and loyalty; telling them that they might thank him for that repute which they have for their loyalty, for that it was he that forced them to be so, against their wills, when he was there: and, moreover, did offer a paper to the Lords to read from the Town, sent in 1648; but the Lords would not read it; but I believe it was something about bringing the King to trial, or some such thing, in that year. Thence I to the Three Tuns Tavern, by Charing Cross, and there dined with W. Pen, Sir J. Minnes, and Commissioner Middleton; and as merry as my mind could be, that hath so much trouble upon it. And thence to White Hall, and there staid in Mr. Wren's chamber with him, reading over my draught of a letter, which Mr. Gibson then attended me with; and there he did like all, but doubted whether it would be necessary for the Duke to write in so sharp a style to the Office, as I had drawn it in; which I yield to him, to consider the present posture of the times and the Duke of York, and whether it were not better to err on that hand than the other. He told me that he did not think it was necessary for the Duke of York to do so, and that it would not suit so well with his nature nor greatness; which last, perhaps, is true, but then do too truly show the effects of having Princes in places, where order and discipline should be. I left it to him to do as the Duke of York pleases; and so fell to other talk, and with great freedom, of public things; and he told me, upon my several inquiries to that purpose, that he did believe it was not yet resolved whether the Parliament should ever meet more or no, the three great rulers of things now standing thus:—The Duke of Buckingham is absolutely against their meeting, as moved thereto by his people that he advises with, the people of the late times, who do never expect to have any thing done by this Parliament for their religion, and who do propose that, by the sale of the Church-lands, they shall be able to put the King out of debt: my Lord Keeper is utterly against putting away this and choosing another Parliament, lest they prove worse than this, and will make all the King's friends, and the King himself, in a desperate condition: my Lord Arlington knows not which is best for him, being to seek whether this or the next will use him worst. He tells me that he believes that it is intended to call this Parliament, and try them for a sum of money; and, if they do not like it, then to send them going, and call another, who will, at the ruin of the Church perhaps, please the King with what he will have for a time. And he tells me, therefore, that he do believe that this policy will be endeavoured by the Church and their friends—to seem to promise the King money when it shall be propounded, but make the King and these great men buy it dear, before they have it. He tells me that he is really persuaded that the design of the Duke of Buckingham is, by bringing the state into such a condition as, if the King do die without issue, it shall, upon his death, break into pieces again; and so put by the Duke of York, whom they have disobliged, they know, to that degree, as to despair of his pardon. He tells me that there is no way to rule the King but by brisknesse, which the Duke of Buckingham hath above all men; and that the Duke of York having it not, his best way is what he practices, that is to say, a good temper, which will support him till the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Arlington fall out, which cannot be long first, the former knowing that the latter did, in the time of the Chancellor, endeavour with the Chancellor to hang him at that time, when he was proclaimed against. And here, by the by, he told me that the Duke of Buckingham did, by his friends, treat with my Lord Chancellor, by the mediation of Matt.

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[1] Robert Shafto, knighted 26th June, 1670. He died in 1704, and was buried in St. Nicholas's Church, Newcastle. He married Katharine, daughter and coheir of Sir Thomas Widrington, of the Grange, Yorkshire.

[2] See 30th March, 1668. It was he who, in 1673, petitioned against Pepys's return for Castle Rising.

[3] The Lords Commissioners.

[4] The inhabitants of Newcastle.

Wren and Clifford, to fall in with my Lord Chancellor; which, he tells me, he did advise my Lord Chancellor to accept of, as that, that with his own interest and the Duke of York's, would undoubtedly have secured all to him and his family; but that my Lord Chancellor was a man not to be advised, thinking himself too high to be counselled: and so all is come to nothing; for by that means the Duke of Buckingham became desperate, and was forced to fall in with Arlington, to the Chancellor's ruin. This morning, at the Treasury-chamber, I did meet Jack Fenn, and there he did show me my Lord Anglesey's petition and the King's answer: the former good and stout, as I before did hear it: but the latter short and weak, saying that he was not, by what the King had done, hindered from taking the benefit of the law, and that the reason he had to suspect his mismanagement of his money in Ireland, did make him think it unfit to trust him with his Treasury in England, till he was satisfied in the former.

14th. At the Office all the morning, and merry at noon, at dinner; and after dinner to the Office, where all the afternoon, doing much business, late.

15th. (Lord's day.) After dinner, W. Howe to tell me what hath happened between him and the Commissioners of late, who are hot again, more than ever, about my Lord Sandwich's business of prizes, which I am troubled for, and the more, because of the great security and neglect with which, I think, my Lord do look upon this matter, that may yet, for aught I know, undo him.

16th. I did call at Martin's, my bookseller's, and there bought "Cassandra,"[1] and some other French books for my wife's closet, and so home, having eat nothing but two pennyworths of oysters, opened for me by a woman in the street.

17th. To the Office all the morning, where the new Treasurers come, their second time, and before they sat down, did discourse with the Board, and particularly my Lord Brouncker, about their place,[2] which they challenge, as having been heretofore due, and given to their predecessor; which, at last, my Lord did own hath been given him, only out of courtesy to his quality, and that he did not take it as of right at the Board: so they, for the present, sat down, and did give him the place, but, I think, with an intent to have the Duke of York's directions about it. My wife and others busy now, to make clean the house above stairs, the upholsterers having done there, in her closet and the blue room, and they are mighty pretty.

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[1] A Romance, by Gualtier de Costes, Seigneur de la Calprenède. It had been recently translated into English by Sir Charles Cotterell, noticed 8th Sept., 1667.

[2] *i. e.*, precedence.

19th. This night the upholsterers did finish the hanging of my best chamber.

20th. To meet Roger Pepys, which I did, and did there discourse of the business of lending him £500 to answer some occasions of his, which I believe to be safe enough, and away by coach home, calling on my coachmaker by the way, where I like my little coach mightily. This evening comes Mr. Billup to me, to read over Mr. Wren's alterations of my draught of a letter for the Duke of York to sign, to the Board; which I like mighty well, they being not considerable, only in mollifying some hard terms, which I had thought fit to put in. From this to other discourse; and do find that the Duke of York and his master, Mr. Wren, do look upon this service of mine as a very seasonable service to the Duke, as that which he will have to show to his enemies in his own justification, of his care of the King's business; and I am sure I am heartily glad of it, both for the King's sake and the Duke of York's, and my own also; for, if I continue here, my work, by this means, will be the less, and my share in the blame also.

21st. At the Office all the morning; and after dinner abroad with W. Hewer to my Lord Ashly's, where my Lord Barkeley and Sir Thomas Ingram[1] met upon Mr. Povy's account, where I was in great pain about that part of his account wherein I am concerned, above £150, I think; and Creed hath declared himself dissatisfied with it, so far as to desire to cut his "Examinatur" out of the paper, as the only condition in which he would be silent in it. This Povy had the wit to yield to; and so, when it come to be inquired into, I did avouch the truth of the account as to that particular, of my own knowledge, and so it went over as a thing good and just—as, indeed, in the bottom of it, it is; though in strictness, perhaps, it would not so well be understood. The Committee rising, I, with my mind much satisfied herein, away by coach home, setting Creed into Southampton Buildings, and so home; and there ended my letters, and then home to my wife, where I find my house clean now, from top to bottom, so as I have not seen it many a day, and to the full satisfaction of my mind that I am now at peace, as to my poor wife, as to the dirtiness of my house, and as to seeing an end, in a great measure, to my present great disbursements upon my house, and coach and horses.

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[1] See 9th January, 1664-5, *ante*.

22d. (Lord's day.) My wife and I lay long, with mighty content; and so rose, and she spent the whole day making herself clean, after four or five weeks being in continued dirt; and I knocking up nails, and making little settlements in my house, till noon, and then eat a bit of meat in the kitchen, I all alone. And so to the Office, to set down my journal, for some days, leaving it imperfect, the matter being mighty grievous to me, and my mind, from the nature of it; and so in, to solace myself with my wife, whom I got to read to me, and so W. Hewer, and the boy; and so, after supper, to bed. This day my boy's livery is come home, the first I ever had, of greene, lined with red; and it likes me well enough.

23d. Up, and called upon by W. Howe, who went, with W. Hewer, with me, by water to the Temple; his business was to have my advice about a place he is going to buy—the Clerk of the Patent's place, which I understand not, and so could say little to him. To visit my Lord Sandwich, who is now so reserved, or moped rather, I think, with his own business, that he bids welcome to no man, I think, to his satisfaction. I bear with it, being willing to give him as little trouble as I can, and to receive as little from him, wishing only that I had my money in my purse, that I have lent him; but, however, I shew no discontent at all. I met with Mr. Povy, who tells me that this discourse which I told him of, of the Duke of Monmouth being made Prince of Wales, hath nothing in it; though he thinks there are all the endeavours used in the world to overthrow the Duke of York. He would not have me doubt of my safety in the Navy, which I am doubtful of, from the reports of a general removal; but he will endeavour to inform me, what he can gather from my Lord Arlington. That he do think that the Duke of Buckingham hath a mind rather to overthrow all the Kingdom, and bring in a Commonwealth, wherein he may think to be General of their Army, or to make himself King, which, he believes, he may be led to, by some advice he hath had with conjurers, which he do affect. I took my wife and boy to Hercules Pillars, and there dined, and thence to our upholsterer's, about some things more to buy, and so to see our coach, and so to the looking-glass man's, by the New Exchange, and so to buy a picture for our blue chamber chimney, and so home; and there I made my boy to read to me most of the night, to get through the Life of the

Archbishop of Canterbury.[1] At supper comes Mary Batelier, and with us all the evening, prettily talking, and very innocent company she is; and she gone, we with much content to bed, and to sleep, with mighty rest all night.

24th. Up, and at the Office all the morning, and at noon home to dinner, where Mr. Gentleman, the cook, and an old woman, his third or fourth wife, come and dined with us, to enquire about a ticket of his son's, that is dead; and after dinner, I with Mr. Hosier to my closet, to discourse of the business of balancing Storekeeper's accounts, which he hath taken great pains in reducing to a method to my great satisfaction, and I shall be glad, for both the King's sake and his, that the thing may be put in practice, and will do my part to promote it. That done, he gone, I to the Office, where busy till night; and then with comfort to sit with my wife, and get her to read to me, and so to supper, and to bed, with my mind at mighty ease.

25th. By coach to see Sir W. Coventry; but he gone out, I to White Hall, and there waited on Lord Sandwich, which I have little encouragement to do, because of the difficulty of seeing him, and the little he hath to say to me when I do see him, or to any body else, but his own idle people about him, Sir Charles Harbord, &c. Thence walked with him to White Hall, where to the Duke of York; and there the Duke, and Wren, and I by appointment in his closet, to read over our letter to the Office, which he heard, and signed it, and it is to my mind, Mr. Wren having made it somewhat sweeter to the Board, and yet with all the advice fully, that I did draw it up with. The Duke said little more to us now, his head being full of other business; but I do see that he do continue to put a value upon my advice; and so Mr. Wren and I to his chamber, and there talked: and he seems to hope that these people, the Duke of Buckingham and Arlington, will run themselves off of their legs; they being forced to be always putting the King upon one idle thing or other, against the easiness of his nature, which he will never be able to bear, nor they to keep him to, and so will lose themselves. And, for instance of their little progress, he tells me that my Lord of Ormond is like yet to carry it, and to continue in his command in Ireland; at least, they cannot get the better of him yet. But he tells me that the Keeper[2] is wrought upon, as they say, to give his opinion for the dissolving of the Parliament, which, he thinks, will undo him in the eyes of the people. He do not seem to own the hearing or fearing of any thing to be done in the Admiralty, to the lessening of the Duke of York, though he hears how the town-talk is full of it. Thence I by coach home, and there find my cozen Roger come to dine with me, and to seal his mortgage for the £500 I lend him; but he and I first walked to the 'Change, there to look for my uncle Wight, and get him to dinner with us. So home, buying a barrel of oysters at my old oyster-woman's in Gracious Street, but over the way to where she kept her shop before. Merry at dinner; and the money not being ready, I carried Roger Pepys to Holborn Conduit,[1] and there left him going to Stradwicke's,[2] whom we avoided to see, because of our long absence, and my wife and I to the Duke of York's house, to see "The Duchesse of Malfy," a sorry play, and sat with little pleasure. This evening, to my great content, I got Sir Richard Ford to give me leave to set my coach in his yard.

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[1] Laud: see *ante*, 16th Sept., 1668.

[2] Lord Keeper; Sir Orlando Bridgman.

26th. At the Office all the morning, where I was to have delivered the Duke of York's letter of advice to the Board, in answer to our several answers to his great letter; but Lord Brouncker not being there, and doubtful to deliver it before the New Treasurer, I forbore it till the next sitting. So home at noon to dinner, where I find Mr. Pierce and his wife: but I was forced to shew very little pleasure in her being there, because of my vow to my wife; and, therefore, was glad of a very bad occasion for my being really troubled, which is, at W. Hewer's losing of a tally of £1000, which I sent him this day to receive of the Commissioners of Excise.

27th. Up; and with W. Hewer to see Sir W. Coventry, but missed him again, by coming too late, the man of all the world that I am resolved to preserve an interest in. Thence to White Hall, and there at our usual waiting on the Duke of York; and, that being done, I away to the Exchequer, to give a stop, and take some advice about my lost tally, wherein I shall have some remedy, with trouble. Comes Mr. Povy by appointment to dine with me; and much pleasant discourse with him, and some serious; and he tells me that he would, by all means, have me get to be a Parliament-man, the next

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[1] Stowe speaks of "the Conduit of Holborn Cross, erected about 1498: again new made by Mr. William Lamb, 1557. Hence called Lamb's Conduit."

[2] Pepys's cousin, Thomas Strudwick: see 13th September, 1660. Bunyan died in 1688, at the house of his friend Mr. Strudwick, a grocer, at the sign of the Star, on Snow Hill.

Parliament. By and by comes my cozen Roger, and dines with us; and, after dinner, did seal his mortgage, wherein I do wholly rely on his honesty, not having so much as read over what he hath given me for it, nor minded it, but do trust to his integrity therein.

28th. All the morning at the Office, where, while I was sitting, one comes and tells me that my coach is come. So I was forced to go out, and to Sir Richard Ford's, where I spoke to him, and he is very willing to have it brought in, and stand there; and so I ordered it, to my great content, it being mighty pretty, only the horses do not please me, and, therefore, resolve to have better. This day I presented to the Board the Duke of York's letter, which, I perceive, troubled Sir W. Pen, he declaring himself meant in that part, that concerned excuse by sickness; but I do not care, but am mightily glad that it is done, and now I shall begin to be at pretty good ease in the Office. This morning, to my great content, W. Hewer tells me that a porter is come, who found my tally in Holborn, and brings it him, for which he gives him 20*s*.

29th. (Lord's day.) My wife lately frighted me about her being a Catholique; and I dare not, therefore, move her to go to church, for fear she should deny me; but this morning, of her own accord, she spoke of going to church the next Sunday, which pleases me mightily. This morning my coachman's clothes come home; and I like the livery mightily. All the morning in my chamber, and dined with my wife, and got her to read to me in the afternoon, till Sir W. Warren, by appointment, comes to me, who spent two hours, or three, with me, about his accounts of Gottenburgh,[1] which are so confounded, I doubt they will hardly ever pass without my doing something, which he desires of me, and which, partly from fear, and partly from unwillingness to wrong the King, and partly from its being of no profit to me, I am backward to give way to, though the poor man do indeed deserve to be rid of this trouble, that he hath lain so long under, from the negligence of this Board. He tells me, as soon as he saw my coach yesterday, he wished that the owner might not contract envy by it;[2] but I told him it was now manifestly for my profit to keep a coach, and that, after employments like mine for eight years, it were hard if I could not be thought to be justly able to do that. To supper; and to read, and made an end of the Life of Archbishop Laud, which is worth reading, as informing a man plainly in the posture of the Church, and how the things of it were managed with the same self-interest and design, that every other thing is, and have succeeded accordingly.

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[1] Probably for timber.

[2] Though our Journalist prided himself not a little upon becoming possessed of a carriage, the acquisition was regarded with envy and jealousy by his enemies, as will appear by the following extract from the scurrilous Pamphlet, in which Pepys and Hewer are severely handled. "There is one thing more you must be mighty sorry for with all speed. Your presumption in your coach, in which you daily ride, as if you had been son

30th. With W. Hewer to White Hall, to a Committee of Tangier, where the business of Mr. Lanyon took up all the morning; and, poor man! he did manage his business with so much folly, and ill fortune to boot, that the Board, before his coming in, inclining, of their own accord, to lay his cause aside, and leave it to the law, he pressed that we would hear it, and it ended to the making him appear a very knave, as well as it did to me, a fool also, which I was sorry for. Thence by water, Mr. Povy, Creed, and I, to Arundell House, and there I did see them choosing their Council, it being St. Andrew's-day;[1] and I had his Cross[2] set on my hat, as the rest had, and cost me *2s.* My wife, after dinner, went the first time abroad in her coach, calling on Roger Pepys, and visiting Mrs. Creed, and my cozen Turner. Thus ended this month, with very good content, but most expenseful to my purse on things of pleasure, having furnished my wife's closet and the best chamber, and a coach and horses, that ever I knew in the world; and I am put into the greatest condition of outward state that ever I was in, or hoped ever to be, or desired: and this at a time when we do daily expect great changes in this Office; and by all reports we must, all of us, turn out. But my eyes are come to that condition that I am not able to work; and therefore that, and my wife's desire, make me have no manner of trouble in my thoughts about it. So God do his will in it!

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and heir to the great Emperor Neptune, or as if you had been infallibly to have succeeded him in his Government of the Ocean, all which was presumption in the highest degree. First you had upon the fore part of your chariot, tempestuous waves and wrecks of ships; on your left hand, forts and great guns, and ships a fighting; on your right hand was a fair harbour and galleys riding, with their flags and pennants spread, kindly saluting each other, just like P[epys] and H[ewer]. Behind it were high curled waves and ships a sinking, and here and there an appearance of some bits of land."

[1] The annual meeting of the Royal Society is still held on that day.

[2] The cross of St. Andrew, like that of St. Patrick, is a saltire. The two mixed in a very strange manner with the cross of St. George, form the Union flag. There is a very good paper on the subject, written by the late Sir N. H. Nicolas, in Brayley's *Graphic Illustrator*, p. 65.

December 1st. This day I hear of poor Mr. Clerke, the solicitor, being dead, of a cold, after being not above two days ill, which troubles me mightily, poor man!

2d. Abroad with W. Hewer, thinking to have found Mr. Wren at Captain Cox's to have spoke something to him about doing a favour for Will's uncle Steventon, but missed him. Abroad with my wife, the first time that ever I rode in my own coach, which do make my heart rejoice, and praise God, and pray him to bless it to me and continue it. So she and I to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Usurper;" a pretty good play, in all but what is designed to resemble Cromwell and Hugh Peters, which is mighty silly. The play done, we to White Hall; where my wife staid while I up to the Duchess's and Queen's side, to speak with the Duke of York: and here saw all the ladies, and heard the silly discourse of the King, with his people about him, telling a story of my Lord Rochester's having of his clothes stole, while he was with a wench; and his gold all gone, but his clothes found afterwards, stuffed into a feather bed, by the wench that stole them. I spoke with the Duke of York, just as he was set down to supper with the King, about our sending of victuals to Sir Thomas Allen's fleet hence to Cales [Cadiz], to meet him. To-day I hear that Mr. Ackworth's cause went for him at Guildhall, against his hosiers, which I am well enough pleased with.

3d. Mr. Wren gives me but small hopes of the favour I hoped to get for Mr. Steventon, Will's uncle, of having leave, being upon the point of death, to surrender his place, which do trouble me, but I will do what I can. To the Office, Sir Jer. Smith with me; who is a silly, prating, talking man; but he tells me what he hears,—that Holmes and Spragg now rule all with the Duke of Buckingham, as to sea-business, and will be great men: but he do prophesy what will be the fruit of it; so I do. So to the Office, where we sat all the morning; and at noon home to dinner, and then abroad again, with my wife, to the Duke of York's playhouse, and saw "The Unfortunate Lovers;" a mean play, I think, but some parts very good, and excellently acted. We sat under the boxes, and saw the fine ladies; among others, my Lady Kerneguy,[1] who is most devilishly painted. And so home, it being mighty pleasure to go alone with my poor wife, in a coach of our own, to a play, and makes us appear mighty great, I think, in the world; at least, greater than ever I could, or my friends for me, have once expected; or, I think, than ever any of my family ever yet lived, in my memory, but my cozen Pepys in Salisbury Court.

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[1] See note to 19th March, 1665.

4th. Did wait as usual upon the Duke of York, where, upon discoursing something touching the Ticket-Office, which by letter the Board did give the Duke of York their advice, to be put upon Lord Brouncker, Sir J. Minnes did foolishly rise up and complain of the Office, and his being made nothing of; and this before Sir Thomas Littleton, who would be glad of this difference among us, which did trouble me mightily; and therefore I did forbear to say what I otherwise would have thought fit for me to say on this occasion, upon so impertinent a speech as this doting fool made—but, I say, I let it alone, and contented myself that it went as I advised, as to the Duke of York's judgment, in the thing disputed. Home, where by invitation I find my aunt Wight, who looked over all our house, and is mighty pleased with it, and indeed it is now mighty handsome, and rich in furniture. I carried my wife and her to Smithfield, where they sit in the coach, while Mr. Pickering, who meets me at Smithfield, and I, and W. Hewer, and a friend of his, a jockey, did go about to see several pairs of horses, for my coach; but it was late, and we agreed on none, but left it to another time: but here I do see instances of a piece of craft and cunning that I never dreamed of, concerning the buying and choosing of horses. So Mr. Pickering, to whom I am much beholden for his kindness herein, and I parted; and I with my people home. To the Office, where vexed to see how ill all the Comptroller's business is likely to go, as long as ever Sir J. Minnes lives; and so troubled I was, that I thought it a good occasion for me to give my thoughts of it in writing, and therefore wrote a letter at the Board, by the help of a tube, to Lord Brouncker, and did give it him, which I kept a copy of, and it may be of use to me hereafter to show, in this matter. This being done, I home to my aunt, who supped with us, and my uncle also: and a good-humoured woman she is, so that I think we shall keep her acquaintance; but mighty proud she is of her wedding-ring, being lately set with diamonds; cost her about £12: and I did commend it mightily to her, but do not think it very suitable for one of our quality.

5th. No news stirring, but that my Lord of Ormond is likely to go to Ireland again, which do show that the Duke of Buckingham do not rule all so absolutely; and that, however, we shall speedily have more changes in the Navy: and it is certain that the Nonconformists do now preach openly in houses, in many places, and among others the house that was heretofore Sir G. Carteret's, in Leadenhall Streete, and have ready access to the King. And now the great dispute is, whether this Parliament or another; and my great design, if I continue in the Navy, is to get myself to be a Parliament-man.

6th. (Lord's day.) Up, and with my wife to Church; which pleases me mightily, I being full of fear that she would never go to church again, after she had declared to me that she was a Roman Catholick. But though I do verily think she fears God, and is truly and sincerely righteous, yet I do see she is not so strictly a Catholick as not to go to church with me, which pleases me mightily. Here Mills made a lazy sermon, upon Moses's meeknesse. With my wife and W. Hewer talking over the business of the Office, and particularly my own Office, how I will make it, and it will become, in a little time, an Office of ease, and not slavery, as it hath for so many years been.

7th. Sir W. Coventry says that he hath no more mind to be found meddling with the Navy, lest it should do it hurt, as well as him. So to talk of general things: and telling him that, with all these doings, he, I thanked God, stood yet; he told me, Yes, but that he thought his continuing in, did arise from his enemies my Lord of Buckingham and Arlington's seeing that he cared so little if he was out; and he do protest to me that he is as weary of the Treasury, as ever he was of the Navy. He tells me that he do believe that their heat is over almost, as to the Navy, there being now none left of the old stock but my Lord Brouncker, J. Minnes, who is ready to leave the world, and myself. But he tells me that he do foresee very great wants and great disorders by reason thereof; insomuch, as he is represented to the King by his enemies as a melancholy man, and one that is still prophesying ill events, so as the King called him Visionaire, which being told him, he said he answered the party, that, whatever he foresaw, he was not afraid as to himself of any thing, nor particularly of my Lord Arlington, so much as the Duke of Buckingham hath been, nor of the Duke of Buckingham, so much as my Lord Arlington at this time is. But he tells me that he hath been always looked upon as a melancholy man; whereas, others that would please the King do make him believe that all is safe: and so he hath heard my Lord Chancellor openly say to the King, that he was now a glorious prince, and in a glorious condition, because of some one accident that hath happened, or some one rut that hath been removed; "when," says Sir W. Coventry, "they reckoned their one good meal, without considering that there was nothing left in the cupboard for to-morrow." After this discourse, to my Lord Sandwich's, and took a quarter of an hour's walk in the garden with him, which I have not done for so much time with him since his coming into England; and talking of his own condition, and particularly of the world's talk of his going to Tangier. I find, if his conditions can be made profitable and safe as to money, he would go, but not else; but, however, will seem not averse to it, because of facilitating his other accounts now depending, which he finds hard to get through, but yet hath some hopes, the King, he says, speaking very kindly to him.

8th. Up, and Sir H. Cholmly betimes with me, about some accounts and monies due to him; and he gone, I to the Office, where sat all the morning; and here, among other things, breaks out the storm W. Hewer and I have long expected from the Surveyor,[1] about W. Hewer's conspiring to get a contract, to the burdening of the stores with kerseys and cottons, of which he hath often complained, and lately more than ever; and now he did by a most scandalous letter to the Board, reflecting on my Office: and, by discourse, it fell to such high words between him and me, as can hardly ever be forgot; I declaring I would believe W. Hewer as soon as him, and laying the fault, if there be any, upon himself; he, on the other hand, vilifying of my word and W. Hewer's, calling him knave, and that if he were his clerk, he should lose his ears. At last, I closed the business for this morning with making the thing ridiculous, as it is, and he swearing that the King should have right in it, or he would lose his place. The Office was cleared of all but ourselves and W. Hewer; but, however, the world did by the beginning see what it meant, and it will, I believe, come to high terms between us, which I am sorry for, to have any blemish laid upon me or mine, at this time, though never so unjustly, for fear of giving occasion to my real discredit: and therefore I was not only all the rest of the morning vexed, but so went home to dinner, where my wife tells me of my Lord Orrery's new play "Tryphon,"[2] at the Duke of York's house, which, however, I would see, and therefore put a bit of meat in our mouths, and went thither, where, with much ado, at half-past one, we got into a blind hole in the 18*d.* place, above stairs, where we could not hear well. The house infinite full, but the prologue most silly, and the play, though admirable, yet no pleasure almost in it, because just the very same design, and words, and sense, and plot, as every one of his plays have, any one of which alone would be held admirable, whereas so many of the same design and fancy do but dull one another; and this, I perceive, is the sense of every body else, as well as myself, who therefore showed but little pleasure in it. So home, mighty hot, and my mind mightily out of order, so as I could not eat my supper, or sleep almost all night, though I spent till twelve at night with W. Hewer to consider of our business: and we find it not only most free from any blame of our side, but so horrid scandalous on the other, to make so groundless a complaint, and one so shameful to him, that it could not but let me see that there is no need of my being troubled; but such is the weakness of my nature, that I could not help it, which vexes me, showing me how unable I am to live with difficulties.

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[1] Colonel Middleton.

[2] This tragedy, taken from the first book of Maccabees, was performed with great success.

9th. To the Office, but did little there, my mind being still uneasy, though more and more satisfied that there is no occasion for it; but abroad with my wife to the Temple, where I met with Auditor Wood's clerk, and did some business with him, and so to see Mr. Spong, and found him out by Southampton Market,[1] and there carried my wife, and up to his chamber, a bye place, but with a good prospect of the fields; and there I had most infinite pleasure, not only with his ingenuity in general, but in particular with his shewing me the use of the Parallelogram, by which he drew in a quarter of an hour before me, in little, from a great, a most neat map of England—that is, all the outlines, which gives me infinite pleasure, and foresight of pleasure, I shall have with it; and therefore desire to have that which I have bespoke, made. Many other pretty things he shewed us, and did give me a glass bubble,[2] to try the strength of liquors with. This done, and having spent 6*d*. in ale in the coach, at the door of the Bull Inn, with the innocent master of the house, a Yorkshireman, for his letting us go through his house, we away to Hercules Pillars, and there eat a bit of meat: and so, with all speed, back to the Duke of York's house, where mighty full again; but we come time enough to have a good place in the pit, and did hear this new play again, where, though I better understood it than before, yet my sense of it and pleasure was just the same as yesterday, and no more, nor any body else's about us. So took our coach and home, having now little pleasure to look about me to see the fine faces, for fear of displeasing my wife, whom I take great comfort now, more than ever, in pleasing; and it is a real joy to me. So home, and to my Office, where spent an hour or two; and so home to my wife, to supper and talk, and so to bed.

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[1] Better known as Bloomsbury Market; but since (1851–3) swallowed up in the New Oxford Street improvements.

[2] This seems to be Mr. Boyle's hydrometer, described in the *Philosophical Transactions* of the time.

10th. Up, and to the Office, where busy all the morning: Middleton not there, so no words or looks of him. At noon, home to dinner; and so to the Office, and there all the afternoon busy; and at night W. Hewer home with me; and we think we have got matter enough to make Middleton appear a coxcomb. But it troubled me to have Sir W. Warren meet me at night, going out of the Office home, and tell me that Middleton do intend to complain to the Duke of York: but, upon consideration of the business, I did go to bed, satisfied that it was best for me that he should; and so my trouble was over, and to bed, and slept well.

11th. Up, and with W. Hewer by water to Somerset House; and there I to my Lord Brouncker, before he went forth to the Duke of York, and there told him my confidence that I should make Middleton appear a fool, and that it was, I thought, best for me to complain of the wrong he hath done; but brought it about, that my Lord desired me I would forbear, and promised that he would prevent Middleton till I had given in my answer to the Board, which I desired: and so away to White Hall, and there did our usual attendance: and no word spoke before the Duke of York by Middleton at all; at which I was glad to my heart, because by this means I have time to draw up my answer to my mind. With W. Hewer by coach to Smithfield, but met not Mr. Pickering, he being not come, and so Will and I to a cook's shop, in Aldersgate Street; and dined well for 1*s.* 0½*d.*, upon roast beef; and so, having dined, we back to Smithfield, and there met Pickering, and up and down all the afternoon about horses, and did see the knaveries and tricks of jockeys. Here I met W. Joyce, who troubled me with his impertinencies a great while, and the like Mr. Knipp, who, it seems, is a kind of a jockey, and would fain have been doing something for me, but I avoided him, and the more for fear of being troubled thereby with his wife, whom I dare not see, for my vow to my wife. At last, concluded upon giving £50 for a fine pair of black horses we saw this day se'nnight; and so set Mr. Pickering down near his house, whom I am much beholden to, for his care herein, and he hath admirable skill, I perceive, in this business, and so home.

12th. I hear this day that there is fallen down a new house, not quite finished, in Lumberd Street, and that there have been several so, they making use of bad mortar and bricks; but no hurt yet, as God hath ordered it. This day was brought home my pair of black coach-horses, the first I ever was master of, a fine pair!

14th. To a Committee of Tangier, where, among other things, a silly account of a falling out between Norwood,[1] at Tangier, and Mr. Bland, the mayor, who is fled to Cales [Cadiz]. His complaint is ill-worded, and the other's defence the most ridiculous that ever I saw; and so everybody else that was there, thought it; but never did I see so great an instance of the use of grammar, and knowledge how to tell a man's tale as this day, Bland having spoiled his business by ill-telling it, who had work to have made himself notorious by his mastering Norwood, his enemy, if he had known how to have used it. To dinner by a hackney, my coachman being this day about breaking of my horses to the coach, they having never yet drawn. This day, I hear, and am glad, that the King hath prorogued the Parliament to October next; and, among other reasons, it will give me time to go to France, I hope.

15th. Up, and to the Office, where sat all the morning, and the new Treasurers there; and, for my life, I cannot keep Sir J. Minnes and others of the Board from showing our weakness, to the dishonour of the Board, though I am not concerned: but it do vex me to the heart to have it before these people, that would be glad to find out all our weaknesses.

18th. To Lord Brouncker, and got him to read over my paper, who owns most absolute content in it, and the advantage I have in it, and the folly of the Surveyor. At noon home to dinner; and then to Brooke House, and there spoke with Colonel Thomson, I by order carrying the Commissioners of Accounts our Contract-books, from the beginning to the end of the late war. I found him finding of errors in a ship's book, where he showed me many, which must end in the ruin, I doubt, of the Comptroller, who found them not out in the pay of the ship, or the whole Office. To the Office, and after some other business done, we fell to mine. The Surveyor began to be a little brisk at the beginning; but when I came to the point to touch him, which I had all the advantages in the world to do, he became as calm as a lamb, and owned, as the whole Board did, their satisfaction, and cried excuse: and so all made friends; and their acknowledgment put into writing, and delivered into Sir J. Minnes's hand, to be kept there for the use of the Board, or me, when I shall call for it; they desiring it might be so, that I might not make use of it to the prejudice of the Surveyor, whom I had an advantage over, by his extraordinary folly in this matter. So Middleton desiring to be friends, I forgave him; and all mighty quiet, and fell to talk of other stories, and there staid, all of us, till nine or ten at night, more than ever we did in our lives before, together.

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[1] Colonel Norwood, the Deputy Governor: see 21st April, 1660.

19th. My wife and I by hackney to the King's playhouse, and there, the pit being full, sat in the box above, and saw "Catiline's Conspiracy,"[1] yesterday being the first day: a play of much good sense and words to read, but that do appear the worst upon the stage, I mean, the least diverting, that ever I saw any, though most fine in clothes; and a fine scene of the Senate, and of a fight, as ever I saw in my life. We sat next to Betty Hall,[2] that did belong to this house, and was Sir Philip Howard's mistress; a mighty pretty wench, though my wife will not think so; and I dare neither commend, nor be seen to look upon her, or any other, for fear of offending her. So, our own coach coming for us, home, and to end letters, and my wife to read to me out of "The Siege of Rhodes," and so to supper, and to bed.

20th. (Lord's day.) The Duke of York in good humour did fall to tell us many fine stories of the wars in Flanders, and how the Spaniards are the best disciplined foot in the world; will refuse no extraordinary service if commanded, but scorn to be paid for it, as in other countries, though at the same time they will beg in the streets: not a soldier will carry you a cloak-bag for money for the world, though he will beg a penny, and will do the thing, if commanded by his Commander. That, in the citadel of Antwerp, a soldier hath not a liberty of begging till he hath served three years. They will cry out against their King and Commanders and Generals, none like them in the world, and yet will not hear a stranger say a word of them but they will cut his throat. That, upon a time, some of the Commanders of their army exclaiming against their Generals, and particularly the Marquis de Caranen,[3] the Confessor of the Marquis coming by and hearing them, he stops and gravely tells them that the three great trades of the world are, the lawyers who govern the world; the churchmen who enjoy the world; and a sort of fellows whom they call soldiers, who make it their work to defend the world. He told us too, that Turenne being now become a Catholick,[1] he is likely to get over the head of Colbert,[2] their interests being contrary; the latter to promote trade[3] and the sea, which, says the Duke of York, is that we have most cause to fear; and Turenne to employ the King and his forces by land, to encrease his conquests. W. Hewer tells me to-day that he hears that the King of France hath declared in print, that he do intend this next summer to forbid his Commanders to strike[4] to us, but that both we and the Dutch shall strike to him; and that he hath made his Captains swear already, that they will observe it: which is a great thing if he do it, as I know nothing to hinder him.

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[1] By Stephen Gosson. It was never printed.

[2] See 23d Jan., 1666–7. She is noticed in one of Rochester's Satires:—

"And Mrs. Strafford yield to B—— Hall."

*State Poems*, p. 35, 8vo., 1697.

[3] Luis de Benavides Carillo y Toledo, Marques de Caracena, one of the most eminent of the Spanish Generals. He had been Commander of the

21st. To the Temple, the first time my fine horses ever carried me, and I am mighty proud of these. So home, and there dined with my wife and my people: and then she, and W. Hewer, and I out with our coach, but the old horses, not daring yet to use the others too much, but only to enter them. Went into Holborne, and there saw the woman that is to be seen with a beard. She is a little plain woman, a Dane: her name, Ursula Dyan; about forty years old; her voice like a little girl's; with a beard as much as any man I ever saw, black almost, and grizly; it began to grow at about seven years old, and was shaved not above seven months ago, and is now so big as any man's almost that ever I saw; I say, bushy and thick. It was a strange sight to me, I confess, and what pleased me mightily. Thence to the Duke's playhouse, and saw "Macbeth." The King and Court there; and we sat just under them and my Lady Castlemaine, and close to a woman that comes into the pit, a kind of a loose gossip, that pretends to be like her, and is so, something. And my wife, by my troth, appeared, I

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Spanish Cavalry in Flanders; and was afterwards Governor of Milan, and employed in the wars of Italy. He died in 1668.

[1] Henri, Vicomte de Turenne, the celebrated General. In 1666, after the death of his wife, Charlotte, heiress of the Duc de la Force, who, like himself, had been a Huguenot, and whose influence had retained him in that communion, Turenne professed himself a Roman Catholic.

[2] Jean Baptiste Colbert, the great Minister.

[3] This reminds us of the famous reply, "*Laissez nous faire*," made to Colbert by the French merchants, whose interests he thought to promote by laws and regulations.

[4] Strike topsails.

think, as pretty as any of them; I never thought so much before; and so did Talbot and W. Hewer, as, I heard, they said to one another. The King and Duke of York minded me, and smiled upon me, at the handsome woman near me: but it vexed me to see Moll Davis, in the box over the King's and my Lady Castlemaine's, look down upon the King, and he up to her; and so did my Lady Castlemaine once, to see who it was; but when she saw Moll Davis, she looked like fire; which troubled me.

23d. Discoursed with Sir John Bankes, who thinks this prorogation will please all but the Parliament itself, which will, if ever they meet, be vexed at Buckingham, who yet governs all. He says the Nonconformists are glad of it, and, he believes, will get the upper-hand in a little time, for the King must trust to them or nobody; and he thinks the King will be forced to it. He says that Sir D. Gauden is mightily troubled at Pen's being put upon him, by the Duke of York,[1] and that he believes he will get clear of it, which, though it will trouble me to have Pen still at the Office, yet I shall think D. Gauden do well in it, and what I would advise him to, because I love him. So home to dinner, and then with my wife alone abroad, with our new horses, the beautifullest almost that ever I saw, and the first time they ever carried her and me, but once; but we are mighty proud of them. To her tailor's, and so to the 'Change, and laid out three or four pounds in lace, for her and me; and so home, and there I up to my Lord Brouncker at his lodgings; and sat with him an hour, on purpose, to talk over the wretched state of this Office at present, according to the present hands it is made up of; wherein he do fully concur with me, and that it is our part not only to prepare for defending it and ourselves, against the consequences of it, but to take the best ways we can, to make it known to the Duke of York; for, till Sir J. Minnes be removed, and a sufficient man brought into W. Pen's place, when he is gone, it is impossible for this Office ever to support itself.

24th. A cold day. Up, and to the Office, where all the morning alone, nobody meeting, being the eve of Christmas. At noon home to dinner, and then at the Office busy, all the afternoon, and at night home.

25th. (Christmas-day.) I to church, where Alderman Backewell, coming in late, I beckoned to his lady to come up to us, who did, with another lady; and after sermon, I led her down through the church to her husband and coach, a noble, fine woman, and a good one, and one my wife shall be acquainted with. So home, and to dinner alone with my wife, who, poor wretch! sat undressed all day, till ten at night, altering and lacing of a noble petticoat: while I by her, making the boy read to me the Life of Julius Cæsar,[1] and Des Cartes' book of Musick[2]—the latter of which I understand not, nor think he did well that writ it, though a most learned man. Then, after supper, I made the boy play upon his lute, which I have not done before since he come to me; and so, my mind in mighty content, we to bed.

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[1] As his partner, in the contract for victualling the Navy.

26th. At noon to dinner, and then abroad with my wife to a play, at the Duke of York's house, the house full of ordinary citizens. The play was "Women Pleased,"[3] which we had never seen before; and, though but indifferent, yet there is a good design for a good play.

27th. (Lord's day.) Saw the King at Chapel; but staid not to hear anything, but went to walk in the Park, with W. Hewer; and there, among others, met with Sir G. Downing, and walked with him an hour, talking of business, and how the late war was managed, there being nobody to take care of it: and he telling, when he was in Holland, what he offered the King to do, if he might have power, and then, upon the least word, perhaps of a woman, to the King, he was contradicted again, and particularly to the loss of all that we lost in Guinny. He told me that he had so good spies, that he hath had the keys taken out of De Witt's[4] pocket when he was a-bed, and his closet opened, and papers brought to him, and left in his hands for an hour, and carried back and laid in the place again, and keys put into De Witt's pocket again. He says he hath always had their most private debates, that have been but between two or three of the chief of them, brought to him in an hour after, and an hour after that, hath sent word thereof to the King, but nobody here regarded them. But he tells me the sad news, that he is out of all expectations that ever the debts of the Navy will be paid, if the Parliament do not enable the King to do it by money; all they can hope for to do out of the King's revenue being but to keep our wheels a-going on present services, and, if they can, to cut off the growing interest: which is a sad story, and grieves me to the heart.

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[1] The *Life of Julius Cæsar, with an Account of his Medals.* By Clement Edmonds, fol., Lond., 1655.

[2] *Musicæ Compendium*, by Réné des Cartes, Amsterdam, 1617; rendered into English: London, 1653, 4to. The translator, whose name did not appear on the title, was William, Viscount Brouncker, Pepys's colleague, who proved his knowledge of music by the performance.

[3] A tragi-comedy, by Beaumont and Fletcher: fol., 1647; 8vo, 1778, well thought of at the time, though, when revived at Drury Lane, nearly a century ago, it met with no success.

[4] The celebrated John de Witt, Grand Pensionary of Holland, who, a few years afterwards, was massacred, with his brother Cornelius, by the Dutch mob, enraged at their opposition to the elevation of William of Orange to the Stadtholdership, when the States were overrun by the French army, and the Dutch fleets beaten at sea by the English.

28th. Called up by drums and trumpets; these things and boxes having cost me much money this Christmas already, and will do more.

29th. Up, and at the Office all the morning, and at noon to dinner, and there, by a pleasant mistake, find my uncle and aunt Wight, and three more of their company, come to dine with me to-day, thinking that they had been invited, which they were not; but yet we did give them a pretty good dinner, and mighty merry at the mistake. They sat most of the afternoon with us, and then parted, and my wife and I out, thinking to have gone to a play, but it was too far begun, and so to the 'Change, and there she and I bought several things, and so home, with much pleasure, talking, and then to reading, and so to supper, and to bed.

30th. Up, and vexed a little to be forced to pay 40*s*. for a glass of my coach, which was broke the other day, nobody knows how, within the door, while it was down; but I do doubt that I did break it myself with my knees. After dinner, my wife and I to the Duke's playhouse, and there did see "King Harry the Eighth;" and was mightily pleased, better than I ever expected, with the history and shows of it. We happened to sit by Mr. Andrews, our neighbour, and his wife, who talked so fondly to his little boy. Thence my wife and I to the 'Change; but, in going, our neere horse did fling himself, kicking of the coachbox over the pole; and a great deal of trouble it was to get him right again, and we forced to 'light, and in great fear of spoiling the horse, but there was no hurt.

## 1668–9

January 1st. Presented from Captain Beckford,[1] with a noble silver warming-pan, which I am doubtful whether to take or no. To the cabinet-shops, to look out, and did agree, for a cabinet to give my wife for a New-year's gift; and I did buy one cost me £11, which is very pretty, of walnutt-tree. To the Old

[1] See 5th Jan., 1660–1.

Exchange, and met my uncle Wight; and there walked, and met with the Houblons, and talked with them—gentlemen whom I honour mightily: and so to my uncle's, and met my wife; and there, with W. Hewer, we dined with our family, and had a very good dinner, and pretty merry: and after dinner, my wife and I with our coach to the King's playhouse, and there in a box saw "The Mayden Queene." Knipp looked upon us, but I durst not show her any countenance; and, as well as I could carry myself, I found my wife uneasy there, poor wretch! therefore, I shall avoid that house as soon as I can. So back to my aunt's, and there supped and talked, and staid pretty late, it being dry and moonshine, and so walked home.

2d. Home to dinner, where I find my cabinet, and paid for it, and it pleases me and my wife well.

3d. (Lord's day.) Busy all the morning, getting rooms and dinner ready for my guests, which were my uncle and aunt Wight, and two of their cousins, and an old woman, and Mr. Mills and his wife; and a good dinner, and all our plate out, and mighty fine and merry, only I a little vexed at burning a new table-cloth myself, with one of my trencher-salts.[1] Dinner done, I out with W. Hewer and Mr. Spong, who by accident come to dine with me, and good talk with him: to White Hall by coach, and there, left him. Up and down the House till the evening, hearing how the King do intend[2] this frosty weather, it being this day the first, and very hard frost, that hath come this year, and very cold it is. So home; and to supper and read; and there my wife and I treating about coming to an allowance to her for clothes; and there I, out of my natural backwardness, did hang off, which vexed her, and did occasion some discontented talk in bed, when we went to bed; and also in the morning, but I did recover all.

4th. Talking with my wife, and did of my own accord come to an allowance of her of £30 a-year for all expences, clothes and everything, which she was mightily pleased with, it being more than ever she asked or expected, and so rose, with much content. W. Hewer and I went and saw the great tall woman that is to be seen, who is but twenty-one years old, and I do easily stand under her arms.[3] Then, going further, The.

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[1] It would seem that the wooden salt-cellar was burnt, together with the tablecloth.

[2] This sentence seems imperfect.

[3] Evelyn saw her, 29th Jan., 1668–9. She was born in the Low Countries, and stood, at the age of twenty-one, according to Evelyn, six feet ten inches high; yet Pepys, 8th Feb., 1668-9, makes her height six feet five inches.

Turner called me, out of her coach, where her mother, &c., was, and invited me by all means to dine with them, at my cozen Roger's mistress's, the widow Dickenson. So I went to them afterwards, and dined with them, and mighty handsomely treated, and she a wonderfully merry, good-humoured, fat, but plain woman, but I believe a very good woman, and mighty civil to me. Mrs. Turner,[1] the mother,[2] and Mrs. Dyke,[3] and The., and Betty was the company, and a gentleman of their acquaintance. Betty I did long to see, and she is indifferent pretty, but not what the world did speak of her; but I am mighty glad to have one so pretty of our kindred. After dinner, I walked with them, to show them the great woman, which they admire, as well they may; and back with them, and left them; and I to White Hall, where a Committee of Tangier met; and I did receive an instance of the Duke of York's kindness to me, and the whole Committee, that they would not order any thing about the Treasury for the Corporation now in establishing, without my assent, and considering whether it would be to my wrong or no. Thence up and down the house, and to the Duke of York's side, and there in the Duchess's presence; and was mightily complimented by my Lady Peterborough, in my Lord Sandwich's presence, whom she engaged to thank me for my kindness to her and her Lord. By and by I met my Lord Brouncker; and he and I to the Duke of York alone, and discoursed over the carriage of the present Treasurers, in opposition to, or at least independency of the Duke of York, or our Board, which the Duke of York is sensible of, and all remember, I believe; for they do carry themselves very respectlessly of him and us. We also declared our minds together to the Duke of York about Sir John Minnes's incapacity to do any service in the Office: he promised to speak to the King about it. To supper, and put into writing in merry terms, an agreement between my wife and me abou the £30 a-year, and so to bed. This was done under both our hands merrily, and put into W. Hewer's to keep.

5th. The frost and cold continuing. At noon home with my people to dinner, and in the evening comes Creed to me, and tells me his wife is at my house So I in, and spent an hour with them, the first time she hath been here, or I have seen her, since she was married. She is not over-handsome though a good lady, and one I love. So after some pleasant discourse, they gone, I to the Office again.

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[1] Jane, the wife of Sergeant John Turner. See note to 3d Feb., 1659-1660.

[2] Anne Pepys, who married Terry Walpole, of South Creake.

[3] Elizabeth, married to Thomas Dyke.

6th. At noon comes Mrs. Turner and Dyke, and Mrs. Dickenson, and then comes The. and Betty Turner, the latter of which is a very pretty girl; and then Creed and his wife, whom I sent for, by my coach. These were my guests, and Mrs. Turner's friend, whom I saw the other day, Mr. Wicken, and very merry we were at dinner, and so all the afternoon, talking, and looking up and down my house; and in the evening[1] I did bring out my cake—a noble cake and there cut it into pieces, with wine and good drink: and after a new fashion, to prevent spoiling the cake, did put so many titles into a hat, and so drew cuts; and I was the Queen; and The. Turner, King—Creed, Sir Martin Marr-all; and Betty, Mrs. Millicent: and so we were mighty merry till it was midnight; and, being moonshine and fine frost, they went home, I lending some of them my coach to help to carry them.

7th. My wife and I to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Island Princesse,"[2] the first time I ever saw it; and it is a pretty good play, many good things being in it, and a good scene of a town on fire. We sat in an upper box, and the jade Nell came and sat in the next box; a bold merry slut, who lay laughing there upon people; and with a comrade of the Duke's house, that came in to see the play.

8th. Up, and with Colonel Middleton, in his coach, and Mr. Tippets to White Hall; and there attended the Duke of York with the rest, where the Duke was mighty plain with the Treasurers, according to the advice my Lord Brouncker and I did give him the other night, and he did it fully; and so as, I believe, will make the Treasurers carefull of themselves, unless they do resolve upon defying the Duke of York. At the Treasury-Chamber, where I alone did manage the business of "The Leopard" against the whole Committee of the East India Company, with Mr. Blackburne with them; and to the silencing of them all, to my no great content. Home to my wife's chamber, my people having laid the cloth, and got the rooms all clean above-stairs for our dinner to-morrow.

9th. At noon, my Lord Brouncker, Mr. Wren, Joseph Williamson, and Captain Cocke, dined with me; and, being newly sat down, comes in, by invitation of Williamson's, the

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[1] It was Twelfth Night.

[2] A Tragi-Comedy, by Beaumont and Fletcher; reprinted in 1669 (4to), "as it is acted at the Theatre Royal by His Majesty's servants. With the alterations and new additional scenes."

Lieutenant of the Tower, and he brings in with him young Mr. Where, whose father, of the Tower, I know. And here I had a neat dinner, and all in so good manner and fashion, and with so good company, and everything to my mind, as I never had more in my life—the company being to my heart's content, and they all well pleased. So continued, looking over my books and closet till the evening.

10th. (Lord's day.) Accidentally talking of our maids before we rose, I said a little word that did give occasion to my wife to fall out; and she did most excessively, almost all the morning, but ended most perfect good friends; but the thoughts of the unquiet which her ripping up of old faults will give me, did make me melancholy all day long.

11th. Abroad with my wife to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Joviall Crew;" but ill acted to what it was heretofore, in Clun's time, and when Lacy could dance. Thence to the New Exchange, to buy some things; and, among others, my wife did give me my pair of gloves, which, by contract, she is to give me in her £30 a-year. Here Mrs. Smith[1] tells of the great murder thereabouts, on Saturday last, of one Captain Bumbridge,[2] by one Symons, both of her acquaintance; and hectors that were at play, and in drink: the former is killed, and is kinsman to my Lord of Ormond, which made him speak of it with so much passion. So home; and there all the evening; and made Tom to prick down some little conceits and notions of mine, in musick, which do mightily encourage me to spend some more thoughts about it; for I fancy, upon good reason, that I am in the right way of unfolding the mystery of this matter, better than ever yet.

12th. Up, and to the Office, where, by occasion of a message from the Treasurers that their Board found fault with Commissioner Middleton, I went up from our Board to the Lords of the Treasury, and there did dispute the business, it being about the matter of paying a little money to Chatham Yard, wherein I find the Treasurers mighty supple, and I believe we shall bring them to reason, though they begun mighty upon us, as if we had no power of directing them, but they, us. Thence back presently home, to dinner, where I discern my wife to have been in pain about where I have been, but said nothing to me, but I believe did send W. Hewer to seek me, but I take no notice of it, but am vexed. So to dinner with my people, and then to the Office, where all the afternoon, and did much business, and at it late, and so home to supper, and to bed. This day, meeting Mr. Pierce at White Hall, he tells me that his boy hath a great mind to see me, and is going to school again; and Dr. Clerke, being by, do tell me that he is a fine boy; but I durst not answer anything, because I durst not invite him to my house, for fear of my wife; and therefore, to my great trouble, was forced to neglect that discourse. Mr. Pierce, I asking him whither he was going, told me as a great secret that he was going to his master's mistress, Mrs. Churchill,[1] with some physic; meaning, I suppose, that she is with child. This evening I observed my wife mighty dull, and I myself was not mighty fond, because of some hard words she did give me at noon, out of a jealousy at my being abroad this morning, which, God knows, it was upon the business of the Office unexpectedly: but I to bed, not thinking but she would come after me. But waking by and by, out of a slumber, which I usually fall into presently after my coming into the bed, I found she did not prepare to come to bed, but got fresh candles, and more wood for her fire, it being mighty cold, too. At this being troubled, I after a while prayed her to come to bed; so, after an hour or two, she silent, and I now and then praying her to come to bed, she fell out into a fury, that I was a rogue, and false to her. I did, as I might truly, deny it, and was mightily troubled, but all would not serve. At last, about one o'clock, she come to my side of the bed, and drew my curtaine open, and with the tongs red hot at the ends, made as if she did design to pinch me with them,[2] at which, in dismay, I rose up, and with a few words she laid them down; and did by little and little, very sillily, let all the discourse fall; and about two, but with much seeming difficulty, come to bed, and there lay well all night, and long in bed talking together, with much pleasure, it being, I know, nothing but her doubt of my going out yesterday, without telling her of my going, which did vex her, poor wretch! last night, and I cannot blame her jealousy, though it do vex me to the heart.

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[1] Pepys's pretty sempstress.

[2] Or Bainbridge.

13th. Home, after visiting my Lady Peterborough, and there by invitation find Mr. Povy, and there was also Talbot Pepys, newly come from Impington, and dined with me. After dinner, I and my wife and Talbot towards the Temple, and there to the King's playhouse, and there saw, I think, "The Maiden Queene." This day come home the instrument I have so long longed for, the Parallelogram.

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[1] Arabella Churchill, sister to John Duke of Marlborough, and one of the Maids of Honour to the Duchess of York. James Duke of Berwick and three other children were the fruits of this intrigue. She married subsequently Colonel Godfrey, Comptroller of the Household, and died 1730, aged 82.

[2] Mrs. Pepys seemed inclined to have acted on the legend of St. Dunstan, who—

> ———"as the story goes,
> Once pull'd the devil by the nose
> With *red-hot tongs*, which made him roar,
> That he was heard three miles or more."

15th. To Sir W. Coventry, where with him a good while in his chamber, talking of the great factions at Court at this day, even to the sober engaging of great persons, and differences, and making the King cheap and ridiculous. It is about my Lady Harvy's being offended at Doll Common's acting of Sempronia,[1] to imitate her; for which she got my Lord Chamberlain, her kinsman,[2] to imprison Doll: upon which my Lady Castlemaine made the King to release her, and to order her to act it again, worse than ever, the other day, where the King himself was; and since it was acted again, and my Lady Harvy provided people to hiss her and fling oranges at her: but it seems the heat is come to a great height, and real troubles at Court about it. Through the Park, where I met the King and the Duke of York, and so walked with them; and I did give the Duke of York thanks for his favour to me yesterday, at the Committee of Tangier, in my absence, where some business was brought forward which the Duke of York would not suffer to go on, without my presence at the debate. And he answered me just thus: that he ought to have a care of him that do the King's business in the manner that I do, and words of more force than that. Then down with Lord

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[1] The following cast of parts in "The Alchymist," as acted by the King's company, and given by Downes, in his *Roscius Anglicanus*, furnishes a clue to the actress described here, and in a former passage (vol. iii., p. 35) as "Doll Common:"—

| | |
|---|---|
| Subtle | Mr. Clun. |
| Face | Major Mohun. |
| Sir E. Mammon | Mr. Cartwright. |
| Surly | Mr. Burt. |
| Ananias | Mr. Lacy. |
| Wholesome | Mr. Bateman. |
| *Doll Common* | *Mrs. Corey.* |
| Dame Plyant | Mrs. Rutter. |

The identity, however, is placed beyond doubt, by a reference to "Catiline's Conspiracy," where we find Mrs. Corey acting the part of Sempronia, in which "Doll Common," as Pepys styles her, gave offence, by imitating Lady Harvey, and, consequently, was sent to prison. We may add, that Mrs. Corey's name stands first in the list of female performers in the King's company, under Killigrew: see *Roscius Anglicanus*, 1708.

[2] See note, 18th January, 1661-2.

Brouncker to Sir R. Murray, into the King's little elaboratory, under his closet, a pretty place; and there saw a great many chymical glasses and things, but understood none of them. With my wife at my cozen Turner's, where I staid, and sat a while, and carried The. and my wife to the Duke of York's house, to "Macbeth," and myself to White Hall, to the Lords of the Treasury, about Tangier business; and there was by, at much merry discourse between them and my Lord Anglesey, who made sport of our new Treasurers, and called them his deputys, and much of that kind. And having done my own business, I away back, and carried my cozen Turner and sister Dyke to a friend's house, where they sup, in Lincoln's Inn Fields; and I to the Duke of York's house, and so carried The. thither, and so home with my wife. This day The. Turner shewed me at the play my Lady Portman,[1] who was grown out of my knowledge.

16th. This morning Creed, and in the afternoon comes Povy, to advise with me about my answer to the Lords Commissioners of Tangier, about the propositions for the Treasurership there,[2] which I am not much concerned for. But the latter, talking of publick things, told me, as Mr. Wren also did, that the Parliament is likely to meet again, the King being frighted with what the Speaker hath put him in mind of—his promise not to prorogue, but only to adjourne them. They speak mighty freely of the folly of the King in this foolish woman's business, of my Lady Harvy. Povy tells me that Sir W. Coventry was with the King alone, an hour this day; and that my Lady Castlemaine is now in a higher command over the King than ever—not as a mistress, for she scorns him, but as a tyrant, to command him: and says that the Duchess of York and the Duke of York are mighty great with her, which is a great interest to my Lord Chancellor's[3] family; and that they do agree to hinder all they can the proceedings of the Duke of Buckingham and Arlington: and so we are in the old mad condition, or rather worse than any; no man knowing what the French intend to do the next summer.

17th. (Lord's day.) After church, home, and thither comes Mrs. Batelier and her two daughters to dinner with us; and W. Hewer and his mother, and Mr. Spong. We were very civilly merry, and Mrs. Batelier a very discreet woman, but mighty fond in the stories she tells of her son Will. After dinner, Mr. Spong and I to my closet, there to try my instrument Parallelogram, which do mighty well, to my full content; but only a little stiff, as being new. Thence, taking leave of my guests, to White Hall, and there parting with Spong, a man that I mightily love for his plainness and ingenuity, spoke with my Lords Bellassis and Peterborough about the business now in dispute, about my deputing a Treasurer to pay the garrison at Tangier, which I would avoid, and not be accountable, and they will serve me therein. Here I met Hugh May, and he brings me to the knowledge of Sir Henry Capell,[1] a Member of Parliament, and brother of my Lord of Essex,[2] who hath a great value, it seems, for me; and they appoint a day to come and dine with me, and see my books, and papers of the Office, which I shall be glad to show them, and have opportunity to satisfy them therein. Here all the discourse is, that now the King is of opinion to have the Parliament called, notwithstanding his late resolutions for proroguing them; so unstable are his councils, and those about him.

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[1] Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Cutler, (by his second lady) married to Sir William Portman, K.B., who was the third and last Baronet of his family. Pepys could have known neither of his former wives.

[2] See p. 606, *ante.*

[3] Clarendon, whom Pepys mentions by his former Office.

18th. To Sir W. Coventry's, and there discourse the business of my Treasurer's place, at Tangier, wherein he consents to my desire, and concurs therein, which I am glad of, that I may not be accountable for a man so far off. And so I to my Lord Sandwich's, and there walk with him through the garden,[3] to White Hall, where he tells me what he hath done about this Treasurer's place, and I perceive the whole thing did proceed from him: that finding it would be best to have the Governor have nothing to do with the pay of the garrison, he did propose to the Duke of York alone that a pay-master should be there; and that being desirous to do a courtesy to Sir Charles Harbord,[4] and to prevent the Duke of York's looking out for any body else, he did name him to the Duke of York. That when he came the other day to move this to the board of Tangier, the Duke of York, it seems, did readily reply, that it was fit to have Mr. Pepys satisfied therein first, and that it was not good to make places for persons. This my Lord in great confidence tells me, that he do take very ill from the Duke of York, though nobody knew the meaning of these words but him; and that he did take no notice of them, but bit his lip, being satisfied that the Duke of York's care of me was as desirable to him, as it could be to serve Sir Charles Harbord: and did seem industrious to let me see that he was glad that the Duke of York and he might come to contend who shall be the kindest to me, which I owned as his great love, and so I hope and believe it is, though my Lord did go a little too far in this business, to move it so far, without consulting me. But I took no notice of that, but was glad to see this competition come about, that my Lord Sandwich is apparently jealous of my thinking that the Duke of York do mean me more kindness than him. So we walked together, and I took this occasion to invite him to dinner to my house, and he readily appointed Friday next, which I shall be glad to have over to his content, he having never yet eat a bit of my bread. Thence to the Duke of York on the King's side, and meeting Mr. Sidney Montagu and Sheres, a small invitation served their turn to carry them to London, where I paid Sheres[1] his £100, given him for his pains in drawing the plate of Tangier fortifications. Home to my house to dinner, where I had a pretty handsome sudden dinner, and all well pleased; and thence we three and my wife to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw the "Witts," a medley of things, but some similes mighty good, though ill mixed. At White Hall, and there in the Queen's withdrawing-room invited my Lord Peterborough to dine with me, with my Lord Sandwich, who readily accepted it. To the Pope's Head tavern, there to see the fine painted room which Rogerson told me of, of his doing; but I do not like it at all, though it be good for such a publick room.

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[1] Henry, second son of Arthur, first Baron Capel of Hadham, and himself elevated to the Peerage in 1692, by the title of Lord Capel of Tewkesbury, for which town he had served in Parliament. He had been created K.B. at the coronation of Charles II., and was a leading Member of the House of Commons; and in 1679, appointed First Commissioner of the Admiralty. At the time of his death at Dublin Castle, 30th May, 1696, he was Lord Deputy of Ireland. He left no issue.

[2] Which title had been revived for the Capel family in 1661.

[3] The Privy Garden.

[4] See note tc 25th February, 1665-6.

19th. At noon eat a mouthful, and so with my wife to Madam Turner's, and find her gone, but The. staid for us; and so to the King's house to see "Horace;"[2] this the third day of its acting—a silly tragedy; but Lacy hath made a farce of several dances—between each act one: but his words are but silly, and invention not extraordinary, as to the dances; only some Dutchman come out of the mouth and tail of a Hamburgh sow. Thence, not much pleased with the play, set them at home in the Strand; and my wife and I home, and there to do a little business at the Office, and so home to supper and to bed.

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[1] H. Sheres was afterwards employed under Lord Dartmouth, as an engineer, in blowing up the works at Tangier, in 1683. He had previously been one of Lord Sandwich's suite in the embassy to Spain (see 8th, 22nd, and 28th Sept., 1667), and seems to have been living in 1703, when he is described as a knight.

[2] There were two translations, about this period, of the "Horace" of P. Corneille; one by Charles Cotton; the other, which was performed at Court, by Catherine Phillips, the fifth act being added by Sir John Denham. Pepys saw Mrs. Phillips's translation, as did Evelyn. See Evelyn's *Diary*, under Feb. 5, 1668–9.

20th. Up; and my wife and I, and W. Hewer to White Hall, where she set us down; and there I spoke with my Lord Peterborough, to tell him of the day for his dining with me, being altered by my Lord Sandwich from Friday to Saturday next. Heard at the Council-board the City, by their single counsel Symson, and the Company of Strangers Merchants,[1] debate the business of water-baylage; a tax demanded upon all goods, by the City, imported and exported; which these Merchants oppose, and demanding leave to try the justice of the City's demand by a Quo Warranto, which the City opposed, the Merchants did quite lay the City on their backs with great triumph, the City's cause being apparently too weak: but here I observed Mr. Gold,[2] the merchant, to speak very well, and very sharply, against the City. To the Duke of York's house, and saw "Twelfth Night," as it is now revived, but, I think, one of the weakest plays that ever I saw on the stage. This afternoon, before the play, I called with my wife at Dancre's,[3] the great landscape-painter, by Mr. Povy's advice; and have bespoke him to come to take measure of my dining-room panels. There I met with the pretty daughter of the coal-seller's, that lived in Cheapside, and now in Covent Garden, who hath her picture drawn here, but very poorly; but she is a pretty woman, and now, I perceive, married, a very pretty black woman. Home, my wife letting fall some words of her observing my eyes to be mightily employed in the play-house, meaning upon women, which did vex me; but, however, when we come home, we were good friends; and so to read, and to supper, and so to bed.

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[1] An account of the Merchants Strangers from their settlement, in the reign of Richard III. to that of Charles II., is given in Seymour's *Survey of London*, vol. ii., pp. 473–482.

[2] Edward Gold, a native of Devonshire, living at Highgate, who married Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Gower, of that place. Their names occur amongst those of the Governors of Sir Roger Cholmley's Grammar School in Highgate.

[3] Henry Dankers, born at the Hague, employed by Charles II. to paint views of his sea-ports and palaces. He followed his profession for some years in London.

21st. In my own coach home, where I find Madam Turner, Dyke, and The.; and had a good dinner for them, and merry; and so carried them to the Duke of York's house, all but Dyke, who went away on other business; and there saw "The Tempest;" but it is but ill done by Gosnell, in lieu of Moll Davis. Thence set them at home with my wife; and I to the 'Change, and so home, where my wife mighty dogged, and I vexed to see it, being mightily troubled of late, at her being out of humour, for fear of her discovering any new matter of offence against me, though I am conscious of none; but do hate to be unquiet at home. So, late up, silent, and not supping, but hearing her utter some words of discontent to me with silence, and so to bed, weeping to myself for grief, which she discerning, come to bed, and mighty kind.

22d. To the Exchange, calling at several places on occasions relating to my feast to-morrow, on which my mind is now set; as how to get a new looking-glass for my dining-room, and some pewter, and good wine, against to-morrow; and so home, where I had the looking-glass set up, cost me £6. 7*s.* 6*d.* At the 'Change I met with Mr. Dancre, with whom I was, on Wednesday; and he took measure of my panels in my dining-room, where, in the four, I intend to have the four houses of the King, White Hall, Hampton Court, Greenwich, and Windsor. Mightily pleased with the fellow that came to lay the cloth, and fold the napkins, which I like so well, as that I am resolved to give him 40*s.* to teach my wife to do it. So to supper, with much kindness between me and my wife, which, now-a-days, is all my care, and so to bed.

23d. To the Office till noon, when word brought me that my Lord Sandwich was come; so I presently rose, and there I found my Lords Sandwich, Peterborough, and Sir Charles Harbord; and presently after them comes my Lord Hinchingbroke, Mr. Sidney,[1] and Sir William Godolphin. And after greeting them, and some time spent in talk, dinner was brought up, one dish after another, but a dish at a time, but all so good; but, above all things, the variety of wines, and excellent of their kind, I had for them, and all in so good order, that they were mightily pleased, and myself full of content at it: and indeed it was, of a dinner of about six or eight dishes, as noble as any man need to have, I think; at least, all was done in the noblest manner that ever I had any, and I have rarely seen in my life better any where else, even at the Court. After dinner, my Lords to cards, and the rest of us sitting about them and talking, and looking on my books and pictures, and my wife's drawings, which they commended mightily; and mighty merry all day long, with exceeding great content, and so till seven at night; and so took their leaves, it being dark and foul weather. Thus was this entertainment over, the best of its kind, and the fullest of honour and content to me, that ever I had in my life: and I shall not easily have so good again. The truth is, I have some fear that I am more behind-hand in the world for these last two years, since I have not, or for some time could not, look after my accounts, which do a little allay my pleasure. But I do trust in God that I am pretty well yet, and resolve, in a very little time, to look into my accounts, and see how they stand.

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[1] Sidney Montagu.

24th. (Lord's day.) An order brought me in bed, for the Principal Officers to attend the King at my Lord Keeper's this afternoon, it being resolved late the last night; and, by the warrant, I find my Lord Keeper did not then know the cause of it, the messenger being ordered to call upon him, to tell it him by the way, as he came to us. So I up, and to my Office to set down my Journall for yesterday, and so home, and with my wife to church, and then home, and to dinner, and after dinner out with my wife by coach, to cozen Turner's, where she and The. gone to church, but I left my wife with Mrs. Dyke and Joyce Norton, whom I have not seen till now since their coming to town: she has become an old woman, and with as cunning a look as ever. I to White Hall; and here I met Will. Batelier, newly come post from France, his boots all dirty. He brought letters to the King, and I glad to see him, it having been reported that he was drowned, for some days past. By and by the King comes out, and so I took coach, and followed his coaches to my Lord Keeper's, at Essex House,[1] where I never was before, since I saw my old Lord Essex lie in state when he was dead; a large, but ugly house. Here all the Officers of the Navy attended, and by and by were called in to the King and Cabinet, where my Lord, who was ill, did lie upon the bed, as my old Lord Treasurer, or Chancellor, heretofore used to do; and the business was to know in what time all the King's ships might be repaired, fit for service. The Surveyor answered, in two years, and not sooner. I did give them hopes that, with supplies of money suitable, we might have them all fit for sea, some part of the summer after this. Then they demanded in what time we could set out forty ships. It was answered, as they might be chosen of the newest and most ready, we could, with money, get forty ready against May. The King seemed mighty full that we should have money to do all that we desired, and satisfied that, without it, nothing could be done: and so, without determining any thing, we were dismissed; and I doubt all will end in some little fleete this year, and that of hired merchantmen, which would indeed be cheaper to the King, and have many conveniencies attending it, more than to fit out the King's own; and this, I perceive, is designed, springing from Sir W. Coventry's counsel; and the King and most of the Lords, I perceive, full of it, to get the King's fleete all at once in condition for service. Thence with Mr. Wren in his coach, for discourse' sake: and he told me how the business of the Parliament is wholly laid aside, it being overruled now, that they shall not meet, but must be prorogued, upon this argument chiefly, that all the differences between the two Houses, and things on foot, that were matters of difference and discontent, may be laid aside, and must begin again, if ever the House shall have a mind to pursue them. Here he set me down, and I to my cozen Turner, and staid and talked a little; and so took my wife, and home, and there to make her read, and then to supper, and to bed. At supper come W. Batelier and supped with us, and told us many pretty things of France, and the greatness of the present King.

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[1] Essex House, where Robert Devereux, third Earl of that name, died, in 1646, when Pepys was fourteen years old, stood formerly on the site of Essex Street and Devereux Court, near the Temple. It had belonged, in the reign of Elizabeth, to the Earl of Leicester, who left it to the second Earl of Essex, father of the Parliamentary General here mentioned.

25th. My wife showed me many excellent prints of Nantueill's[1] and others, which W. Batelier hath, at my desire, brought me out of France, of the King, and Colbert, and others, most excellent, to my great content. But he hath also brought a great many gloves perfumed, of several sorts; but all too big by half for her, and yet she will have two or three dozen of them, which vexed me, and made me angry. So she, at last, to please me, did come to take what alone I thought fit, which pleased me.

26th. To the Office, and then to White Hall, leaving my wife at Unthanke's; and I to the Secretary's chamber, where I was, by particular order, this day summonsed to attend, as I find Sir D. Gauden also was. And here was the King and the Cabinet met; and, being called in, among the rest I find my Lord Privy Seale, whom I never before knew to be in so much play, as to be of the Cabinet. The business is, that the Algerines have broke the peace with us, by taking some Spaniards and goods out of an English ship, which had the Duke of York's pass, of which advice came this day; and the King is resolved to stop Sir Thomas Allen's fleete from coming home, till he hath amends made him for this affront, and therefore sent for us to advise about victuals to be sent to that fleete, and some more ships; wherein I answered them to what they demanded of me, which was but some few mean things; but I see that on all these occasions they seem to rely most upon me. Home, and there I find W. Batelier hath also sent the books which I made him bring me out of France. Among others, L'Estat de France,[1] Marnix, &c., to my great content; and so I was well pleased with them: as also one or two printed musick-books of songs; but my eyes are now too much out of tune to look upon them, with any pleasure.

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[1] Robert Nanteuil, the celebrated French engraver, a native of Rheims. He died at Paris in 1678.

27th. To my cozen Turner's, where I find Roger Pepys come last night to town, and here is his mistress, Mrs. Dickenson, and by and by comes in Mr. Turner, a worthy, sober, serious man—I honour him mightily. And there we dined, having but an ordinary dinner; and so, after dinner, she, and I, and Roger, and his mistress, to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw "The Five Hours' Adventure," which hath not been acted a good while before, but once, and is a most excellent play, I must confess.

28th. Going home to supper with my wife, and to get her to read to me, I did find that Mr. Sheres hath, beyond his promise, not only got me a candlestick made me, after a form he remembers to have seen in Spain, for keeping the light from one's eyes, but hath got it done in silver very neat, and designs to give it me, in thanks for my paying him his £100 in money, for his service at Tangier, which was ordered him; but I do intend to force him to make me pay for it. But I yet, without his direction, cannot tell how it is to be made use of.

29th. To the Duke of York, where I did give a severe account of our proceedings, and what we found, in the business of Sir W. Jenings's demand of Supernumeraries. I thought it a good occasion to make an example of him, for he is a proud, idle fellow; and it did meet with the Duke of York's acceptance and well-liking; and he did call him in, after I had done, and did not only give him a soft rebuke, but condemns him to pay both their victuals and wages, or right himself of the purser. This I was glad of, and so were all the rest of us, though I know I have made myself an immortal enemy by it. My aunt Wight and her husband come presently, and so to dinner; and after dinner, Roger, and I, and my wife, and aunt, to see Mr. Cole; but [neither] he nor his wife was within, but we looked upon his picture of Cleopatra, which I went principally to see, being so much commended by my wife and aunt; but I find it a base copy of a good originall, that vexed me to hear so much commended. Thence to see Creed's wife, where both of them within; and here met Mr. Bland, newly come from Cales [Cadiz], after his differences with Norwood.[1] I think him a foolish, light-headed man; but certainly he hath been abused in this matter, by Colonel Norwood. Here Creed showed me a copy of some propositions, which Bland and others, in the name of the Corporation of Tangier, did present to Norwood, for his opinion in, in order to the King's service, which were drawn up very humbly, and were really good things; but his answer to them was in the most proud, carping, insolent, and ironically-prophane stile, that ever I saw in my life, so as I shall never think the place can do well, while he is there. Here, after some talk, and Creed's telling us that he is upon taking the next house to his present lodgings, which is next to that which my cozen Tom Pepys once lived in, in Newport Street, in Covent Garden; and is in a good place, and then, I suppose, he will keep his coach. So, setting Roger down at the Temple, who tells me that he is now concluded in all matters with his widow, we home, and there hired my wife to make an end of Boyle's Book of Formes, to-night and to-morrow; and so fell to read and sup, and then to bed. This day, Mr. Ned Pickering brought his lady to see my wife, in acknowledgement of a little present of oranges and olives, which I sent her, for his kindness to me in the buying of my horses, which was very civil. She is old, but hath, I believe, been a pretty comely woman.[2]

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[1] *Resolutions Politiques, ou Maximes d'Etat*, par Jean de Marnix, Baron de Potes: Bruxelles, 1612, fol. There were two later editions of this work printed at Rouen.

30th. Lay long in bed, it being a fast-day for the murder of the late King; and so up and to church, where Dr. Hicks made a dull sermon; and so home, and W. Batelier and Balty dined with us, and I spent all the afternoon with my wife and W. Batelier talking, and then making them read, and particularly made an end of Mr. Boyle's Book of Formes, which I am glad to have over. W. Batelier then fell to read a French discourse, which he hath brought over with him for me, to invite the people of France to apply themselves to Navigation, which it do very well, and is certainly their interest, and what will undo us in a few years, if the King of France goes on to fit up his Navy, and encrease it and his trade, as he hath begun. After supper, my wife begun another book I lately bought, called "The State of England,"[1] which promises well, and is worth reading.

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[1] See 14th December, 1668, *ante*.

[2] See note to 2d April, 1660.

31st. (Lord's day.) To church, and there did hear the Doctor that is lately turned Divine, Dr. Waterhouse.[2] He preaches in a devout manner, not elegant nor very persuasive, but seems to mean well, and that he would preach holily; and was mighty passionate against people that make a scoff of religion. And, the truth is, I did observe Mrs. Hollworthy smile often, and many others of the parish, who, I perceive, have known him, and were in mighty expectation of hearing him preach, but could not forbear smiling, and she particularly on me, and I on her. So home to dinner: and before dinner to my Office, to set down my Journal for this week, and then home to dinner; and after dinner to get my wife and boy, one after another, to read to me: and so spent the afternoon and the evening, and so after supper to bed. And thus endeth this month, with many different days of sadness and mirth, from differences between me and my wife; but this night we are at present very kind. And so ends this month.

February 1st. Up, and by water from the Tower to White Hall, the first time that I have gone to that end of the town by water, for two or three months, I think, since I kept a coach, which God sent propitious to me; but it is a very great convenience. Meeting Mr. Povy, he and I away to Dancre's, to speak something touching the pictures I am getting him to make for me. And thence he carried me to Mr. Streeter's,[3] the famous history-painter, over the way, whom I have often heard of, but did never see him before; and there I found him, and Dr. Wren,[1] and several Virtuosos, looking upon the paintings which he is making for the new Theatre at Oxford: and, indeed, they look as if they would be very fine, and the rest think better than those of Rubens, in the Banqueting-house at White Hall, but I do not so fully think so. But they will certainly be very noble; and I am mightily pleased to have the fortune to see this man and his work, which is very famous; and he a very civil little man, and lame, but lives very handsomely. So thence to my Lord Bellassis, and met him within: my business only to see a chimney-piece of Dancre's doing, in distemper, with egg to keep off the glaring of the light, which I must have done for my room: and indeed it is pretty, but, I must confess, I do think it is not altogether so beautiful as the oyle pictures; but I will have some of one, and some of another. So to the King's playhouse, thinking to have seen "The Heyresse,"[2] first acted on Saturday last; but when we come thither, we find no play there; Kinaston, that did act a part therein, in abuse to Sir Charles Sedley, being last night exceedingly beaten with sticks, by two or three that saluted him, so as he is mightily bruised, and forced to keep his bed.[3] So we to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw "She Would if She Could." This day, going to the play, The. Turner met us, and carried us to her mother, at my Lady Mordaunt's; and I did carry both mother and daughter with us to the Duke of York's playhouse, next door.

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[1] *Angliæ Notitia*, 1668, &c., by Edward Chamberlayne, LL.D.

[2] A. Wood, *Fasti*, vol. iv., p. 163, (Bliss) mentions that John Waterhouse, of Trinity College, Cambridge, was created M.D. by virtue of letters from Oliver Cromwell, in 1650, and went over to Ireland as physician to the army, where he discharged his duties with ability and diligence.

[3] Robert Streater, appointed Serjeant-Painter at the Restoration. Ob. 1680.

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[1] Afterwards Sir Christopher Wren.

[2] "The Heiress" does not appear in the list of the Duke of Newcastle's works, nor has any play of that name and date been traced. At the same time, it is to be observed that "Heir" was formerly used for "Heiress;" and such is the case in May's play of "The Heir," in vol. viii. of the last edition of Dodsley's *Old Plays.*

[3] The story about the caning of Kynaston, has been preserved by Oldys, and copied by Malone, who tells us that Kynaston was vain of his personal resemblance to Sir C. Sedley, and dressed exactly like him. Sedley, to revenge this insult, hired a bravo to chastise him in St. James's Park, under the pretext that he mistook him for the baronet. According to Pepys, it would seem that the imitation was made in the play of "The Heiress," which is very likely; and perhaps for this he got another beating, or it might be the same, and that in which the story, the scene of which is laid in the Park, originated. It is worth remarking, on the authority of Mr. Genest, the compiler of *Some Account of the English Stage from* 1660 *to* 1830, that Sir C. Sedley expressly introduced the incident of the beating of one man for another, owing to similarity of dress and appearance, into his comedy of "The Mulberry Garden," which seems to have been first acted 16th May, 1668, some time before the date Pepys assigns to the caning of Kynaston, 1st February, 1668–9.

2d. To dinner at noon, where I find Mr. Sheres; and there made a short dinner, and carried him with us to the King's playhouse, where "The Heyresse," notwithstanding Kinaston's being beaten, is acted: and they say the King is very angry with Sir Charles Sedley for his being beaten, but he do deny it. But his part is done by Beeston, who is fain to read it out of a book all the while, and thereby spoils the part, and almost the play, it being one of the best parts in it; and though the design is, in the first conception of it, pretty good, yet it is but an indifferent play; wrote, they say, by my Lord Newcastle. But it was pleasant to see Beeston come in with others, supposing it to be dark, and yet he is forced to read his part by the light of the candles: and this I observing to a gentleman that sat by me, he was mightily pleased therewith, and spread it up and down. But that, that pleased me most in the play is, the first song that Knipp sings, she singing three or four; and, indeed, it was very finely sung, so as to make the whole house clap her. Thence carried Sheres to White Hall, and there I stepped in, and looked out Mr. May, who tells me that he and his company cannot come to dine with me to-morrow, whom I expected only to come to see the manner of our Office and books, at which I was not very much displeased, having much business at the Office. My wife in mighty ill humour all night, and in the morning I found it to be from her observing Knipp to wink and smile on me, and she says I smiled on her; and, poor wretch! I did perceive that she did, and do on all such occasions, mind my eyes. I did, with much difficulty, pacify her, and we were friends, she desiring that hereafter, at that house, we might always sit either above in a box, or, if there be no room, close up to the lower box.

3d. Up, and to the Office till noon, and then home to a little dinner, and thither again till night, mighty busy, to my great content, doing a great deal of business, and so home to supper, and to bed; I finding this day that I may be able to do a great deal of business by dictating, if I do not read myself, or write, without spoiling my eyes, I being very well in my eyes, after a great day's work.

4th. Mr. Spong brings me two or three draughts of the port of Brest to my great content, and I did call Mr. Gibson to take notice of it, who is very much pleased therewith; and it seems this Parallelogram is not, as Mr. Sheres would, the other day, have persuaded me, the same as a Protractor,[1] which do so much the more make me value it, but of itself it is a most usefull instrument. Thence out with my wife and him, and carried him to an instrument-maker's shop, in Chancery Lane, that was once a 'prentice of Greatorex's, but the master was not within, and there Gibson showed me a Parallelogram in brass, which I like so well that I will buy, and therefore bid it be made clean and fit for me. And so to my cozen Turner's, and there just spoke with The., the mother not being at home; and so to the New Exchange, and thence home to my letters; and so to supper, and to bed. This morning I made a slip from the Office to White Hall, expecting Povy's business, at a Committee of Tangier, at which I would be, but it did not meet, and so I presently home.

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[1] An instrument used in surveying, by which the angles are taken.

5th. Betimes to Sir W. Coventry's, meaning by my visit to keep fresh my interest in him; and he tells me how it hath been talked that he was to go one of the Commissioners to Ireland, which he was resolved never to do, unless directly commanded: for that to go thither, while the Chief Secretary of State was his professed enemy, was to undo himself; and therefore it were better for him to venture being unhappy here, than to go further off, to be undone by some obscure instructions, or whatever other way of mischief his enemy should cut out for him. He mighty kind to me, and so parted. Thence home, calling in two or three places—among others, Dancre's, where I find him beginning of a piece for me, of Greenwich, which will please me well, and so home to dinner, and very busy all the afternoon, and so at night home to supper, and to bed.

6th. To the King's playhouse, and there,—in an upper box, where come in Colonel Poynton[1] and Doll Stacey, who is very fine, and, by her wedding-ring, I suppose he hath married her at last,—did see "The Moor of Venice:" but ill acted in most parts, Mohun, which did a little surprize me, not acting Iago's part by much so well as Clun used to do: nor another Hart's, which was Cassio's; nor, indeed, Burt doing the Moor's so well as I once thought he did. Thence home, and just at Holborne-Conduit the bolt broke, that holds the fore-wheels to the perch, and so the horses went away with them, and left the coachman and us; but, being near our coach-maker's, and we staying in a little ironmonger's shop, we were presently supplied with another.

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[1] Probably *Boynton.* Sir Matthew Boynton, of Barneston, in Yorkshire, was created a Baronet in 1618. He had seven sons, one of whom, *Colonel* Boynton, having embraced, like his father, the cause of the Parliament, took Sir John Hotham prisoner at York. Sir Matthew died in 1646. His eldest son became Sir Francis Boynton; the second, Matthew, was slain at Wigan, before the advance of Charles II. to Worcester: he left two daughters, one of whom, Katharine, the Maid of Honour, who figures in Grammont, married Richard Talbot, afterwards Duke of Tyrconnel; the other married Wentworth, Earl of Roscommon. The remaining five sons, Marmaduke, John, Gustavus, Cornelius, Charles, all died unmarried. One of the sons must have been the Colonel Boynton who took Sir John Hotham prisoner, and in all probability he is the same who is here mentioned in connexion with Doll Stacey. Pepys only *supposes* he had married her.

7th. (Lord's day.) I up, and to church, and so home to dinner, where my wife in a jealous fit, which lasted all the afternoon, and shut herself up in her closet, and I mightily grieved and vexed, and could not get her to tell me what ailed her, or to let me into her closet, but at last she did, where I found her crying on the ground, and could not please her; but at last find that she did plainly expound it to me. It was, that she did believe me false to her with Jane, and did rip up three or four silly circumstances of her not rising till I come out of my chamber, and her letting me thereby see her dressing herself; and that I must needs go into her chamber; which was so silly, and so far from truth, that I could not be troubled at it, though I could not wonder at her being troubled, if she had these thoughts. At last, I did give her such satisfaction, that we were mighty good friends.

8th. Up, and dressed myself; and by coach, with W. Hewer and my wife, to White Hall, where she set us down; and in the way, our little boy, at Martin, my bookseller's shop, going to 'light, did fall down; and, had he not been a most nimble boy, (I saw how he did it, and was mightily pleased with him for it) he had been run over by the coach. To visit my Lord Sandwich; and there, while my Lord was dressing himself, did see a young Spaniard, that he hath brought over with him, dance, which he is admired for, as the best dancer in Spain, and indeed he do with mighty mastery; but I do not like his dancing as well as the English, though my Lord commends it mightily: but I will have him to my house, and show it my wife. Here I met with Mr. Moore, who tells me the state of my Lord's accounts of his embassy, which I find not so good as I thought: for, though it be passed the King and his Cabal, the Committee for Foreign Affairs, as they are called, yet they have cut off from £19,000 full £8000, and have now sent it to the Lords of the Treasury, who, though the Committee have allowed the rest, yet they are not obliged to abide by it. So that I do fear this account may yet be long ere it be passed—much more, ere that sum be paid: I am sorry for the family, and not a little for what it owes me. To my wife, and in our way home did show her the tall woman, in Holborne, which I have seen before; and I measured her, and she is, without shoes, just six feet five inches high, and they say not above twenty-one years old. Thence home, and there to dinner, and my wife in a wonderfull ill humour; and, after dinner, I staid with her alone, being not able to endure this life, and we fell to some angry words together; but by and by were mighty good friends, she telling me plain it was about Jane, which I made a matter of mirth at; but at last did call up Jane, and confirm her mistress's directions, for her being gone at Easter, which I find the wench willing to be, but directly prays that Tom might go with her, which I promised, and was but what I designed; and she being thus spoke with, and gone, my wife and I good friends. This day I was told by Mr. Wren, that Captain Cox, Master-Attendant at Deptford, is to be one of us very soon, he and Tippets being to take their turns for Chatham and Portsmouth, which choice I like well enough; and Captain Annesley is to come in his room at Deptford. This morning, also going to visit Roger Pepys, at the potticary's in King's Street, he tells me that Roger is gone to his wife's, so that they have been married, as he tells me, ever since the middle of last week: it was his design, upon good reasons, to make no noise of it; but I am well enough contented that it is over.

9th. To the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Island Princesse," which I like mighty well, as an excellent play: and here we find Kinaston to be well enough to act again, which he do very well, after his beating, by Sir Charles Sedley's appointment.

10th. To White Hall, where the Duke of York was gone a-hunting; and so to the plaisterer's at Charing Cross, that casts heads and bodies in plaister: and there I had my whole face done; but I was vexed first to be forced to daub all my face over with pomatum: but it was pretty to feel how soft and easily it is done on the face, and by and by, by degrees, how hard it becomes, that you cannot break it, and sits so close, that you cannot pull it off, and yet so easy, that it is as soft as a pillow, so safe is everything where many parts of the body do bear alike. Thus was the mould made; but when it came off there was little pleasure in it, as it looks in the mould, nor any resemblance whatever there will be in the figure, when I come to see it cast off. To White Hall, where I staid till the Duke of York came from hunting, which he did by and by, and, when dressed, did come out to dinner; and there I waited: and he did mightily magnify his sauce, which he did then eat with every thing, and said it was the best universal sauce in the world, it being taught him by the Spanish Embassador;[1] made of some parsley and a dry toast, beat in a mortar, together with vinegar, salt, and a little pepper: he eats it with flesh, or fowl, or fish: and then he did now mightily commend some new sort of wine lately found out, called Navarre wine, which I tasted, and is, I think, good wine: but I did like better the notion of the sauce, and by and by did taste it, and liked it mightily. After dinner, I did what I went for, which was to get his consent that Balty might hold his Muster-Master's place by deputy, in his new employment which I design for him, about the Storekeeper's accounts; which the Duke of York did grant me, and I was mightily glad of it. Home, and there I find Povy and W. Batelier, by appointment, met to talk of some merchandize of wine and linnen; but I do not like of their troubling my house to meet in, having no mind to their pretences of having their rendezvous here.

11th. Heard that the last night Colonel Middleton's wife[2] died, a woman I never saw since she come hither, having never been within their house since.

12th. To wait on the Duke of York, with the rest of us, at the Robes, where the Duke of York did tell us that the King would have us prepare a draught of the present administration of the Navy, and what it was in the late times, in order to his being able to distinguish between the good and the bad, which I shall do, but to do it well will give me a great deal of trouble. Here we showed him Sir J. Minnes's propositions about balancing Storekeeper's accounts; and I did show him Hosier's, which did please him mightily, and he will have it showed the Council and King anon, to be put in practice. Thence to the Treasurer's; and I and Sir J. Minnes and Mr. Tippets down to the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, and there had a hot debate from Sir Thomas Clifford and my Lord Ashly, the latter of whom, I hear, is turning about as fast as he can to the Duke of Buckingham's side, being in danger, it seems, of being otherwise out of play, which would not be convenient for him, against Sir W. Coventry and Sir J. Duncomb, who did uphold our Office against an accusation of our Treasurers, who told the Lords that they found that we had run the King in debt £50,000, or more, more than the money appointed for the year would defray, which they declared like fools, and with design to hurt us, though the thing is in itself ridiculous. But my Lord Ashly and Clifford did most horribly cry out against the want of method in the Office. At last it came that it should be put in writing what they had to object; but I was devilish mad at it, to see us thus wounded by our own members. My wife and I to Hercules Pillars, and there dined; and there coming a Frenchman by with his Shew, we did make him shew it us, which he did just as Lacy acts it, which made it mighty pleasant to me. Away, and to Dancre's, and there saw our picture of Greenwich in doing,[1] which is mighty pretty. Attended with Lord Brouncker the King and Council, about the proposition of balancing Storekeeper's accounts; and there presented Hosier's book, and it was mighty well resented[2] and approved of. So the Council being up, we to the Queen's side with the King and Duke of York: and the Duke of York did take me out to talk of our Treasurers, whom he is mighty angry with; and I perceive he is mighty desirous to bring in as many good motions of profit and reformation in the Navy as he can, before the Treasurers do light upon them, they being desirous, it seems, to be thought the great reformers: and the Duke of York do well. But to my great joy he is mighty open to me in every thing; and by this means I know his whole mind, and shall be able to secure myself, if he stands. Here to-night I understand, by my Lord Brouncker, that at last it is concluded on by the King and Buckingham that my Lord of Ormond shall not hold his government of Ireland, which is a great stroke, to show the power of Buckingham and the poor spirit of the King, and little hold that any man can have of him. I and my wife called at my cozen Turner's, and there met our new cozen Pepys, Mrs. Dickenson, and Bab. and Betty come yesterday to town, poor girls, whom we have reason to love, and mighty glad we are to see them; and there staid a little, being also mightily pleased to see Betty Turner, who is now in town, and her brothers Charles and Will, being come from school to see their father, and there talked a while, and so home, and there Pelling hath got W. Pen's book against the Trinity.[3] I got my wife to read it to me; and I find it so well writ as, I think, it is too good for him ever to have writ it; and it is a serious sort of book, and not fit for every body to read.

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[1] The Conde de Dona.

[2] See 17th February, *post*.

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[1] See *ante*, 22d Jan., 1668–9.

[2] Resent, to take *well* or ill.—*Johnson*.

[3] Entitled *The Sandy Foundation Shaken*. It caused him to be imprisoned in the Tower. "Aug. 4, 1669. Young Penn, who wrote the blasphemous book, is delivered to his father to be transported."—*Letter to Sir John Birkenhead*, quoted by Bishop Kennett in his MS. Collections, vol. lxxxix., p. 477.

14th. (Lord's day.) Up, and by coach to Sir W. Coventry: and there he tells me he takes no care for any thing more than in the Treasury; and that, that being done, he goes to cards and other delights, as plays, and in the summer-time to bowles. But here he did show me two or three old books of the Navy, of my Lord Northumberland's[1] times, which he hath taken many good notes out of, for justifying the Duke of York and us, in many things, wherein, perhaps, precedents will be necessary to produce. Thence to White Hall, where the Duke of York expected me; and in his closet Wren and I. He did tell me how the King hath been acquainted with the Treasurers'[2] discourse at the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, the other day, and is dissatisfied with our running him in debt, which I removed: and he did carry me to the King, and I did satisfy him also; but his satisfaction is nothing worth, it being easily got, and easily removed; but I do purpose to put in writing that which shall make the Treasurers ashamed. But the Duke of York is horrid angry against them; and he hath cause, for they do work all they can to bring dishonour upon his management, as do plainly appear in all they do. Having done with the Duke of York, who do repose all in me, I with Mr. Wren to his chamber, to talk; where he observed, that these people are all of them a broken sort of people, that have not much to lose, and therefore will venture all to make their fortunes better: that Sir Thomas Osborne is a beggar, having 11 or £1200 a-year, but owes above £10,000. The Duke of Buckingham's condition is shortly this: that he hath about £19,600 a year, of which he pays away about £7000 a year in interest, about £2000 in fee-farm rents to the King, about £6000 in wages and pensions, and the rest to live upon, and pay taxes for the whole. Wren says, that for the Duke of York to stir in this matter, as his quality might justify, would but make all things worse, and that therefore he must bend, and suffer all, till time works it out: that he fears they will sacrifice the Church, and that the King will take any thing, and so he will hold up his head a little longer, and then break in pieces. But Sir W. Coventry did to-day mightily magnify my late Lord Treasurer,[3] for a wise and solid, though infirm man: and, among other things, that when he hath said it was impossible in nature to find this or that sum of money, and my Lord Chancellor[4] hath made sport of it, and told the King that when my Lord hath said it was impossible, yet he hath made shift to find it, and that was by Sir G. Carteret's getting credit, my Lord did once in his hearing say thus, which he magnifies as a great saying—that impossible would be found impossible at last; meaning that the King would run himself out, beyond all his credit and funds, and then we should too late find it impossible; which is, he says, now come to pass.

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[1] Algernon Percy, tenth Earl of Northumberland, Lord High Admiral to Charles I.

[2] Of the Navy.

[3] Southampton.

[4] Clarendon.

15th. Up, and with Tom to White Hall; and there at a Committee of Tangier, where a great instance of what a man may lose by the neglect of a friend: Povy never had such an opportunity of passing his accounts, the Duke of York being there, and everybody well disposed, and in expectation of them; but my Lord Ashly, on whom he relied, and for whose sake this day was pitched on, that he might be sure to be there, among the rest of his friends, staid too long, till the Duke of York and his company thought unfit to stay longer: and so the day lost, and God knows when he will have so good a one again, as long as he lives; and this was the man of the whole company that he hath made the most interest to gain, and now most depended upon him. To the plaisterer's, and there saw the figure of my face taken from the mould: and it is most admirably like, and I will have another made, before I take it away. To my cozen Turner's, where, having the last night been told by her that she had drawn me for her Valentine, I did this day call at the New Exchange, and bought her a pair of green silk stockings[1] and garters and shoe-strings, and two pair of jessimy gloves, all coming to about *28s.*, and did give them to her this noon. At the 'Change, I did at my bookseller's shop accidentally fall into talk with Sir Samuel Tuke[2] about trees, and Mr. Evelyn's garden; and I do find him, I think, a little conceited, but a man of very fine discourse as any I ever heard almost, which I was mighty glad of. After dinner, my wife and I endeavoured to make a visit to Ned Pickering; but he not at home, nor his lady; and therefore back again, and took up my cozen Turner, and to my cosin Roger's lodgings, and there find him pretty well again, and his wife mighty kind and merry, and did make mighty much of us, and I believe he is married to a very good woman. Here was also Bab. and Betty, who have not their clothes yet, and therefore cannot go out, otherwise I would have had them abroad to-morrow; but the poor girls mighty kind to us, and we must show them kindness also. In Suffolk Street lives Moll Davies; and we did see her coach come for her to her door, a mighty pretty fine coach. To White Hall; and there, by means of Mr. Cooling, did get into the play, the only one we have seen this winter: it was "The Five Hours' Adventure:" but I sat so far I could not hear well, nor was there any pretty woman that I did see, but my wife, who sat in my Lady Fox's pew,[1] with her. The house very full; and late before done, so that it was past eleven before we got home.

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[1] Pepys was perhaps induced to make this purchase for his cousin, in accordance with the taste of the Duke of York, who, in allusion to Lady Chesterfield's wearing green stockings, remarked—"*qu'il n'y avoit point de salut pour une jambe sans bas verds.*"—*Mémoires de Grammont.*

[2] Sir Samuel Tuke, of Cressing Temple, Essex, Bart., was a Colonel in Charles the First's army, and cousin to John Evelyn. He died at Somerset House, January, 1673. We have seen that he was the translator of *The Adventures of Five Hours.* He was a Roman Catholic: and there is a life of him in Dod's *Church History.*

16th. Home, where I find some things of W. Batelier's come out of France, among which some clothes for my wife, wherein she is likely to lead me to the expence of so much money as vexed me; but I seemed so, more than I at this time was, only to prevent her taking too much. But I was mightily pleased with another picture of the King of France's head, of Nanteuil's, bigger than the other which he brought over: and so to the Office, where busy all the afternoon, though my eyes mighty bad with the light of the candles last night, which was so great as to make my eyes sore all this day, and do teach me, by a manifest experiment, that it is only too much light that do make my eyes sore. Nevertheless, with the help of my tube, and being desirous of easing my mind of five or six days journall, I did venture to write it down from ever since this day se'nnight, and I think without hurting my eyes any more than they were before, which was very much, and so home to supper and to bed.

17th. The King dining yesterday at the Dutch Embassador's, after dinner they drank and were pretty merry; and, among the rest of the King's company, there was that worthy fellow my Lord of Rochester, and Tom Killigrew, whose mirth and raillery offended the former so much, that he did give Tom Killigrew a box on the ear in the King's presence, which do give much offence to the people here at Court, to see how cheap the King makes himself, and the more, for that the King hath not only passed by the thing, and pardoned it to Rochester already, but this very morning the King did publickly walk up and down, and Rochester I saw with him as free as ever, to the King's everlasting shame, to have so idle a rogue his companion.[1] How Tom Killigrew takes it, I do not hear. I do also this day hear that my Lord Privy Seale do accept to go Lieutenant into Ireland; but whether it be true or no, I cannot tell. To Colonel Middleton's, to the burial of his wife,[2] where we were all invited, and much more company, and had each of us a ring: and so towards evening to our church, where there was a sermon preached by Mills, and so home. Comes Castle to me, to desire me to go to Mr. Pedly this night, he being to go out of town to-morrow morning, which I, therefore, did, by hackney-coach, first going to White Hall to meet with Sir W. Coventry, but missed him. But here I had a pleasant rencontre of a lady in mourning, that, by the little light I had, seemed handsome. I passing by her, did observe she looked back again and again upon me, I suffering her to go before, and it being now duske. She went into the little passage towards the Privy Water-Gate, and I followed, but missed her; but coming back again, I observed she returned, and went to go out of the Court. I followed her, and took occasion, in the new passage now built, where the walk is to be, to take her by the hand, to lead her through, which she willingly accepted, and I led her to the Great Gate, and there left her, she telling me, of her own accord, that she was going as far as Charing Cross; but my boy was at the Gate, and so I durst not go out with her. So to Lincoln's Inn, where to Mr. Pedly, with whom I spoke, and did my business presently: and I find him a man of good language, and mighty civil, and I believe very upright: and so home, where W. Batelier was, and supped with us, and I did reckon this night what I owed him; and I do find that the things my wife, of her own head, hath taken, together with my own, which comes not to above £5, comes to about £22. But it is the last, and so I am the better contented; and they are things that are not trifles, but clothes, gloves, shoes, hoods, &c. So, after supper, to bed. At church there was my Lord Brouncker and Mrs. Williams in our pew, the first time they were ever there, or that I knew that either of them would go to church.

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[1] We may suppose that pews were by no means common at this time, within consecrated walls, from the word being applied indifferently by Pepys to a box in a place of amusement, and two days afterwards to a seat at Church. It would appear, from other authorities, that between 1646 and 1660, scarcely any pews had been erected; and Sir C. Wren is known to have objected to their introduction into his London churches.

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[1] It ought to be remembered, however, that Rochester was not yet twenty-one years old, whilst Charles was of the mature age of thirty-eight.

[2] "Buried, *Mrs. Elizabeth*, wife of Colonel Thomas Midleton."—*Register of St. Olave's, Hart Street.* According to Burke, Jane, daughter of Sir Robert Needham, of Lambert, married Charles, brother of Sir Thomas Middleton, Bart. Her sister Eleanor was mistress to the Duke of Monmouth.

18th. Expecting to have this day seen Bab. and Betty Pepys here, but they come not; and so after dinner my wife and I to the Duke of York's house, to a play, and there saw "The Mad Lover," which do not please me so well as it used to do, only Betterton's part still pleases me. But here who should we have come to us but Bab. and Betty and Talbot, the first play they were yet at; and going to see us, and hearing by my boy, whom I sent to them, that we were here, they come to us hither, and happened all of us to sit by my cozen Turner and The. We carried them home first, and then took Bab. and Betty to our house, where they lay and supped, and pretty merry, and very fine with their new clothes, and good comely girls they are enough, and very glad I am of their being with us, though I would very well have been contented to be without the charge. So they to bed.

19th. Up, and after seeing the girls, who lodged in our bed, with their maid Martha, who hath been their father's maid these twenty years and more, I to the Office, while the young people went to see Bedlam.[1] This morning, among other things, talking with Sir W. Coventry, I did propose to him my putting into serve in Parliament, if there should, as the world begins to expect, be a new one chose: he likes it mightily, both for the King's and Service's sake, and the Duke of York's, and will propound it to the Duke of York: and I confess, if there be one, I would be glad to be in.

20th. After dinner with my wife and my two girls to the Duke of York's house, and there saw "The Gratefull Servant,"[2] a pretty good play, and which I have forgot that ever I did see. And thence with them to Mrs. Grotier's, the Queen's tire-woman, for a pair of locks for my wife; she is a oldish French woman, but with a pretty hand as most I have seen; and so home.

21st. (Lord's day.) With my wife and two girls to church, they very fine; and so home, where comes my cozen Roger and his wife, I having sent for them, to dine with us, and there comes in by chance also Mr. Shepley, who is come to town with my Lady Paulina, who is desperately sick, and is gone to Chelsey, to the old house where my Lord himself was once sick, where I doubt my Lord means to visit her, more for young Mrs. Beck's sake, than for her's. Here we dined with W. Batelier, and W. Hewer with us, these two girls making it

[1] Then in Bishopsgate Without.

[2] A comedy, by James Shirley.

necessary that they be always with us, for I am not company light enough to be always merry with them: and so sat talking all the afternoon, and then Shepley went away first, and then my cozen Roger and his wife.

22d. After dinner, with my wife, in her morning-gown, and the two girls dressed, to Unthanke's where my wife dresses herself, having her gown this day laced, and a new petticoat; and so is indeed very fine. In the evening to White Hall, and there did without much trouble get into the playhouse, finding a good place among the Ladies of Honour, and all of us sitting in the pit; and then by and by came the King and Queen, and they began "Bartholomew Fair." But I like no play here so well as at the common playhouse; besides that, my eyes being very ill since last Sunday and this day se'nnight, I was in mighty pain to defend myself now from the light of the candles. After the play done, we met with W. Batelier and W. Hewer and Talbot Pepys, and they followed us in a hackney-coach: and we all stopped at Hercules' Pillars;[1] and there I did give them the best supper I could, and pretty merry; and so home between eleven and twelve at night.

23d. Up; and to the Office, where all the morning, and then home, and put a mouthfull of victuals in my mouth; and by a hackney-coach followed my wife and the girls, who are gone by eleven o'clock, thinking to have seen a new play at the Duke of York's house. But I do find them staying at my tailor's, the play not being to-day, and therefore to Westminster Abbey, and there did see all the tombs very finely, having one with us alone, there being other company this day to see the tombs, it being Shrove Tuesday; and here we did see, by particular favour, the body of Queen Katherine of Valois; and I had the upper part of her body in my hands, and I did kiss her mouth, reflecting upon it that I did kiss a Queen, and that this was my birth-day, thirty-six years old, that I did kiss a Queen.[2] But here this man, who seems to understand well, tells me that the saying is not true that she was never buried, for she was buried; only, when Henry the Seventh built his chapel, she was taken up and laid in this wooden coffin; but I did there see that, in it, the body was buried in a leaden one, which remains under the body to this day. Thence to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there, finding the play begun, we homeward to the Glass-House,[1] and there shewed my cozens the making of glass, and had several things made with great content; and, among others, I had one or two singing-glasses made, which make an echo to the voice, the first that ever I saw; but so thin, that the very breath broke one or two of them. Thence to Mr. Batelier's, where we supped, and had a good supper, and here was Mr. Pembleton: and after supper some fiddles, and so to dance; but my eyes were so out of order, that I had little pleasure this night at all, though I was glad to see the rest merry.

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[1] In Fleet Street: see 11th October, 1660.

[2] Pepys's attachment to the fair sex extended even to a dead Queen. The record of this royal salute on his natal day is very characteristic. The story told him in Westminster Abbey appears to have been correct; for Neale informs us, (*History of Westminster Abbey*, vol. ii., p. 88) that near the south side of Henry the Fifth's tomb, there was formerly a wooden chest, or coffin, wherein part of the skeleton and parched body of Katherine de Valois, his Queen, (from the waist upwards) was to be seen. She was interred in January, 1457, in the Chapel of Our Lady, at the east end of this Church; but when that building was pulled down by her grandson, Henry the Seventh, her coffin was found to be decayed, and her body was

24th. I to the Office, and at night my wife sends for me to W. Hewer's lodging, where I find two best chambers of his so finely furnished, and all so rich and neat, that I was mightily pleased with him and them: and here only my wife, and I, and the two girls, and had a mighty neat dish of custards and tarts, and good drink and talk. And so away home to bed, with infinite content at this his treat; for it was mighty pretty, and everything mighty rich.

25th. To the Duke of York's house, and there before one, but the house infinite full, where, by and by, the King and Court come, it being a new play, or an old one new vamped, by Shadwell, called "The Royall Shepherdesse;"[2] but the silliest for words and design, and everything, that ever I saw in my whole life, there being nothing in the world pleasing in it, but a good martial dance of pikemen, where Harris and another do handle their pikes in a dance to admiration; but I was never less satisfied with a play in my life.

26th. To the King's playhouse, and saw "The Faithfull Shepherdesse." But, Lord! what an empty house, there not

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taken up, and placed in a chest, near her first husband's tomb. "There," says Dart, "it hath ever since continued to be seen, the bones being firmly united, and thinly clothed with flesh, like scrapings of tanned leather." This awful spectacle of frail mortality was at length removed from the public gaze, into St. Nicholas's Chapel, and finally deposited under the monument of Sir George Villiers, when the vault was made for the remains of Elizabeth Percy, Duchess of Northumberland, in December, 1776.

[1] In Blackfriars. The name of Glasshouse Yard still remains.

[2] A tragi-comedy, altered by Thomas Shadwell from a comedy written by Mr. Fountain, called "The Rewards of Virtue."

eing, as I could tell the people, so many as to make up above 10 in the whole house! The being of a new play at the her house, I suppose, being the cause, though it be so silly play that I wonder how there should be enough people to thither two days together, and not leave more to fill this ouse. The emptiness of the house took away our pleasure a eat deal, though I liked it the better; for I plainly discern e musick is the better, by how much the house the emptier. hence home, and again to W. Hewer's, and had a pretty ttle treat, and spent an hour or two, my voice being wholly ken away with my cold, and so home and to bed.

28th. (Lord's day.) Up, and got my wife to read to me a opy of what the Surveyor offered to the Duke of York on riday, he himself putting it into my hands to read; but, ord! it is a poor, silly thing ever to think to bring it in ractice, in the King's Navy. It is to have the Captains to ccount for all stores and victuals; but upon so silly grounds, my thinking, and ignorance of the present instructions of fficers, that I am ashamed to hear it. However, I do take a opy of it, for my future use and answering; and so to church, here, God forgive me! I did most of the time gaze on the ne milliner's wife, in Fenchurch Street, who was at our church -day; and so home to dinner. After dinner to write down y Journall; and then abroad by coach with my cozens, to heir father's, where we are kindly received, but he is in great ain for his man Arthur, who, he fears, is now dead, having een desperate sick, and speaks so much of him that my cozen, is wife, and I, did make mirth of it, and call him Arthur 'Bradly.[1] After staying here a little, and eat and drank, and he give me some gingerbread made in cakes, like chocolate, ery good, made by a friend, I carried him and her to my ozen Turner's, where we staid, expecting her coming from hurch; but she coming not, I went to her husband's chamber the Temple, and thence fetched her. After talking there a hile, and agreeing to be all merry at my house on Tuesday ext, I away home; and there spent the evening talking and eading, with my wife and Mr. Pelling.

March 1st. I do hear that my Lady Paulina Montagu did ie yesterday; at which I went to my Lord's lodgings, but he shut up with sorrow, and so not to be spoken with: and herefore I returned, and to Westminster Hall, where I have ot been, I think, in some months. And here the Hall was very full, the King having, by Commission to some Lords this day, prorogued the Parliament till the 19th of October next: at which I am glad, hoping to have time to go over to France this year. But I was most of all surprised this morning by my Lord Bellassis, who, by appointment, met me at Auditor Wood's, at the Temple, and tells me of a duell designed between the Duke of Buckingham and my Lord Halifax, or Sir W. Coventry; the challenge being carried by Harry Saville, but prevented by my Lord Arlington, and the King told of it; and this was all the discourse at Court this day. But I, meeting Sir W. Coventry in the Duke of York's chamber, he would not own it to me, but told me he was a man of too much peace to meddle with fighting, and so it rested: but the talk is full in the town of the business. Thence, having walked some turns with my cozen Pepys, and most people, by their discourse, believing that this Parliament will never sit more, I away to several places to look after things against to-morrow's feast, and so home to dinner; and thence, after noon, my wife and I out by hackney-coach, and spent the afternoon in several places, doing several things at the 'Change and elsewhere against to-morrow; and, among others, I did bring home a piece of my face cast in plaister, for to make a vizard upon, for my eyes. And so home, where W. Batelier come, and sat with us; and there, after many doubts, did resolve to go on with our feast and dancing to-morrow; and so, after supper, left the maids to make clean the house, and to lay the cloth and other things against to-morrow, and so to bed.

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[1] This was an allusion to the old and popular ballad of Arthur O'Bradley entioned in note in vol. i., 26th January, 1660-1.

2d. Home, and there I find my company come, namely, Madam Turner, Dyke, The., and Betty Turner, and Mr. Bellwood, formerly their father's clerk, but now set up for himself—a conceited, silly fellow, but one they make mightily of—my cozen Roger Pepys, and his wife, and two daughters. I had a noble dinner for them, as I almost ever had, and mighty merry, and particularly myself pleased with looking on Betty Turner, who is mighty pretty. After dinner, we fell one to one talk, and another to another, and looking over my house, and closet, and things; and The. Turner to write a letter to a lady in the country, in which I did, now and then, put in half a dozen words, and sometimes five or six lines, and then she as much, and made up a long and good letter, she being mighty witty really, though troublesome-humoured with it. And thus till night, that our musick come, and the Office ready and candles, and also W. Batelier and his sister Susan come, and also Will. Howe and two gentlemen more, strangers, which, at my request yesterday, he did bring to dance, called Mr. Ireton and Mr. Starkey. We fell to dancing, and continued, only with intermission for a good supper, till two in the morning, the musick being Greeting, and another most excellent violin, and theorbo, the best in town. And so with mighty mirth and pleased with their dancing of jigs, afterwards several of them, and, among others, Betty Turner, who did it mighty prettily; and, lastly, W. Batelier's "Blackmore and Blackmore Mad;" and then to a country-dance again, and so broke up with extraordinary pleasure, as being one of the days and nights of my life spent with the greatest content; and that which I can but hope to repeat again a few times in my whole life. This done, we parted, the strangers home, and I did lodge my cosin Pepys and his wife in our blue chamber. My cosin Turner, her sister, and The., in our best chamber; Bab., Betty, and Betty Turner, in our own chamber; and myself and my wife in the maid's bed, which is very good. Our maids in the coachman's bed; the coachman with the boy in his settle-bed,[1] and Tom where he uses to lie. And so I did, to my great content, lodge at once in my house, with the greatest ease, fifteen, and eight of them strangers of quality. My wife this day put on first her French gown, called a Sac,[2] which becomes her very well, brought her over by W. Batelier.

3d. To my guests, and got them to breakfast, and then parted by coaches; and I did, in mine, carry my she-cozen Pepys and her daughters home, and there left them. To White Hall, where W. Hewer met me; and he and I took a turn in St. James's Park, and in the Mall did meet Sir W. Coventry and Sir J. Duncomb, and did speak with them about some business before the Lords of the Treasury; but I did find them more than usually busy, though I knew not then the reason of it, but I guessed it by what followed next day. Thence to Dancre's, the painter's, and there saw my picture of Greenwich, finished to my very good content, though this manner of distemper do make the figures not so pleasing as in oyle. To the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw an old play, the first time acted these forty years, called "The Lady's Tryall,"[3] acted only by the young people of the house; but the house very full. To the New Exchange, and so called at my cozen Turner's; and there, meeting Mr. Bellwood, did hear how my Lord Mayor,[4] being invited this day to dinner at the Reader's at the Temple, and endeavouring to carry his sword up,[1] the students did pull it down, and forced him to go and stay all the day in a private Councillor's chamber, until the Reader himself could get the young gentlemen to dinner; and then my Lord Mayor did retreat out of the Temple by stealth, with his sword up. This do make great heat among the students; and my Lord Mayor did send to the King, and also I hear that Sir Richard Browne did cause the drums to beat for the Train-bands; but all is over, only I hear that the students do resolve to try the Charter of the City.[2] So we home, and betimes to bed, and slept well all night.

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[1] A folding bed.

[2] Which remained in fashion till a much later date.

[3] A tragedy, by John Ford.

[4] Sir William Peake, clothworker.

4th. To White Hall, where in the first Court I did meet Sir Jeremy Smith, who did tell me that Sir W. Coventry was just now sent to the Tower, about the business of his challenging the Duke of Buckingham, and so was also Harry Saville[3] to the Gate-house;[4] which, as he is a gentleman, and of the Duke of York's bedchamber, I heard afterwards that the Duke of York is mightily incensed at, and do appear very high to the King that he might not be sent thither, but to the Tower, this being done only in contempt to him. This news of Sir W. Coventry did strike me to the heart, and with this reason, for by this and my Lord of Ormond's business I do doubt that the Duke of Buckingham will be so flushed, that he will not stop at any thing, but be forced to do any thing now, as thinking it not safe to end here; and, Sir W. Coventry being gone, the King will have no good Counsellor left, nor the Duke of York any sure friend to stick to him; nor any good man will remain to advise what is good. This, therefore, do heartily trouble me as any thing that ever I heard. So up into the House, and met with several people; but the Committee did not meet: and the whole House I find full of this business of Sir W. Coventry's, and most men very sensible of the cause and effects of it. So, meeting with my Lord Bellassis, he told me the particulars of this matter; that it arises about a quarrel which Sir W. Coventry had with the Duke of Buckingham, about a design between the Duke and Sir Robert Howard to bring him into a play at the King's house, which W. Coventry not enduring, did by H. Saville send a letter to the Duke of Buckingham, that he had a desire to speak with him. Upon which, the Duke of Buckingham did bid Holmes, his champion ever since my Lord Shrewsbury's business,[1] go to him to do the business; but H. Saville would not tell it to any but himself, and therefore did go presently to the Duke of Buckingham, and told him that his uncle Coventry was a person of honour, and was sensible of his Grace's liberty taken of abusing him, and that he had a desire of satisfaction, and would fight with him. But that here they were interrupted by my Lord Chamberlain's coming in, who was commanded to go to bid the Duke of Buckingham to come to the King, Holmes having discovered it. He told me that the King did last night, at the Council, ask the Duke of Buckingham, upon his honour, whether he had received any challenge from W. Coventry? which he confessed that he had; and then the King, asking W. Coventry, he told him that he did not owne what the Duke of Buckingham had said, though it was not fit for him to give him a direct contradiction. But, being by the King put upon declaring the truth upon his honour, he answered that he had understood that many hard questions had upon this business been moved to some lawyers, and that therefore he was unwilling to declare any thing that might, from his own mouth, render him obnoxious to his Majesty's displeasure, and, therefore, prayed to be excused: which the King did think fit to interpret to be a confession, and so gave warrant that night for his commitment to the Tower. Being very much troubled at this, I away by coach homewards, and directly to the Tower, where I find him in one Mr. Bennet's house, son to Major Bayly, one of the Officers of the Ordnance, in the Bricke Tower:[1] where I find him busy with my Lord Halifax and his brother; so I would not stay to interrupt them, but only to give him comfort, and offer my service to him, which he kindly and cheerfully received, only owning his being troubled for the King his master's displeasure, which, I suppose, is the ordinary form and will of persons in this condition. And so I parted, with great content, that I had so earlily seen him there; and so going out, did meet Sir Jer. Smith going to meet me, who had newly been with Sir W. Coventry. And so he and I by water to Redriffe, and so walked to Deptford, where I have not been, I think, these twelve months: and there to the Treasurer's house,[2] where the Duke of York is, and his Duchess; and there we find them at dinner in the great room, unhung; and there was with them my Lady Duchess of Monmouth, the Countess of Falmouth, Castlemaine, Henrietta Hide,[3] (my Lady Hinchingbroke's sister) and my Lady Peterborough. And after dinner Sir Jer. Smith and I were invited down to dinner with some of the Maids of Honour, namely, Mrs. Ogle,[4] Blake,[5] and Howard,[6] which did me good to have the honour to dine with, and look on them; and the Mother of the Maids,[7] and Mrs. Howard,[8] the mother of the

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[1] As a symbol of his authority.

[2] The only printed notice of the dispute between the Temple and the City occurs in Pearce's *History of the Inns of Court and Chancery*, 8vo., 1848, p. 236: "The Lord Mayor (Sir W. Turner) complained to the King, and on the 7th April, 1669, the case was heard before his Majesty in Council. The ringleaders, Mr. Hodges, Mr. Wynn, and Mr. Monday, appeared at the Board, attended by counsel, who were heard on their behalf. Upon consideration, it appearing to the King that the matter very much depended upon the right and privilege of bearing up the Lord Mayor's sword within the Temple, which, by order of Council on the 24th March, in the same year, had been left to be decided by due course of law, his Majesty thought fit to suspend the declaration of his pleasure thereupon, until the said right and privilege should be determined at law." Mr. Tyrrel, the City Remembrancer, has obligingly communicated the only two entries relating to the business, existing in the Corporation Records: the first is an order, dated 23rd March, 1668, for the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, &c., to attend the Council on the following day; and the other directs the Chamberlain to pay the Town Clerk £23, 14*s*. 6*d*., by him disbursed for counsel, about the business of the Temple, &c. It would appear, the question remains unsettled to this day.

[3] Henry Savile was a younger son of Sir William Savile, Bart., of Thornhill, in Yorkshire, by Anne, one of the daughters of Thomas, first Lord Coventry, and sister to Sir William Coventry. He became Vice-Chamberlain to Charles II., and served in Parliament for Newark: and died *s. p.*

[4] At Westminster.

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[1] The duel: see 17th Jan., 1667–8, *ante.*

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[1] "The Brick Tower, by the Armory, the Master of the Ordnance' lodging;" so described in a paper of the 16th March, 1641.

[2] See it marked in the Plan of Deptford, in Evelyn's *Diary*, vol. i., p. 328, 4to. edit., 1819.

[3] Henrietta, fifth daughter to the Earl of Burlington, married Laurence Hyde, afterwards created Earl of Rochester.

[4] Anne Ogle, daughter of Thomas Ogle, of Pinchbeck in Lincolnshire. She was afterwards the first wife of Craven Howard (son of Mrs. Howard), brother of her fellow maid of honour (see Evelyn's *Diary*, 15th June, 1675). Her only child, Anne, died unmarried.

[5] Margaret Blagge, or Blague, daughter of Colonel Blague, and afterwards wife of Sidney Godolphin. Her life, written by Evelyn, needs only to be mentioned here.

[6] Dorothy, the elder daughter of Mrs. Howard. She afterwards married Col. James Graham, of Levens, Keeper of the Privy Purse of the Duke of York. Their daughter, Katherine Graham, married her cousin, Henry Bowes Howard, fourth Earl of Berkshire, and eleventh Earl of Suffolk.

[7] The *mother of the maids* in the Court of Queen Katherine was Bridget, Lady Sanderson, daughter of Sir Edward Tyrrell, Knt., and wife of Sir William Sanderson, Gentleman of the Privy Chamber. It is possible, however, that some one filled the like office in the household of the Duchess of York.

[8] Elizabeth, daughter of Lowthiel, Lord Dundas, wife of William Howard, fourth son of the first Earl of Berkshire. Her son, Craven Howard, married, first, Anne Ogle, mentioned above, and secondly, Mary, daughter of George Bower, of Elford, in Staffordshire, by whom he had Henry Bowes Howard, who married Katherine Graham. It was by means of

Maid of Honour of that name, and the Duke's housekeeper here. Here was also Monsieur Blancfort,[1] Sir Richard Powell,[2] Colonel Villers,[3] Sir Jonathan Trelawny,[4] and others. And here drank most excellent, and great variety, and plenty of wines, more than I have drank, at once, these seven years, but yet did me no great hurt. Having dined very merrily, and understanding by Blancfort how angry the Duke of York was, about their offering to send Saville to the Gate-house, among the rogues; and then, observing how this company, both the ladies and all, are of a gang, and did drink a health to the union of the two brothers, and talking of others as their enemies, they parted, and so we up; and there I did find the Duke of York and Duchess with all the great ladies sitting upon a carpet, on the ground, there being no chairs, playing at "I love my love with an A, because he is so and so: and I hate him with an A, because of this and that:" and some of them, but particularly the Duchess herself, and my Lady Castlemaine, were very witty. This done, they took barge, and I with Sir J. Smith to Captain Cox's; and there to talk, and left them and other company to drink, while I slunk out to Bagwell's; and there saw her, and her mother, and our late maid Nell, who cried for joy to see me. So to Cox's, and thence walked with Sir J. Smith back to Redriffe; and so by water home, and there my wife mighty angry for my absence, and fell mightily out, but not being certain of any thing, but thinks only that Pierce or Knipp was there, and did ask me, and, I perceive, the boy, many questions. But I did answer her; and so, after much

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Mrs. Howard, who, as housekeeper to the Duke of York, resided in the Treasurer's house at Deptford, that Evelyn, who lived at Sayes Court, adjoining the Royal Yard, first became acquainted with Mrs. Godolphin, and it is to Lady Sylvius, the younger daughter of Mrs. Howard, that he addresses her Life. Mrs. Blake was Margaret, fourth daughter of Colonel Blague, successively Maid of Honour to the Duchess of York and the Queen, who became the wife of Sidney Godolphin.

[1] See 14th Feb., 1665; 13th June, 1666; 27th Aug. and 1st Sept., 1667. In 1677 he succeeded to the titles and estates of his father-in-law, Sir George Sonds, who, in April, 1676, was created Earl of Feversham and Viscount Sondes. As Earl of Feversham, Blancfort became of great importance during the short but eventful reign of James II. He died in 1709, *s. p.*

[2] Sir Richard Powle, of Shottesbrooke, Berks, Master of the Horse to the Duchess of York.

[3] Edward Villiers, Master of the Robes, and Groom of the Bedchamber to the Duke of York. He was afterwards knighted, and is the direct ancestor of the Earls of Jersey.

[4] The second baronet of his family, and father of the Bishop of Winchester, of the same names.

ado, did go to bed, and lie quiet all night; but she had another bout with me in the morning, but I did make shift to quiet her, but yet she was not fully satisfied, poor wretch! in her mind, and thinks much at my taking so much pleasure without her, which, indeed, is a fault, though I did not design or foresee it when I went.

5th. After dinner I to the Tower, where I find Sir W. Coventry with abundance of company with him: and, after sitting awhile, and hearing some merry discourse, and, among others, of Mr. Brouncker's being this day summoned to Sir William Morton,[1] one of the Judges, to give in security for his good behaviour, upon his words the other day to Sir John Morton,[2] a Parliament-man, at White Hall, who had heretofore spoke very highly against Brouncker in the House, I away, and to Aldgate. Walked forward towards White Chapel, till my wife overtook me with the coach, it being a mighty fine afternoon; and there we went the first time out of town with our coach and horses, and went as far as Bow, the spring beginning a little now to appear, though the way be dirty; and so, with great pleasure, with the fore part of our coach up, we spent the afternoon. And so in the evening home, and there busy at the Office a while, and so to bed, mightily pleased with being at peace with my poor wife, and with the pleasure we may hope to have with our coach this summer, when the weather comes to be good.

6th. Before the Office, I stepped to Sir W. Coventry at the Tower, and there had a great deal of discourse with him; among others, of the King's putting him out of the Council yesterday, with which he is well contented, as with what else they can strip him of, he telling me, and so hath long done, that he is weary and surfeited of business; but he joins with me in his fears that all will go to naught, as matters are now managed. He told me the matter of the play that was intended for his abuse, wherein they foolishly and sillily bring in two tables like that which he hath made, with a round hole in the middle, in his closet, to turn himself in;[3] and he is to be in one of them as master, and Sir J. Duncomb in the other, as his man or imitator: and their discourse in those tables about the disposing of their books and papers very foolish. But that, that he is offended with, is his being made so contemptible, as that any should dare to make a gentleman a subject for the mirth of the world: and that therefore he had told Tom Killigrew that he should tell his actors, whoever they were, that did offer at any thing like representing him, that he would not complain to my Lord Chamberlain, which was too weak, nor get him beaten, as Sir Charles Sedley is said to have done; but that he would cause his nose to be cut.[1] He told me how that the Duke of Buckingham did himself, some time since, desire to join with him, of all men in England, and did bid him propound to himself to be Chief Minister of State, saying that he would bring it about, but that he refused to have any thing to do with any faction; and that the Duke of Buckingham did, within these few days, say that, of all men in England, he would have chosen Sir W. Coventry to have joined entire with. He tells me that he fears their prevailing against the Duke of York; and that their violence will force them to it, as being already beyond his pardon. He repeated to me many examples of challenging of Privy-Councillors and others; but never any proceeded against with that severity which he is, it never amounting with others to more than a little confinement. He tells me of his being weary of the Treasury, and of the folly, ambition, and desire of popularity of Sir Thomas Clifford; and yet the rudeness of his tongue and passions when angry. This day my wife made it appear to me that my late entertainment this week cost me above £12, an expence which I am almost ashamed of, though it is but once in a great while, and is the end for which, in the most part, we live, to have such a merry day once or twice in a man's life.

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[1] Made a Justice of the King's Bench 1665. Ob. 1672.

[2] Sir John Morton, of Milborn St. Andrew, Dorset, the second baronet of his family, then serving as burgess for Poole, and afterwards for Melcombe Regis. He died in 1698: æt. 71, *M.I.*

[3] See *Diary*, 4th July, 1668, where Sir W. Coventry's round table is described.

7th. (Lord's day.) To the Tower, to see Sir W. Coventry, who had H. Jermin and a great many more with him, and more, while I was there, came in; so that I do hear that there was not less than sixty coaches there yesterday, and the other day; which I hear also that there is great exception taken at, by the King and the Duke of Buckingham, but it cannot be helped. To Suffolk Street, to see my cozen Pepys, but neither the old nor young at home. I to White Hall, and there hear that there are letters come from Sir Thomas Allen, that he hath made some kind of peace with Algiers; upon which the King and Duke of York, being to go out of town to-morrow, are met at my Lord Arlington's: so I there, and by Mr. Wren was desired to stay to see if there were occasion for their speaking with me, which I did, walking without, with Charles Porter,[1] talking of a great many things: and I perceive all the world is against the Duke of Buckingham's acting thus high, and do prophesy nothing but ruin from it. But he do well observe that the church lands cannot certainly come to much, if the King shall be persuaded to take them, they being leased out for long leases. By and by, after two hours' stay, the Council rose, having, as Wren tells me, resolved upon sending six ships to the Streights forthwith, not being contented with the peace upon the terms they demand; which are, that all our ships, where any Turks or Moores shall be found slaves, shall be prizes; which will imply that they must be searched. I hear that to-morrow the King and Duke of York set out for Newmarket, by three in the morning, to some foot and horse-races; to be abroad ten or twelve days. So I away, without seeing the Duke of York; but Mr. Wren showed me the Order of Council about the balancing the Storekeeper's accounts, which passed the Council in the very terms I drew it, only I did put in my name as he that presented the book of Hosier's preparing, and that is left out—I mean, my name; which is no great matter.

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[1] It is painful to find a person of Sir William Coventry's rank and station entertaining so cowardly a mode of revenging himself; and it is very remarkable that, in little more than a year afterwards, his nephew, Sir John Coventry, was maimed in the very same way, his nose having been slit to the bone by a party of assassins hired for the purpose: see note to 27th July, 1667.

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[1] "Charles Porter was the son of a prebendary in Norwich, and a 'prentice boy in the city in the rebellious time. When the committee house was blown up, he was very active in that rising, and after the soldiers came and dispersed the rout, he, as a rat among joint stools, shifted to and fro among the shambles, and had forty pistols shot at him by the troopers that rode after him to kill him. In that distress he had the presence of mind to catch up a little child that, during the rout, was frighted, and stood crying in the streets, and, unobserved by the troopers, ran away with it. The people opened a way for him, saying, 'Make room for the poor child.' Thus he got off, and while search was made for him in the market place, got into a Yarmouth ferry, took ship and went to Holland. Here he trailed a pike, and was in several actions as a common soldier. At length he kept a cavalier eating house; but his customers being needy, he soon broke, and came for England, and being a genteel youth, was taken in among the chancery clerks, and got to be under a master. His industry was great; and he had an acquired dexterity and skill in the forms of the court; and although he was a bon companion, and followed much the bottle, yet he made such dispatches as satisfied his clients, especially the clerks, who knew where to find him. His person was florid, and speech prompt and articulate. But his vices, in the way of women and the bottle, were so ungoverned, as brought him to a morsel. At the Revolution, when his interest fell from, and his debts began to fall upon him, he was at his wits' end. And some, knowing his case, and pitying him (for he was, indeed, a very honest fellow), recommended him as a man fit to be Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and accordingly he was knighted and sent over. There he lived some years, and in that place concluded his days little better than an insolvent. His character for fidelity, loyalty, and facetious conversation, was remarkable."—Roger North's *Lives of the Hon. Francis North, &c.*

8th. To White Hall, from whence the King and the Duke of York went by three in the morning, and had the misfortune to be overset with the Duke of York, the Duke of Monmouth, and the Prince,[1] at the King's Gate[2] in Holborne; and the King all dirty, but no hurt. How it come to pass I know not, but only it was dark, and the torches did not, they say, light the coach as they should do. I thought this morning to have seen my Lord Sandwich before he went out of town, but I came half an hour too late; which troubles me, I having not seen him since my Lady Pall[3] died. W. Hewer and I to the Harp-and-Ball, to drink my morning draught; and there met with King, the Parliament-man, with whom I had some impertinent talk. And so to the Privy Seal office, to examine what records I could find there, for my help in the great business I am put upon, of defending the present constitution of the Navy; but there could not have liberty without order from him that is in present waiting, Mr. Bickerstaffe, who is out of town. Met Mr. Moore, and I find him the same discontented poor man as ever. He tells me that Mr. Shepley is upon being turned away from my Lord's family, and another sent down, which I am sorry for; but his age and good fellowship have almost made him fit for nothing. With my wife to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Mocke Astrologer," which I have often seen, and but an ordinary play; and so to my cozen Turner's, where we met Roger Pepys, his wife, and two daughters, and then home. There my wife to read to me, my eyes being sensibly hurt by the two great lights of the playhouse.

9th. Up, and to the Tower; and there find Sir W. Coventry alone, writing down his Journal, which, he tells me, he now keeps of the material things; upon which I told him, and he is the only man I ever told it to, I think, that I kept it most strictly these eight or ten years; and I am sorry almost that I told it him, it not being necessary, nor may be convenient, to have it known. Here he showed me the petition he had sent to the King by my Lord Keeper, which was not to desire any admittance to employment, but submitting himself therein humbly to his Majesty; but prayed the removal of his displeasure, and that he might be set free. He tells me that my Lord Keeper did acquaint the King with the substance of it, not showing him the petition; who answered, that he was disposing of his employments, and when that was done, he might be led to discharge him: and this is what he expects, and what he seems to desire. But by this discourse he was pleased to take occasion to show me and read to me his account, which he hath kept by him under his own hand, of all his discourse, and the King's answers to him, upon the great business of my Lord Clarendon, and how he had first moved the Duke of York with it twice, at good distance, one after another, but without success; showing me thereby the simplicity and reasons of his so doing, and the manner of it; and the King's accepting it, telling him that he was not satisfied in his management, and did discover some dissatisfaction against him for his opposing the laying aside of my Lord Treasurer, at Oxford, which was a secret the King had not discovered. And really I was mighty proud to be privy to this great transaction, it giving me great conviction of the noble nature and ends of Sir W. Coventry in it, and considerations in general of the consequences of great men's actions, and the uncertainty of their estates, and other very serious considerations. To the Office, where we sat all the morning, and after dinner by coach to my cozen Turner's, thinking to have taken up the young ladies; but The. was let blood to-day; and so my wife and I towards the King's playhouse, and by the way found Betty Turner, and Bab., and Betty Pepys staying for us; and so took them all to see "Claricilla," which do not please me almost at all, though there are some good things in it. And so to my cozen Turner's, and there find my Lady Mordaunt, and her sister Johnson;[1] and by and by comes in a gentleman, Mr. Overbury, a pleasant man, who plays most excellently on the flagelette, a little one, that sounded as low as one of mine, and mighty pretty. Hence with my wife, and Bab., and Betty Pepys, and W. Hewer, whom I carried all this day with me, to my cozen Stradwick's, where I have not been ever since my brother Tom died, there being some difference between my father and them, upon the account of my cozen Scott; and I glad of this opportunity of seeing them, they being good and substantial people, and kind. Here met my cozen Roger and his wife, and my cozen Turner, and here, which I never did before, I drank a glass, of a pint, I believe, at one draught, of the juice of oranges, of whose peel they make comfits; and here they drink the juice as wine, with sugar, and it is very fine drink; but, it being new, I was doubtful whether it might not do me hurt. Having staid awhile, my wife and I back, with my cozen Turner, &c., to her house. There we took our leaves of my cozen Pepys, who goes with his wife and two daughters for Impington to-morrow. They are very good people, and people I love, and am obliged to, and shall have great pleasure in their friendship, and particularly in hers, she being an understanding and good woman.

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[1] Rupert.

[2] Kingsgate Street stands to the south-east of Bloomsbury Square. In the reign of James I., it was a mere country lane, with a barred gate at its entrance, which, from that monarch's usually passing through it, on his way to Theobalds, received the denomination of King's Gate. Theobald's Road, to which the street leads, takes its name from the same cause.

[3] Pauline Montagu: see 1st March, *ante.*

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[1] Her maiden sister: see note to 11th December, 1666.

10th. By hackney-coach to Auditor Beal's Office, in Holborne, to look for records of the Navy, but he was out of the way, and so forced to go next to White Hall, to the Privy Seal; and, after staying a little there, then to Westminster, where, at the Exchequer, I met with Mr. Newport and Major Halsey; and, after doing a little business with Mr. Burges, we by water to White Hall, where I made a little stop: and so with them by coach to Temple Bar, where, at the Sugar Loaf, we dined; and there comes a companion of theirs, Colonel Vernon, I think, they called him; a merry good fellow, and one that was very plain in cursing the Duke of Buckingham, and discoursing of his designs to ruin us, and that ruin must follow his counsels, and that we are an undone people. To which the others concurred, but not so plain, but all vexed at Sir W. Coventry's being laid aside: but Vernon is concerned, I perceive, for my Lord Ormond's being laid aside; but their company, being all old cavaliers, were very pleasant to hear how they swear and talk. But Halsey, to my content, tells me that my Lord Duke of Albemarle says that W. Coventry being gone, nothing will be well done at the Treasury, and I believe it; but they do all talk as that Duncomb, upon some pretence or other, must follow him. We by water home, and there I find my cozen Turner and her two daughters come to see us; and there, after talking a little, I had my coach ready, and they going home, my wife and I out to White Chapel to take a little ayre, though yet the dirtiness of the road do prevent most of the pleasure, which we hoped to have from this tour. So home, and my wife to read to me till supper, and to bed.

11th. Up, and to Sir W. Coventry, to the Tower: who tells me that he hears that the Commission is gone down to the King, with a blank to fill, for his place in the Treasury: and he believes it will be filled with one of our Treasurers of the Navy, but which he knows not, but he believes it will be

Osborne. We walked down to the Stone Walk, which is called, it seems, my Lord of Northumberland's walk,[1] being paved by some one of that title, that was prisoner there: and at the end of it, there is a piece of iron upon the wall, with his armes upon it, and holes to put in a peg, for every turn they make upon that walk. So away to the Office, where busy all the morning, and so to dinner, and so very busy all the afternoon, at my Office, late; and then home tired, to supper, with content with my wife, and so to bed, she pleasing me, though I dare not own it, that she hath hired a chambermaid; but she, after many commendations, told me that she had one great fault, and that was, that she was very handsome, at which I made nothing, but let her go on; but many times to-night she took occasion to discourse of her handsomeness, and the danger she was in, by taking her, and that she did doubt yet whether it would be fit for her, to take her. But I did assure her of my resolution to have nothing to do with her maids, though in myself I was glad to have the content to have a handsome one to look on.

12th. With great content spent all the morning looking over the Navy accounts of several years, and the several patents of the Treasurers. W. Hewer and myself towards Westminster; and there he carried me to Nott's, the famous bookbinder, that bound for my Lord Chancellor's library: and here I did take occasion for curiosity to bespeak a book to be bound, only that I might have one of his binding. To Graye's Inne: and, at the next door, at a cook's-shop of Howe's acquaintance, we bespoke dinner, it being now two o'clock; and in the meantime he carried us into Graye's Inne, to his chamber, where I never was before; and it is very pretty, and little, and neat, as he was always. And so, after a little stay, and looking over a book or two there, we carried a piece of my Lord Coke[2] with us, and to our dinner, where, after dinner, he read at my desire a chapter in my Lord Coke about perjury, wherein I did learn a good deal touching oaths, and so away to the Patent Office,[3] in Chancery Lane, where his brother Jacke, being newly broke by running in debt, and growing an idle rogue, he is forced to hide himself; and W. Howe do look after the Office. Here I did set a clerk to look out some things for me in their books, while W. Hewer and I to the Crowne Office,[1] where we met with several good things that I most wanted, and did take short notes of the dockets, and so back to the Patent Office, and did the like there, and by candle-light ended. And so home, where, thinking to meet my wife with content, after my pains all this day, I find her in her closet, alone, in the dark, in a hot fit of railing against me: but, what with my high words, and slighting, I did at last bring her to very good and kind terms, poor heart!

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[1] No trace of this is to be found in Bayley's *History of the Tower.* Henry the ninth Earl, called the Wizard Earl, was confined in the Tower from 1605 to 1621, and the walk was probably constructed for his use during that long imprisonment.

[2] Coke's Institutes.

[3] The Rolls.

13th. Up; and to the Tower, to see Sir W. Coventry, and with him talking of business of the Navy, all alone, an hour, he taking physic. And so away to the Office, where all the morning, and then home to dinner, with my people, and so to the Office again, and there all the afternoon till night, when comes, by mistake, my cozen Turner and her two daughters, which love such freaks, to eat some anchovies and ham of bacon with me, instead of noon, at dinner, when I expected them. But, however, I had done my business before they come, and so was in good humour enough to be with them, and so home to them to supper, being pleased to see Betty Turner, which hath something mighty pretty. But that which put me in good humour, both at noon and night, is the fancy that I am this day made a Captain of one of the King's ships, Mr. Wren having this day sent me the Duke of York's commission to be Captain of "The Jerzy," in order to my being of a Court-martiall for examining the loss of "The Defyance," and other things; which do give me occasion of much mirth, and may be of some use to me, at least I shall get a little money for the time I have it; it being designed that I must really be a Captain to be able to sit in this Court. They staid till about eight at night, and then away, and my wife to read to me, and then to bed in mighty good humour, but for my eyes.

14th. (Lord's day.) With my wife to church, where we heard a most excellent good sermon of Mr. Gifford's,[2] upon the righteousness of Scribes and Pharisees.

15th. Up, and by water with W. Hewer to the Temple; and thence to the Rolls, where I made enquiry for several rolls, and was soon informed in the manner of it: and so spent the whole morning with W. Hewer, he taking little notes in short-hand, while I hired a clerk there to read to me about twelve or more several rolls which I did call for: and it was great pleasure to me to see the method wherein their rolls are kept; that when the Master of the Office, one Mr. Case, do call for them, who is a man that I have heretofore known by coming to my Lord of Sandwich's, he did most readily turn to them. At noon they shut up; and W. Hewer and I did walk to the Cocke,[1] at the end of Suffolke Street, where I never was, a great ordinary, mightily cried up, and there bespoke a pullet; which while dressing, he and I walked into St. James's Park, and thence back, and dined very handsome, with a good soup, and a pullet, for 4*s*. 6*d*. the whole. Thence back to the Rolls, and did a little more business: and so by water to White Hall, whither I went to speak with Mr. Williamson, that if he hath any papers relating to the Navy I might see them, which he promises me: and so by water home, with great content for what I have this day found, having got almost as much as I desire of the history of the Navy, from 1618 to 1642, when the King and Parliament fell out.

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[1] In the Temple, where it is still kept.

[2] George Gifford, A.M., appointed, in 1661, rector of St. Dunstan's in the East: ob. 1686.—*Newcourt Rep. Eccl.*

16th. Visited Sir W. Coventry at the Tower, and walked with him upon the Stone Walk, alone, till other company come to him, and had very good discourse with him. My wife and Jane gone abroad, and Tom, in order to their buying of things for their wedding, which, upon my discourse last night, is now resolved to be done, upon the 26th of this month, the day of my solemnity for my cutting of the stone, when my cozen Turner must be with us. My wife, therefore, not at dinner; and comes to me Mr. Evelyn of Deptford, a worthy good man, and dined with me, but a bad dinner; who is grieved for, and speaks openly to me his thoughts of, the times, and our ruin approaching; and all by the folly of the King. His business to me was about some ground of his, at Deptford,[2] next to the King's yard: and after dinner we parted. To Woolwich, where I saw, but did not go on board, my ship "The Jerzy," she lying at the wharf under repair. But my business was to speak with Ackworth, about some old things and passages in the Navy, for my information therein, in order to my great business now of stating the history of the Navy. This I did; and upon the whole do find that the late times, in all their management, were not more husbandly than we; and other things of good content to me. Thence to Greenwich by water, and there landed at the King's house,[3] which goes on slow, but is very pretty. I to the Park, there to see the prospect of the hill, to judge of Dancre's picture, which he hath made thereof for me: and I do like it very well: and it is a very pretty place. Thence to Deptford, but staid not, Unthwayte being out of the way: and so home, and then to the King's Tavern, Morrice's, and staid till W. Hewer fetched his uncle Blackburne by appointment to me, to discourse of the business of the Navy in the late times; and he did do it, by giving me a most exact account in writing, of the several turns in the Admiralty and Navy, and of the persons employed therein, from the beginning of the King's leaving the Parliament, to his Son's coming in, to my great content; and now I am fully informed in all I at present desire. We fell to other talk: and I find by him that the Bishops must certainly fall, and their hierarchy; these people[1] have got so much ground upon the King and kingdom as is not to be got again from them: and the Bishops do well deserve it. But it is all the talk, I find, that Dr. Wilkins, my friend, the Bishop of Chester, shall be removed to Winchester, and be Lord Treasurer.[2] Though this be foolish talk, yet I do gather that he is a mighty rising man, as being a Latitudinarian, and the Duke of Buckingham his great friend.

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[1] There was another Cocke ale-house in Fleet Street, still a tavern, described in Ackerman's *Tradesmen's Tokens*, p. 84.

[2] See note 2, March 4th, *ante*.

[3] The old palace at Greenwich had just been pulled down, and a new

17th. Up, and by water to see Mr. Wren, and then Mr. Williamson, who did shew me the very original bookes of propositions made by the Commissioners for the Navy, in 1618, to my great content; but no other Navy papers he could now shew me. Home, and took my wife by a hackney to the King's playhouse, and saw "The Coxcomb,"[3] the first time acted, but an old play, and a silly one, being acted only by the young people.

18th. Up, and to see Sir W. Coventry, and walked with him a good while in the Stone Walk: and brave discourse about my Lord Chancellor, and his ill managements and mistakes, and several things of the Navy. Home to dinner, where my wife mighty finely dressed, by a maid that she hath taken, and is to

building commenced by Charles II., only one wing of which was completed, at the expense of £36,000, under the auspices of Webb, Inigo Jones's kinsman and executor. In 1694, the unfinished edifice was granted by William and Mary to trustees, for the use and service of a Naval Hospital; and it has been repeatedly enlarged and improved, till it has arrived at its present splendour.

[1] The anti-church party.

[2] The report could hardly have been believed, considering his connexion with Oliver Cromwell.

[3] A comedy, by Beaumont and Fletcher.

come to her when Jane goes; and the same she the other day told me of, to be so handsome. I therefore longed to see her, but did not till after dinner, that my wife and I going by coach, she went with us to Holborne, where we set her down. She is a mighty proper maid, and pretty comely, but so so; but hath a most pleasing tone of voice, and speaks handsomely, but hath most great hands, and I believe ugly; but very well dressed, and good clothes, and that otherwise I believe will please me well enough. Thence to visit Ned Pickering and his lady, and Creed and his wife, but the former abroad, and the latter out of town, gone to my Lady Pickering's, in Northamptonshire, upon occasion of the late death of their brother Oliver Pickering, a youth, that is dead of the smallpox. So my wife and I to Dancre's, to see the pictures; and thence to Hyde Park, the first time we were there this year, or ever, in our own coach, where with mighty pride rode up and down, and many coaches there; and I thought our horses and coach as pretty as any there, and observed so to be by others.[1] Here staid till night, and so home.

19th. Sir Thomas Clifford did speak to me, as desirous that I would some time come and confer with him, about the Navy, which I am glad of, but will take the direction of the Duke of York before I do it, though I would be glad to do something to secure myself, if I could, in my employment. Thence to the plaisterer's, and took my face, and my Lord Duke of Albemarle's, home with me by coach, they being done to my mind; and mighty glad I am of understanding this way of having the pictures of any friends. After dinner, with Commissioner Middleton and Kempthorne[2] to a Court-martiall, to which, by virtue of my late Captainship, I am called, the first I was ever at; where many Commanders, and Kempthorne president. Here was tried a difference between Sir L. Van Hemskirke,[3] the Dutch Captain who commands "The Nonsuch," built by his direction, and his Lieutenant; a drunken kind of silly business. We ordered the Lieutenant to ask him pardon, and have resolved to lay before the Duke of York what concerns the Captain, which was striking of his Lieutenant and challenging him to fight, which comes not within any article of the laws martiall. But upon discourse the other day with Sir W. Coventry, I did advise Middleton, and he and I did forbear to give judgment, but after the debate did withdraw into another cabin, the Court being held in one of the yachts, which was on purpose brought up over against St Katharine's, it being to be feared that this precedent of our being made Captains, in order to the trying of the loss of "The Defyance," wherein we are the proper persons to enquire into the want of instructions while ships do lie in harbour, might be hereafter made of evil use, by putting the Duke of Buckingham, or any of these rude fellows that now are uppermost, to make packed Courts, by Captains made on purpose to serve their turns. The other cause was of the loss of the Providence at Tangier, where the Captain's being by chance on shore may prove very inconvenient to him, for example's sake, though the man be a good man, and one whom, for Norwood's sake, I would be kind to; but I will not offer any thing to the excusing such a miscarriage. He is at present confined, till he can bring better proofs on his behalf, of the reasons of his being on shore. So Middleton and I away to the Office; and there I late busy, making my people, as I have done lately, to read Mr. Holland's[1] Discourse of the Navy, and what other things I can get to inform me fully in all; and here late, about eight at night, comes Mr. Wren to me, who had been at the Tower to visit Sir W. Coventry. He came only to see how matters go, and tells me, as a secret, that last night the Duke of Yorke's closet was broken open, and his cabinets, and shut again, one of them: that the rogue that did it hath left plate and a watch behind him, and therefore they fear that it was only for papers, which looks like a very malicious business in design, to hurt the Duke of York; but they cannot know that, till the Duke of York comes to town about the papers, and therefore make no words of it. He gone, I to work again, and then to supper at home, and to bed.

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[1] See 29th Nov., *ante.*

[2] Sir John Kempthorne, a Commissioner of the Navy under Charles II., and Admiral of a fleet in the Narrow Seas, 1677-8.—Pepys's *Signs Manual.*

[3] See 22d April, and 13th May, 1668, *ante.*

20th. Up, and to the Tower, to Sir W. Coventry, and there walked with him alone, on the Stone Walk, till company came to him; and there about the business of the Navy discoursed with him, and about my Lord Chancellor and Treasurer; that they were against the war with the Dutch at first, declaring as wise men and statesmen, at first to the King, that they thought it fit to have a war with them at some time or other, but that it ought not to be till we found the Crowns of Spain and France together by the eares, the want of which did ruin our war. But then he told me that, a great while before the war, my Lord Chancellor did speak of a war with some heat, as a thing to be desired, and did it upon a belief that he could with his own speeches make the Parliament give what money he pleased, and do what he would, or would make the King desire; but he found himself soon deceived of the Parliament, they having a long time before his removal been cloyed with his speeches and good words, and being come to hate him. Sir W. Coventry did tell me it, as the wisest thing that ever was said to the King by any statesman of his time, and it was by my Lord Treasurer that is dead, whom I find, he takes for a very great statesman—that when the King did show himself forward for passing the Act of Indemnity, he did advise the King that he would hold his hand in doing it, till he had got his power restored, that had been diminished by the late times, and his revenue settled in such a manner as he might depend on himself, without resting upon Parliaments, and then pass it. But my Lord Chancellor, who thought he could have the command of Parliaments for ever, because for the King's sake they were awhile willing to grant all the King desired, did press for its being done; and so it was, and the King from that time able to do nothing with the Parliament almost. Mightily pleased with the news brought me to-night, that the King and Duke of York are come back this afternoon, and no sooner come, but a warrant was sent to the Tower for the releasing Sir W. Coventry; which do put me in some hopes that there may be, in this absence, some accommodation made between the Duke of York and the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Arlington.

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[1] John Holland, Paymaster to the Treasurer of the Navy, mentioned before (see vol. i., 30 Nov., 1660). A copy of this work, which has never been printed, is amongst Sir Hans Sloane's MSS., and another, in connexion with papers relative to the Navy, formerly belonging to Sir George Duckett, both in the British Museum. In the Pepysian collection, No. 113, are Two Discourses of Mr. Holland's touching the Government of the Navy: one under the Earl of Northumberland in 1638, probably perused by Pepys, 14th Feb., *ante*, and 18th April, *post*; the other during the Rebellion, 1659, 2 vols., fol.

21st. (Lord's day.) By water over to Southwarke; and then, not getting a boat, I forced to walk to Stangate;[1] and so over to White Hall, in a scull; where to the Duke of York's dressing-room, and there met Harry Saville, and do understand that Sir W. Coventry is come to his house last night. I understand by Mr. Wren that his friends having, by Secretary Trevor and my Lord Keeper, applied to the King, upon his first coming home, and a promise made that he should be discharged this day, my Lord Arlington did anticipate them, by sending a warrant presently for his discharge, which looks a little like kindness, or a desire of it; which God send! though I fear the contrary:

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[1] Near Lambeth.

however, my heart is glad that he is out. Thence up and down the House. Met Mr. May,[1] who tells me the story of his being put by Sir John Denham's place, of Surveyor of the King's Works, who, it seems, is lately dead, by the unkindness of the Duke of Buckingham, who hath brought in Dr. Wren:[2] though, he tells me, he hath been his servant for twenty years together, in all his wants and dangers, saving him from want of bread by his care and management, and with a promise of having his help in his advancement, and an engagement under his hand for £1000 not yet paid, and yet the Duke of Buckingham is so ungrateful as to put him by: which is an ill thing, though Dr. Wren is a worthy man. But he tells me that the King is kind to him, and hath promised him a pension of £300 a-year out of the Works; which will be of more content to him than the place, which, under their present wants of money, is a place that disobliges most people, being not able to do what they desire to their lodgings. Here meeting with Sir H. Cholmly and Povy, they tell me that my Lord Middleton is resolved in the Cabal that he shall not go to Tangier; and that Sir Edward Harlow [Harley],[3] whom I know not, is propounded to go, who was Governor of Dunkirke, and, they say, a most worthy brave man, which I shall be very glad of. W. Howe comes to dine with me; and after dinner propounds to me my lending him £500, to help him to purchase a place—the Master of the Patent Office, of Sir Richard Piggott. I did give him a civil answer, but shall think twice of it; and the more, because of the changes we are like to have in the Navy, which will make it fit for me to divide the little I have left more than I have done, God knowing what my condition is, I having not attended, and now not being able to examine what my state is, of my accounts, and being in the world, which troubles me mightily. News lately come of the Algerines taking £13,000 in money, out of one of our Company's East India ships, outward bound, which will certainly make the war last; which I am sorry for, being so poor as we are, and broken in pieces. Pelling comes to see and sup with us, and I find that he is assisting to my wife in getting a licence to our young people[4] to be married this Lent,[5] which is resolved shall be done upon Friday next, my great day, or feast, for my being cut of the stone.

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[1] Hugh May.

[2] Sir Christopher.

[3] See 18th May, 1660, note.

[4] His servants.

[5] Although marriages during Lent have always been considered unseemly, it is a vulgar error to suppose that a licence is required to solemnize them at that season. See Johnson's *Clergyman's Vade Mecum*, vol. i., p. 167.

22nd. Up, and by water with W. Hewer, to White Hall, there to attend the Lords of the Treasury; but, before they sat, I did make a step to see Sir W. Coventry at his house, where, I bless God! he is come again; but in my way I met him, and so he took me into his coach and carried me to White Hall, and there set me down where he ought not—at least, he hath not yet leave to come, nor hath thought fit yet to ask it, hearing that Harry Saville is not only denied to kiss the King's hand, but the King, being asked it by the Duke of York, did deny it, and directed that the Duke shall not receive him, to wait upon him in his chamber, till further orders. Sir W. Coventry told me that he was going to visit Sir John Trevor, who hath been kind to him: and he showed me a long list of all his friends that he must this week make visits to, that came to visit him in the Tower; and seems mighty well satisfied with his being out of business, but I hope he will not long be so; at least, I do believe that all must go to rack, if the King do not come to see the want of such a servant. Thence to the Treasury-Chamber, and there all the morning, to my great grief, put to do Sir G. Downing's work of dividing the Customes for this year, between the Navy, the Ordnance, and Tangier: but it did so trouble my eyes, that I had rather have given £20 than have had it to do; but I did thereby oblige Sir Thomas Clifford and Sir J. Duncomb, and so am glad of the opportunity to recommend myself to the former, for the latter I need not, he loving me well already. At it till noon, here being several of my brethren with me, but doing nothing, but I all. But this day I did also represent to our Treasurers, which was read here, a state of the charge of the Navy, and what the expence of it this year would likely be; which is done so as it will appear well done, and to my honour, for so the Lords did take it: and I oblige the Treasurers by doing it, at their request. With W. Hewer at noon to Unthanke's, where my wife stays for me; and so to the Cocke, where there was no room, and thence to King's Street, to several cook's shops, where nothing to be had; and at last to the corner shop, going down Ivy Lane, by my Lord of Salisbury's,[1] and there got a good dinner, my wife, and W. Hewer, and I; and after dinner she, with her coach, home; and he and I to look over my papers for the East India Company, against the afternoon: which done, I with them to White Hall, and there to the Treasury-Chamber, where the East India Company and three Councillors pleaded against me alone, for three or four hours, till seven at night, before the Lords; and the Lords did give me the conquest on behalf of the King, but could not come to any conclusion, the Company being stiff: and so I think we shall go to law with them. This done, and my eyes mighty bad with this day's work, I to Mr. Wren's, and then up to the Duke of York, and there with Mr. Wren did propound to him my going to Chatham to-morrow with Commissioner Middleton, and so this week to make the pay there, and examine the business of "The Defyance" being lost, and other businesses, which I did the rather, that I might be out of the way, at the wedding,[1] and be at a little liberty myself for a day or two, to find a little pleasure, and give my eyes a little ease. The Duke of York mightily satisfied with it; and so away home, where my wife troubled at my being so late abroad, poor woman! though never more busy, but I satisfied her; and so begun to put things in order for my journey to-morrow, and so, after supper, to bed.

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[1] This house, long since pulled down, was built by Sir Robert Cecil, the first Earl of Salisbury, and called after his title. It stood in the Strand, on the site of Cecil Street. Ivy Bridge Lane was near the old mansion.

23d. I took coach with Commissioner Middleton, Captain Tinker, and Mr. Huchinson, and out towards Chatham, and dined at Dartford, where we staid an hour or two, it being a cold day; and so on, and got to Chatham just at night, with very good discourse by the way, but mostly of matters of religion, wherein Huchinson his vein lies. After supper, we fell to talk of spirits and apparitions, whereupon many pretty, particular stories were told, so as to make me almost afraid to be alone, but for shame I could not help it: and so to bed; and being sleepy, fell soon to rest, and so rested well.

24th. To the Hill-House, and there did give order for a coach to be made ready; and got Mr. Gibson, whom I carried with me, to go with me and Mr. Coney, the surgeon, towards Maydstone, which I had a mighty mind to see, and took occasion, in my way, at St. Margett's, to pretend to call to see Captain Allen, to see whether Mrs. Jewkes,[2] his daughter, was there; and there his wife come to the door, he being at London, and, through a window, I spied Jewkes, but took no notice of her, but made excuse till night, and then promised to come and see Mrs. Allen again. A mighty cold and windy, but clear day; and had the pleasure of seeing the Medway running, winding up and down mightily, and a very fine country; and I went a little out of the way to have visited Sir John Bankes, but he at London; but here I had a sight of his seat and house,[1] the outside, which is an old abbey just like Hinchingbroke, and as good at least, and mighty finely placed by the river; and he keeps the grounds about it, and walls and the house, very handsome: I was mightily pleased with the sight of it. Thence to Maydstone, which I had a mighty mind to see, having never been there; and walked all up and down the town, and up to the top of the steeple, and had a noble view, and then down again: and in the town did see an old man beating of flax, and did step into the barn and give him money, and saw that piece of husbandry which I never saw, and it is very pretty: in the street also I did buy and send to our inne, the Bell, a dish of fresh fish. And so, having walked all round the town, and found it very pretty, as most towns I ever saw, though not very big, and people of good fashion in it, we to our inne, and had a good dinner; and a barber came to me, and there trimmed me, that I might be clean against night, to go to Mrs. Allen. And so, staying till four o'clock, we set out, I alone in the coach going and coming: and in our way back, I 'light out of the way to see a Saxon monument,[2] as they say, of a King, which is of three stones standing upright, and a great round one lying on them, of great bigness, although not so big as those on Salisbury Plain; but certainly it is a thing of great antiquity, and I am mightily glad to see it; it is near to Aylesford, where Sir John Bankes lives. So homeward to Chatham, to Captain Allen's, and there 'light, and sent the coach and Gibson home, and I and Coney staid; and there comes to us Mrs. Jewkes, who is a very fine, proper lady, as most I know, and well dressed. Here was also a gentleman, one Major Manly,[3] and his wife, neighbours; and here we staid, and drank, and talked, and sat. Cony and he to play, while Mrs. Jewkes and I to talk, and there had all our old stories up, and there I had the liberty to salute her often; and she mighty free in kindness to me; and had there been time, I might have carried her to Cobham, as she, upon my pressing it, was very willing to go. Here was a pretty cozen of her's come into supper also, of a great fortune, daughter-in-law to this Manly, mighty pretty, but had now such a cold, she could not speak. Here staid till almost twelve at night, and then with a lanthorn from thence walked over the fields, as dark as pitch, and mighty cold, and snow, to Chatham, and Mr. Coney with great kindness to me; and there all in bed before I come home, and so I presently to bed.

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[1] See the day before.

[2] See 9th April, 1661, and 1st April, 1667.

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[1] The Friary, in Aylesford parish, since the property of the Earls of Aylesford, whose ancestor, Heneage Finch, married the eldest daughter and co-heir of Sir John Bankes.

[2] This is the ancient monument called Kit's Coty House, supposed to be the burial-place of Catigern, who fell in command of the Britons, in a sanguinary but successful conflict against the Saxons, under Hengist and Horsa. It stands on the Downs, about one mile north-east of Aylesford Church. See Stukeley's *Itinerarium*, in which are two views of the monument, and Hasted's *History of Kent*, vol. ii., p. 177.

[3] John Manley, M.P. for Bridport: he married Margaret, daughter of the unfortunate Isaak Dorislaus.

25th. Up, and by and by, about eight o'clock, came Rear-Admiral Kempthorne and seven Captains more, by the Duke of York's order, as we expected, to hold the Court-martiall about the loss of "The Defyance;" and so presently we by boat to "The Charles," which lies over against Upnor Castle; and there I did manage the business, the Duke of York having, by special order, directed them to take the assistance of Commissioner Middleton and me, forasmuch as there might be need of advice in what relates to the government of the ships in harbour. And so I did lay the law open to them, and rattle the Master-Attendants out of their wits almost; and made the trial last till seven at night, not eating a bit all the day; only when he had done examination, and I given my thoughts that the neglect of the Gunner of the ship was as great as I thought any neglect could be, which might by the law deserve death, but Commissioner Middleton did declare that he was against giving the sentence of death, we withdrew, as not being of the Court, and so left them to do what they pleased; and, while they were debating it, the Boatswain of the ship did bring us out of the kettle a piece of hot salt beef, and some brown bread and brandy; and there we did make a little meal, but so good as I never would desire to eat better meat while I live, only I would have cleaner dishes. By and by they had done, and called us down from the quarter-deck; and there we find they do sentence that the Gunner of "The Defyance" should stand upon "The Charles" three hours, with his fault writ upon his breast, and with a halter about his neck, and so be made incapable of any service. The truth is, the man do seem, and is, I believe, a good man; but his neglect, in trusting a girl to carry fire into his cabin, is not to be pardoned. This being done, we took boat and home; and there a good supper was ready for us, which should have been our dinner. The Captains, desirous to be at London, went away presently for Gravesend, to get thither by this night's tide; and so we to supper, it having been a great snowy and mighty cold, foul day; and so after supper to bed.

26th. Up, and with Middleton all the morning at the Docke, looking over the storehouses and Commissioner Pett's house, in order to Captain Cox's coming to live there in his stead, as Commissioner. But it is a mighty pretty house; and pretty to see how every thing is said to be out of repair for this new man, though £10 would put it into as good condition in every thing, as it ever was in, so free every body is of the King's money! And so to dinner at the Hill-House; and after dinner, till eight at night, close, Middleton and I, examining the business of Mr. Pett, about selling a boat, and we find him a very knave; and some other quarrels of his, wherein, to justify himself, he hath made complaints of others. This being done, we to supper, and so to talk, Commissioner Middleton being mighty good company upon a journey, and so to bed, thinking how merry my people are at this time, Tom and Jane being to have been married this day, it being also my feast for my being cut of the stone, but how many years I do not remember, but I think it to be about ten or eleven.

27th. After drinking a little buttered ale, Huchinson and I took coach, and, exceedingly merry in talk, to Dartford: Middleton finding stories of his own life at Barbadoes, and up and down at Venice, and elsewhere, that are mighty pretty, and worth hearing; and he is a strange good companion, and droll upon the road, more than ever I could have thought to have been in him. Took coach again, and got home about six at night, it being all the morning as cold, snowy, windy, and rainy day, as any in the whole winter past, but pretty clear in the afternoon. I find all well, but my wife abroad with Jane, who was married yesterday. By and by my wife comes, and there I hear how merry they were yesterday, and I am glad at it, they being married, it seems, very handsomely, at Islington; and dined at the old house, and lay in our blue chamber, with much company, and wonderful merry: The. Turner and Mary Batelier bride-maids, and Talbot Pepys and W. Hewer bridesmen.

28th. (Lord's day.) To the Office with Tom, who looks mighty snug upon his marriage, as Jane also do, both of whom I did give joy, and so Tom and I to work at the Office all the morning, till dinner, and then dined, W. Batelier with us; and so after dinner to work again, and sent for Gibson, and kept him also till eight at night, doing much business. And so, that being done, and my Journal writ, my eyes being very bad, and every day worse and worse, I fear: but I find it most certain that stronge drinks do make my eyes sore, as they have done heretofore always; for, when I was in the country, when my eyes were at the best, their stronge beere would make my eyes sore; so home to supper, and by and by to bed.

29th. Up, and by water to White Hall; and there to the Duke of York, to show myself, after my journey to Chatham, but did no business to-day with him: only after gone from him. I to Sir T. Clifford's; and there, after an hour's waiting, he being alone in his closet, I did speak with him, and give him the account he gave me to draw up, and he did like it very well: and then fell to talk of the business of the Navy: and giving me good words, did fall foul of the constitution of the Board, and then did discover his thoughts, that Sir J. Minnes was too old, and so was Colonel Middleton, and that my Lord Brouncker did mind his mathematics too much. I did not give much encouragement to that of finding fault with my fellow-officers; but did stand up for the constitution, and did say that what faults there were in our Office would be found not to arise from the constitution, but from the failures of the officers in whose hands it was. This he did seem to give good ear to; but did give me of myself very good words, which pleased me well, though I shall not build upon them any thing. Thence home; and after dinner by water with Tom down to Greenwich, he reading to me all the way, coming and going, my collections out of the Duke of York's old manuscript of the Navy, which I have bound up, and do please me mightily. At Greenwich I came to Captain Cocke's, where the house full of company, at the burial of James Temple, who, it seems, hath been dead these five days: here I had a very good ring, which I did give my wife as soon as I came home. I spent my time there walking in the garden, talking with James Pierce, who tells me that he is certain that the Duke of Buckingham had been with his wenches all the time that he was absent, which was all the last week, nobody knowing where he was. The great talk is of the King's being hot of late against Conventicles, and to see whether the Duke of Buckingham's being returned will turn the King, which will make him very popular; and some think it is his plot to make the King thus, to show his power in the making him change his mind. But Pierce did tell me that the King did certainly say, that he that took one stone from the Church, did take two from his Crown. By and by the corpse came out; and I, with Sir Richard Browne and Mr. Evelyn, in their coach to the church, where Mr. Plume preached. I, in the midst of the sermon, did go out, and walked all alone round to Deptford;

and so to the King's Yard, and there my boat by order met me, and home. This day my new chamber-maid, that comes in the room of Jane, is come, Jane and Tom lying at their own lodging this night: the new maid's name is Matt, a proper and very comely maid. This day also our cook-maid Bridget went away, which I was sorry for; but, just at her going, she was found to be a thief, and so I was the less troubled for it; but now our whole house will, in a manner, be new, which, since Jane is gone, I am not at all sorry for.

30th. Up, and to Sir W. Coventry, to see and discourse with him; and he tells me that he hath lately been with my Lord Keeper, and had much discourse about the Navy: and particularly he tells me that he finds they are divided touching me, and my Lord Brouncker; some are for removing, and some for keeping us. He told my Lord Keeper that it would cost the King £10,000 before he had made another as fit to serve him in the Navy as I am; which though I believe it is true, yet I am much pleased to have that character given me by Sir W. Coventry, whatever be the success of it. But I perceive they do think that I know too much, and shall impose upon whomever shall come next, and therefore must be removed, though he tells me that Sir T. Clifford is inclined well enough to me, and Sir T. Osborne, by what I have lately done, I suppose. This news is but what I ought not to be much troubled for, considering my incapacity, in regard to my eyes, to continue long at this work. To the Office, where all the morning; and Sir W. Pen, the first time that he hath been here since his being last sick, which I think is two or three months; and I think will be the last that he will be here as one of the Board, he now inviting us all to dine with him, as a parting dinner, on Thursday next, which I am glad of, I am sure; for he is a very villain.

31st. Up, and by water to Sir W. Coventry's, there to talk with him about business of the Navy, and received from him direction what to advise the Duke of York at this time, which was, to submit and give way to the King's naming a man or two, that the people about him have a mind should be brought into the Navy, and perhaps that may stop their fury in running further against the whole; and this, he believes, will do it. After much discourse with him, I walked out with him into St. James's Park, where, being afraid to be seen with him, he having not leave yet to kiss the King's hand, but notice taken, as I hear, of all that go to him, I did make the pretence of my attending the Tangier Committee to take my leave, though to serve him I should, I think, stick at nothing. At the Committee, this morning, my Lord Middleton declares at last his being ready to go, as soon as ever money can be made ready to pay the garrison: and so I have orders to get money, but how soon I know not. Thence home, and there find Mr. Sheres, of whom I find my wife of late to talk with mighty kindness; and particularly he hath shewn himself to be a poet, and that she do mightily value him for. He did not stay to dine with us, but we to dinner; and then, in the afternoon, my wife being very well dressed by her new maid, we abroad, to make a visit to Mrs. Pickering; but she abroad again, and so we never yet saw her. Thence to Dancre's, and there saw our pictures which are in doing; and I did choose a view of Rome, instead of Hampton Court; and mightily pleased I shall be in them. Here were Sir Charles Cotterell and his son bespeaking something; both ingenious men, I hear. Thence my wife and I to the Park; and pretty store of company; and so home with great content: and so ends the month, my mind in pretty good content for all things, but the designs on foot to bring alterations in the Office, which trouble me.

April 1st. Up, and with Colonel Middleton, at the desire of Rear-Admiral Kempthorne, the President, for our assisting them, to the Court-martiall on board a yacht in the river here, to try the business of the Purser's complaints, Baker against Trevanion, his Commander, of "The Dartmouth." But, Lord! to see what wretched doings there were among all the Commanders to ruin the Purser, and defend the Captain in all his rogueries, be it to the prejudice of the King or Purser, no good man could bear! I confess I was pretty high, which the young gentlemen Commanders did not like; and Middleton did the same. But could not bring it to any issue this day, sitting till two o'clock; and therefore we being sent for, went to Sir W. Pen's by invitation to dine; where my wife was, and my Lord Brouncker and his mistress, and Sir J. Minnes and his niece; and here a bad dinner, and little mirth, I being little pleased with my host. However, I make myself sociable; and so, after dinner, my wife and I, with my Lord Brouncker and his mistress, who set us down at my cozen Turner's, and there we staid awhile and talked: and particularly here we met with Dr. Ball, the Parson of the Temple, who did tell me a great many pretty stories about the manner of the Parsons being paid for their preaching at Paul's heretofore, and now, and the ground of the Lecture, and for the names of the founders thereof, which were many, at some 5*s.*, some 6*s.* per annum towards it: and had their names read in the pulpit every sermon among those holy persons that the Church do order a collect for, giving God thanks for.

2d. To White Hall, and there to the Duke of York's lodgings, whither he, by and by, by his appointment came: and alone with him an hour in his closet, telling him mine and Sir W. Coventry's advice touching the present posture of the Navy, as the Duke of Buckingham and the rest do now labour to make changes therein; and that it were best for him to suffer the King to be satisfied with the bringing in of a man or two whom they desire. I did also give the Duke of York a short account of the history of the Navy, as to our Office, wherewith he was very well satisfied: but I do find that he is pretty stiff against their bringing in of men against his mind, as the Treasurers were, and particularly against Child's[1] coming in, because he is a merchant. After much discourse with him, we parted; and the Council sat, while I staid waiting for his telling me when I should be ready to give him a written account of the administration of the Navy, which caused me to wait the whole afternoon, till night. In the meantime, stepping to the Duchess of York's side to speak with Lady Peterborough, I did see the young Duchess,[2] a little child in hanging sleeves, dance most finely, so as almost to ravish me, her ears were so good: taught by a Frenchman that did heretofore teach the King, and all the King's children, and the Queen-Mother herself, who do still dance well. Thence to the council door, and Mr. Cheffinch took me into the back stairs, and there with his friend, Mr. Fowkes, for whom he is very solicitous in some things depending in this Office, he did make me, with some others that he took in (among others, Alderman Backewell), eat a pickled herring, the largest I ever saw, and drink variety of wines till I was almost merry; but I did keep in good time; and so, after the Council was up, I home; and there find my wife not yet come from Deptford, where she hath been all this day to see her mother. This night I did bring home from the King's pottecary's, in White Hall, by Mr. Cooling's direction, a water that he says is mighty good for his eyes. I pray God it may do me good; but, by his description, his disease was the same as mine, and this do encourage me to use it.

3d. Up, and to the Council of War again, with Middleton: and the proceedings of the Commanders so devilishly bad, and so professedly partial to the Captain, that I could endure it no longer, but took occasion to pretend business at the Office, and away, and Colonel Middleton with me, who was of the same mind, and resolved to declare our minds freely to the Duke of York about it.

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[1] Afterwards Sir Josiah Child.

[2] The Princess Mary, afterwards Queen of England.

4th. (Lord's day.) Up, and to Church, where Alderman Backewell's wife, by invitation with my leave, come up with her mother, and sat with us, and after sermon I did walk with them home, and there left them, and home to dinner. After dinner with Sir J. Minnes and T. Middleton to White Hall, by appointment; and at my Lord Arlington's the Office did attend the King and Cabal, to discourse of the further quantity of victuals fit to be declared for,[1] which was 2000 men for six months; and so home without more ado or stay there, hearing no news but that Sir Thomas Allen is to be expected every hour at home with his fleete, or news of his being gone back to Algier. The Queen-Mother hath been of late mighty ill, and some fears of her death.

5th. With Creed walking in the garden, and talking about our Office, and Child's coming in to be a Commissioner; and, being his friend, I did think he might do me a kindness to learn of him what the Duke of Buckingham and the faction do design touching me, and to instil good words concerning me, which he says, and I believe he will: and it is but necessary; for I have not a mind indeed at this time to be put out of my Office, if I can make any shift that is honourable to keep it; but I will not do it by deserting the Duke of York. At noon by appointment comes Mr. Sheres, and he and I to Unthanke's, where my wife stays for us in our coach, and Betty Turner with her; and we to the Mulberry Garden, where Sheres is to treat us with a Spanish Olio,[2] by a cook of his acquaintance that is there, that was with my Lord in Spain: and without any other company, he did do it, and mighty nobly; and the Olio was indeed a very noble dish, such as I never saw better, or any more of. This, and the discourse he did give us of Spain, and description of the Escuriall, was a fine treat. So we left other good things, that would keep till night, for a collation: and, with much content, took coach again, and went five or six miles towards Branford, where the Prince of Tuscany,[3] who comes into England only to spend money and see our country, comes into the town to-day, and is much expected; and we met him, but the coach passing by apace, we could not see much of him, but he seems a very jolly and good comely man. By the way, we overtook Captain Ferrers upon his fine Spanish horse, and he is a fine horse indeed; but not so good, I think, as I have seen some. He did ride by us most of the way, and with us to the Park, and there left us, where we passed the evening, and meeting The. Turner, Talbot, W. Batelier, and his sister, in a coach, we anon took them with us to the Mulberry Garden; and there, after a walk, to supper upon what was left at noon; and very good; only Mr. Sheres being taken suddenly ill for a while, did spoil our mirth; but by and by was well again, and we mighty merry: and so broke up, and left him at Charing Cross, and so calling only at my cozen Turner's, away home, mightily pleased with the day's work. This day come another new mayd, for a middle mayd, but her name I know not yet; and, for a cook-maid, we have, ever since Bridget went, used a blackmoore of Mr. Batelier's, Doll, who dresses our meat mighty well, and we mightily pleased with her.

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[1] The official expression still used.

[2] Oleo, or Olio, a savoury dish composed of a great variety of ingredients, as meat, herbs, &c.

[3] Cosmo de' Medici, who succeeded his father Ferdinand in the Dukedom of Tuscany 1670. Whilst he was in England, in 1669, the Prince caused a number of views of places and of scenery to be executed for him. A few of these have been engraved, on a reduced scale, for Mawman's 4to. publication of Cosmo's Travels, in 1821, but those prints being very unsatis-

6th. To Mr. Batelier's to dinner, where my cozen Turner and both her daughters, and Talbot Pepys and my wife, and a mighty fine dinner. They at dinner before I come; and, when I had dined, I away home, and thence to White Hall, where the Board waited on the Duke of York; and Middleton and I did in plain terms acquaint him what we thought and had observed in the late Court-martiall, which the Duke did give ear to; and though he thinks not fit to revoke what is already done in this case by a Court-martiall, yet it shall bring forth some good laws in the behaviour of Captains to their under Officers for the time to come. Thence home, and after a while at the Office, come home my wife, who hath been at Batelier's late, and dancing with the company, at which I seemed a little troubled, not being sent for myself, but I was not so much so, but went to bed well enough pleased.

7th. By coach to my cozen Turner's, and invited them to dine at the Cocke to-day, with my wife and me; and so to the Lords of the Treasury, where all the morning, and settled

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factory, the facsimile copies of the original drawings now at Florence, were purchased by the present Editor's uncle, the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville, and form part of the splendid library which he bequeathed, in 1846, to the British Museum. Readers will remember the use which Mr. Macaulay has made of them, that "scarce a hedgerow is to be seen, and numerous tracts, now rich with cultivation, appear as bare as Salisbury Plain."

matters to their liking about the assignments on the Customes, between the Navy Office and Victualler, and to that end spent most of the morning there with D. Gauden. I to the New Exchange, to talk with Betty,[1] my little sempstress; and so to Mrs. Turner's, to call them to dinner, but my wife not come, I back again, and was overtaken by a porter, with a message from my wife that she was ill, and could not come to us: so I back again to Mrs. Turner's, and find them gone; and so back again to the Cocke, and there find Mrs. Turner, Betty, and Talbot Pepys, and they dined with myself, Sir D. Gauden and Gibson, and mighty merry, this house being famous for good meat, and particularly pease-porridge. After dinner broke up, and they away; and I to the Council-Chamber, and there heard the great complaint of the City, tried against the gentlemen of the Temple, for the late riot, as they would have it, when my Lord Mayor was there. But, upon hearing the whole business, the City was certainly to blame to charge them in this manner as with a riot: but the King and Council did forbear to determine any thing in it, till the other business of the title and privilege be decided, which is now under dispute at law between them, whether the Temple be within the liberty of the City or no.[2] But I was sorry to see the City so ill advised as to complain in a thing where their proofs were so weak. Thence to my cozen Turner's, and thence with her and her daughters, and her sister Turner, I carrying Betty in my lap, to Talbot's chamber at the Temple, where, by agreement, the poor rogue had a pretty dish of anchovies and sweetmeats for them; and hither come Mr. Eden,[3] who was in his mistress's disfavour ever since the other night that he come in thither fuddled, when we were there. But I did make them friends by my buffoonery, and bringing up a way of spelling their names, and making Theophila spell Lamton, which she would have to be the name of Mr. Eden's mistress, and mighty merry we were till late. This day I do hear that Betty Turner is to be left at school at Hackny, which I am mightily pleased with; for then I shall, now and then, see her. She is pretty, and a girl for that, and her relations, I love.

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[1] Betty Smith: see 11th January, 1668-9, *ante*.

[2] See 3d March, 1668-9, *ante*.

[3] Robert Eden, of West Auckland, Durham, which county he represented in Parliament for many years, married the lady here alluded to, Margaret, daughter and heir of John Lambton. He is the direct ancestor of the Lords Auckland. He was created a Baronet 13th November, 1672, and died in 1720, his wife surviving till 1730.

8th. Up, and to White Hall, to the King's side, to find Sir T. Clifford, where the Duke of York came and found me, which I was sorry for, for fear he should think I was making friends on that side. But I did put it off the best I could, my being there: and so, by and by, had opportunity alone to show Sir T. Clifford the fair account I had drawn up of the Customes, which he liked, and seemed mightily pleased with me; and so away to the Excise-Office, to do a little business there, and so to the Office, where all the morning. With my wife by coach to Islington, to pay what we owe there, for the late dinner at Jane's wedding; and so round by Kingsland and Hogsden[1] home, pleased with my wife's singing with me, by the way. Going through Smithfield, I did see a coach run over a coachman's neck, and stand upon it, and yet the man rose up, and was well after it, which I thought a wonder.

9th. Up, and by water to White Hall, and there, with the Board, attended the Duke of York, and Sir Thomas Allen with us (who came to town yesterday); and it is resolved another fleete shall go to the Streights forthwith, and he command it. But his coming home is mighty hardly talked on by the merchants, for leaving their ships there to the mercy of the Turks: but of this more in my White-Book. To the Excise-Office, and to several places; among others, to Mr. Faythorne's, to have seen an instrument which he was said to have, for drawing perspectives, but he had it not: but here I did see his work-house, and the best things of his doing he had by him.

10th. After dinner comes Mr. Seymour to visit me, a talking fellow: but I hear by him that Captain Trevanion do give it out everywhere, that I did over-rule the whole Court-martiall against him, so long as I was there; and perhaps I may receive, at this time, some wrong by it: but I care not, for what I did was out of my desire to do justice.

11th. (Easter-day.) Up; and to Church, where Alderman Backewell's lady, and mother, and boy, and another gentlewoman did come, and sit in our pew; but no women of our own there, and so there was room enough. Our Parson made a dull sermon, and so home to dinner; and, after dinner, my wife and I by coach, and Balty with us, to Loton,[2] the landscape-drawer, a Dutchman, living in St. James's market, but there saw no good pictures. But by accident he did direct us to a painter that was then in the house with him, a Dutchman, newly come over, one Verelst,[1] who took us to his lodging close by, and did show us a little flower-pot of his drawing, the finest thing that ever, I think, I saw in my life; the drops of dew hanging on the leaves, so as I was forced, again and again, to put my finger to it, to feel whether my eyes were deceived or no. He do ask £70 for it: I had the vanity to bid him £20; but a better picture I never saw in my whole life; and it is worth going twenty miles to see it. Thence, leaving Balty there, I took my wife to St. James's, and there carried her to the Queen's Chapel, the first time I ever did it; and heard excellent musick, but not so good as by accident I did hear there yesterday, as I went through the Park from White Hall to see Sir W. Coventry, which I have forgot to set down in my Journal yesterday. And going out of the Chapel, I did see the Prince of Tuscany come out, a comely, black, fat man, in a mourning suit; and my wife and I did see him this afternoon through a window in this Chapel. All that Sir W. Coventry yesterday did tell me new was, that the King would not yet give him leave to come to kiss his hand; and he do believe that he will not in a great while do it, till those about him shall see fit, which I am sorry for. Thence to the Park, my wife and I; and here Sir W. Coventry did first see me and my wife in a coach of our own; and so did also this night the Duke of York, who did eye my wife mightily. But I begin to doubt that my being so much seen in my own coach at this time may be observed to my prejudice; but I must venture it now. So home, and so set down my Journal, with the help of my left eye through my tube, for fourteen days past; which is so much as, I hope, I shall not run in arrear again, but the badness of my eyes do force me to it.

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[1] *Hodiè* Hoxton.

[2] John Loten, a landscape painter, long established in London, where he died *circ.* 1688.

12th. The whole Office attended the Duke of York at his meeting with Sir Thomas Allen and several flag-officers, to consider of the manner of managing the war with Algiers; and, it being a thing I was wholly silent in, I did only observe; and find that their manner of discourse on this weighty affair was very mean and disorderly, the Duke of York himself being the man that I thought spoke most to the purpose. Meeting Mr. Sheres, took him to see the fine flower-pot I saw yesterday, and did again offer £20 for it; but he [Verelst] insists upon £50. By and by to my wife at Unthanke's, and with her was Jane, and so to the Cocke, where they, and I, and Sheres, and Tom dined, my wife having a great desire to eat of their soup made of pease. By water to the Bear-Garden, and there happened to sit by Sir Fretcheville Hollis, who is still full of his vain-glorious and prophane talk. Here we saw a prize fought between a soldier and a country-fellow, one Warrell, who promised the least in his looks, and performed the most of valour in his boldness and evenness of mind, and smiles in all he did, that ever I saw; and we were all both deceived and infinitely taken with him. He did soundly beat the soldier, and cut him over the head. Thence back to White Hall, mightily pleased, all of us, with this sight, and particularly this fellow, as a most extraordinary man for his temper and evenness in fighting. Home, and, after sitting a while, thrumming upon my viall, and singing, I to bed, and left my wife to do something to a waistcoat and petticoat she is to wear to-morrow. This evening, coming home, we overtook Alderman Backewell's coach and his lady, and followed them to their house, and there made them the first visit, where they received us with extraordinary civility, and owning the obligation. But I do, contrary to my expectation, find her something a proud and vain-glorious woman, in telling the number of her servants and family and expences: he is also so, but he was ever of that strain. But here he showed me the model of his houses that he is going to build in Cornhill and Lumbard Street; but he hath purchased so much there, that it looks like a little town, and must have cost him a great deal of money.

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[1] Simon Verelst, a Dutch flower-painter, who practised his art with much success in England about this time.

13th. I by hackney-coach to the Spittle, and heard a piece of a dull sermon to my Lord Mayor and Aldermen, and thence saw them all take horse and ride away, which I have not seen together many a day; their wives also went in their coaches; and, indeed, the sight was mighty pleasing. Thence took occasion to go back to a milliner's in Fenchurch Street, whose name I understand to be Clerke; and there, her husband inviting me up to the balcony, to see the Show go by to dinner, at Clothworker's-Hall,[1] I did go up, and there saw it go by: and then, there being a good piece of cold roast beef upon the table, one Margetts, a young merchant that lodges there, and is likely to marry a sister of her's, and I staid and eat, and had much good conversation with her, who hath the vanity to talk of her great friends and father, one Wingate, near Welling,[1] that hath been a Parliament man. Here also was Stapely, the rope-merchant, and dined with us; and, after spending most of the afternoon also, I away home; and by water to White Hall to look, among other things, for Mr. May, to unbespeak his dining with me to-morrow. Home by water, and there I find Talbot Pepys, and Mrs. Turner, and Betty, come to invite us to dinner on Thursday; and, after drinking, saw them to the waterside.

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[1] Clothworkers' Hall is situated near the north-east end of Mincing Lane, next to Fenchurch Street. Maitland (*Hist. of London*, p. 1037) describes it as a fine lofty room, in which Sir John Robinson, when Lord Mayor in 1663, entertained the King and Queen, the Queen Dowager, and the Duke and Duchess of York. The arms of Pepys and Hewer, and other benefactors to the Company, were painted on the glass of the east window.

14th. Up, and with W. Hewer to White Hall, and there I did speak with the Duke of York, the Council sitting in the morning, and it was to direct me to have my business ready of the Administration of the Office against Saturday next, when the King would have a hearing of it. To the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw "The Impertinents," a play which pleases me well still; but it is with great trouble that I now see a play, because of my eyes, the light of the candles making it very troublesome to me. After the play to Creed's, and there find him and his wife together alone, in their new house, where I never was before; and a pretty house it is; but I do not see that they intend to keep any coach. Here they treat us like strangers, quite according to the fashion —nothing to drink or eat, which is a thing that will spoil our ever having any acquaintance with them; for we do continue the old freedom and kindness of England to all our friends. They do here talk mightily of my Lady Paulina making a very good end, and being mighty religious in her lifetime; and she hath left many good notes of sermons and religion, wrote with her own hand, which nobody ever knew of; which I am glad of: but she was always a peevish lady.

15th. To my cozen Turner's, where I find they are gone all to dinner to Povy's, and thither I, and there they were all, and W. Batelier and his sister, and had dined; but I had good things brought me, and then all up and down the house, and mightily pleased to see the fine rooms: but, the truth is, there are so many bad pictures, that do make the good ones lose much of the pleasure in seeing them. The. and Betty Turner in new flowered tabby gowns, and so we were pretty merry. So, about five or six o'clock, away, and I took my wife and the two Bateliers, and carried them homeward, and W. Batelier 'lighting, I carried the women round by Islington, and so down Bishopsgate Street home, and there to talk and sup, and then to-bed.

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[1] Edward Wingate represented St. Albans in the Long Parliament.

16th. My wife being gone abroad with W. Hewer, to see the new play to-day, at the Duke of York's house, "Guzman;" I dined alone with my people, and in the afternoon away by coach to White Hall; and there the Office attended the Duke of York; and being despatched pretty soon, and told that we should not wait on the King, as intended, till Sunday, I thence presently to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there, in the 18*d.* seat, did get room to see almost three acts of the play; but it seemed to me but very ordinary. After the play done, I into the pit, and there find my wife and W. Hewer; and Sheres got to them, which, so jealous is my nature, did trouble me, though my judgment tells me there is no hurt in it, on either side; but here I did meet with Shadwell, the poet, who, to my great wonder, do tell me that my Lord of [Orrery] did write this play, trying what he could do in comedy, since his heroique plays could do no more wonders. This do trouble me; for it is as mean a thing, and so he says, as hath been upon the stage a great while; and Harris, who hath no part in it, did come to me, and told me in discourse, that he was glad of it, it being a play that will not take.[1]

17th. At noon home to dinner, and there find Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, and he dined with us; and there hearing that "The Alchymist" was acted, we did go, and took him with us to the King's house; and it is still a good play, having not been acted for two or three years before; but I do miss Clun,[2] for the Doctor.[3] To Sir W. Coventry's, reading over first my draught of the Administration of the Navy, which he do like very well; and so fell to talk of his late disgrace, and how basely and in what a mean manner the Duke of Buckingham hath proceeded against him—not like a man of honour. He tells me that the King will not give other answer about his coming to kiss his hands, than "Not yet." But he says that this that he desires, of kissing the King's hand, is only to show to the world that he is not discontented, and not in any desire to come again into play, though I do perceive that he speaks this with less earnestness than heretofore: and this, it may be, is, from what he told me lately, that the King is offended at what is talked, that he hath declared himself desirous not to have to do with any employment more. But he do tell me that the leisure he hath yet had do not at all begin to be burdensome to him, he knowing how to spend his time with content to himself; and that he hopes shortly to contract his expence, so as that he shall not be under any straits in that respect neither; and so seems to be in very good condition of content. Thence I away over the Park, it being now night, to White Hall, and there, in the Duchess's chamber, do find the Duke of York; and, upon my offer to speak with him, he did come to me, and withdrew to his closet, and there did hear and approve my paper of the Administration of the Navy, only did bid me alter these words, "upon the rupture between the late King and the Parliament," to these, "the beginning of the late Rebellion;" giving it me as but reason to show that it was through the Rebellion that the Navy was put out of its old good course, into that of a Commission. Having done this, we fell to other talk; he with great confidence telling me how matters go among our adversaries, in reference to the Navy, and that he thinks they do begin to flag; but then, beginning to talk in general of the excellency of old constitutions, he did bring out of his cabinet, and made me read it, an extract out of a book of my late Lord of Northumberland's, so prophetic of the business of Chatham, as is almost miraculous.[1] I did desire, and he did give it me to copy out, which pleased me mightily.

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[1] Yet Downes the prompter says (p. 28) that it succeeded very well.

[2] Who had been murdered: see 14th Aug., 1664, *ante.*

[3] Subtle, the Alchymist.

18th. (Lord's day.) To my Office again, to examine the fair draught; and so, borrowing Sir J. Minnes's coach, he going with Colonel Middleton, I to White Hall, where we all met and did sign it; and then to my Lord Arlington's, where the King, and the Duke of York, and Prince Rupert, as also Ormond and the two Secretaries, with my Lord Ashly and Sir T. Clifford, were. And there, by and by, being called in, Mr. Williamson did read over our paper, which was in a letter to the Duke of York, bound up in a book with the Duke of York's Book of Instructions. He read it well; and, after read, we were bid to withdraw, nothing being at all said to it. And by and by we were called in again, and nothing said to that business; but another begun, about the state of this year's action, and our wants of money, as I had stated the same lately to our Treasurers; which I was bid, and did largely, and with great content, open. And having so done, we all withdrew, and left them to debate our supply of money; to which, being called in, and referred to attend on the Lords of the Treasury, we all departed. And I only staid in the House till the Council rose; and then to the Duke of York, in the Duchess's chamber, where he told me that the book was there left with my Lord Arlington, for any of the Lords to view that had a mind, and to prepare and present to the King what they had to say in writing, to any part of it, which is all we can desire, and so that rested. The Duke of York then went to other talk; and by and by comes the Prince of Tuscany to visit him, and the Duchess; and I find that he do still remain *incognito*, and so intends to do all the time he stays here, for avoiding trouble to the King and himself, and expence also to both. Thence I to White Hall Gate, thinking to have found Sir J. Minnes's coach staying for me; but, not being there, and this being the first day of rain we have had many a day, the streets being as dusty as in summer, I forced to walk to my cozen Turner's, and there, having kissed and taken leave of Betty, who goes to Putney to school to-morrow, I walked through the rain to the Temple, and there, with much ado, got a coach, and so home.

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[1] Most probably John Holland's report on the state of the Defences of the Navy, made to Algernon Earl of Northumberland, in 1638, when Lord High Admiral. See note at p. 653, *ante*. A copy of the paper here alluded to is in Rawlinson, A 195, fol. 124. It was an extract from an old book formerly in the library at Petworth, and written by Sir William Monson, the well-known English Admiral, who died in 1643. He was the author of several naval tracts, all of which are printed in Churchill's *Voyages*, and the passage quoted by Pepys will be found at p. 421 of vol. iii. It seems highly probable that some one in the Dutch interest might have seen Sir William's *Book of Stratagems*, and planned the memorable expedition against Chatham; though the fact of the defenceless state of the River Thames, in the event of the Dutch ever becoming superior to us at sea, was too obvious to merit the appellation of a prophecy.

19th. Up, and with Tom, whom, with his wife, I, and my wife, had this morning taken occasion to tell that I did intend to give him £40 for himself, and £20 to his wife, towards their setting out in the world, and that my wife would give her £20 more, that she might have as much to begin with as he, by coach to White Hall. After dinner out again, and, calling about my coach, which was at the coachmaker's, and hath been for these two or three days, to be new painted, and the window-frames gilt against next May-day, went on with my hackney to White Hall.

20th. Up; and to the Office, and my wife abroad with Mary Batelier, with our own coach, but borrowed Sir J. Minnes's coachman, that so our own might stay at home, to attend at dinner; our family being mightily disordered by our little boy's falling sick the last night; and we fear it will prove the small-pox. At noon comes my guest, Mr. Hugh May,[1] and with him Sir Henry Capell, my old Lord Capell's son, and Mr. Parker;

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[1] See note to 8th June, 1665, *ante*.

and I had a pretty dinner for them; and both before and after dinner had excellent discourse; and showed them my closet and my Office, and the method of it, to their great content; and more extraordinary, manly discourse and opportunity of showing myself, and learning from others, I have not, in ordinary discourse, had in my life, they being all persons of worth, but especially Sir H. Capell, whose being a Parliament-man, and hearing my discourse in the Parliament-house, hath, as May tells me, given him a long desire to know and discourse with me. In the afternoon we walked to the Old Artillery-Ground[1] near the Spitalfields, where I never was before, but now, by Captain Deane's invitation, did go to see his new gun tryed, this being the place where the Officers of the Ordnance do try all their great guns; and when we came, did find that the trial had been made; and they going away with extraordinary report of the proof of his gun, which, from the shortness and bigness, they do call Punchinello. But I desired Colonel Legg to stay and give us a sight of her performance, which he did, and there, in short, against a gun more than as long and as heavy again, and charged with as much powder again, she carried the same bullet as strong to the mark, and nearer and above the mark at a point blank than their's, and is more easily managed, and recoiles no more than that, which is a thing so extraordinary as to be admired for the happiness of his invention, and to the great regret of the old Gunners and Officers of the Ordnance that were there, only Colonel Legg did do her much right in his report of her. And so, having seen this great and first experiment, we all parted, I seeing my guests into a hackney-coach, and myself, with Captain Deane, taking a hackney-coach, did go out towards Bow, and went as far as Stratford, and all the way talking of this invention, and he offering me a third of the profit of it; which, for aught I know, or do at present think, may prove matter considerable to us: for either the King will give him a reward for it, if he keeps it to himself, or he will give us a patent to make our profit of it; and no doubt but it will be of profit to merchantmen and others, to have guns of the same force at half the charge. This was our talk: and then to talk of other things, of the Navy in general: and, among other things, he did tell me that he do hear how the Duke of Buckingham hath a spite at me, which I knew before, but value it not: and he tells me that Sir T. Allen is not my friend; but for all this I am not much troubled, for I know myself so usefull that, as I believe, they will not part with me; so I thank God my condition is such that I can retire, and be able to live with comfort, though not with abundance.

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[1] Teasel Close, in Bishopsgate Street, where some land had been granted to the Gunners of the Tower for the practice of great and small ordnance, by William, last Prior of St. Mary Spittle. It was long called the Artillery Garden; but ultimately it was found too small, and disused. Artillery Lane has been built on its site.

21st. Up; and with my own coach as far as the Temple, and thence sent it to my cozen Turner, who, to ease her own horses, that are going with her out of town, do borrow mine. To Auditor Wood's, and met my Lord Bellassis upon some business of his accounts. Attended the Duke of York a little, being the first time of my waiting on him at St. James's this summer, whither he is now newly gone; and thence walked to White Hall; and so, by and by, to the Council-Chamber, and heard a remarkable cause pleaded between the Farmers of the Excise of Wiltshire, in complaint against the Justices of Peace of Salisbury: and Sir H. Finch was for the former. But, Lord! to see how he did with his admirable eloquence order the matter, is not to be conceived almost; so pleasant a thing it is to hear him plead. By and by comes my cozen Turner, and The., and Joyce, in their riding-clothes, they being come from their lodgings to her husband's chamber, at the Temple, and there do lie, and propose to go out of town on Friday next; and here I had a good dinner for them. After dinner by water to White Hall, where the Duke of York did meet our Office, and went with us to the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury; and there we did go over all the business of the state I had drawn up, of this year's action and expence, which I did do to their satisfaction, and convincing them of the necessity of providing more money, if possible, for us. Thence the Duke of York being gone, I did there stay walking with Sir H. Cholmly in the Court, talking of news; where he told me, that now the great design of the Duke of Buckingham is to prevent the meeting, since he cannot bring about with the King the dissolving, of this Parliament, that the King may not need it; and therefore my Lord St. Albans is hourly expected with great offers of a million of money,[1] to buy our breach with the Dutch; and this, they do think, may tempt the King to take the money, and thereby be out of a necessity of calling the Parliament again, which these people dare not suffer to meet again: but this he doubts, and so do I, that it will be the ruin of the nation if we fall out with Holland. My boy comes to tell me that his mistress was at the Gate with the coach, whither I went, and there find my wife and the whole company. So she, and Mrs. Turner, and The., and Talbot, in mine; and Joyce, W. Batelier, and I, in a hackney, to Hyde Park, where I was ashamed to be seen; but mightily pleased, though troubled, with a drunken coachman that did not remember when we come to 'light, where it was that he took us up; but said at Hammersmith, and thither he was carrying of us when we come first out of the Park. So I carried them all to Hercules-Pillars, and there did treat them: and so, about ten at night, parted, and my wife, and I, and W. Batelier, home; and he gone, we to bed.

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[1] From Louis XIV.: see 28th April, *post.*

22d. Up, and to the Office, where all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and Captain Deane with us; and very good discourse, and particularly about my getting a book for him to draw up his whole theory of shipping, which, at my desire, he hath gone far in, and hath shown me what he hath done therein, to admiration. I did give him a Parallelogram, which he is mightily taken with; and so after dinner to the Office, where all the afternoon till night late, and then home. Vexed at my wife's not being come home, she being gone again abroad with M. Batelier, and come not home till ten at night, which vexed me, so that I to-bed, and lay in pain awake till past one, and then to sleep.

23d. Going to rise, without saying anything, my wife stopped me; and, after a little angry talk, did tell me how she spent all yesterday with M. Batelier and her sweetheart, and seeing a play at the New Nursery, which is set up at the house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, which was formerly the King's house. To the Council-Chamber, and heard two or three causes; among others, that of the complaint of Sir Philip Howard and Watson, the inventors, as they pretend, of the business of varnishing and lacker-worke, against the Company of Painters, who take upon them to do the same thing; where I saw a great instance of the weakness of a young Counsel not used to such an audience, against the Solicitor-General and two more able Counsel used to it. Though he had the right of his side, and did prevail for what he pretended to against the rest, yet it was with much disadvantage and hazard. Here I also heard Mr. Papillion[1] make his defence to the King, against some complaints of the Farmers of Excise; but it was so weak, and done only by his own seeking, that it was to his injury more than profit, and made his case the worse, being ill managed, and in a cause against the King. By agreement met my wife, and with her to the Cocke, and did give her a dinner. Thence to the King's playhouse, and saw "The Generous Portugalls,"[1] a play that pleases me better and better every time we see it; and, I thank God! it did not trouble my eyes so much as I was afraid it would. Here, by accident, we met Mr. Sheres, and yet I could not but be troubled, because my wife do so delight to talk of him, and to see him. Nevertheless, we took him with us to our mercer's, and to the Exchange, and he helped me to choose a summer-suit of coloured camelott, coat and breeches, and a flowered tabby coat very rich; and so home, where he took his leave, and down to Greenwich, where he hath some friends; and I to see Colonel Middleton, who hath been ill for a day or two, or three; and so home to supper, and to bed.

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[1] Thomas Papillon, Esq., of Lubbenham in Leicestershire, who purchased the manor of Acrise, in Kent, in 1666. He was an eminent merchant of London, and Master of the Mercers' Company in 1698; and was M.P. for Dover, temp. Charles II., and for London in the 10th of William III. The case of Mr. Papillon related to a Petition of the Company of Wine Merchants, concerning Brandy, *alias* Strong Water, against the

24th. Mr. Sheres dining with us; and my wife, which troubled me, mighty careful to have a handsome dinner for him; but yet I see no reason to be troubled at it, he being a very civil and worthy man, I think; but only it do seem to imply some little neglect of me. After dinner to the King's house, and there saw "The General"[2] revived—a good play, that pleases me well, and thence, our coach coming for us, we parted and home. Well pleased to-night to have Lead, the vizard-maker, bring me home my vizard, with a tube fastened in it, which, I think, will do my business, at least in a great measure, for the easing of my eyes.

25th. (Lord's day.) Up, and to my Office awhile, and thither comes Lead with my vizard, with a tube fastened within both eyes; which, with the help which he prompts me to, of a glass in the tube, do content me mightily. To church, where a stranger made a dull sermon, but I mightily pleased to look upon Mr. Buckworth's little pretty daughters. W. Howe came and dined with us; and then I to my Office, he being gone, to write down my Journal for the last twelve days: and did it with the help of my vizard and tube fixed to it, and do find it mighty manageable, but how helpful to my eyes this trial will show me. So abroad with my wife, in the afternoon, to the

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Farmers of Excise, of which some account is given in Anchitel Grey's *Debates*, vol. i., p. 237.

[1] This play has not been traced.

[2] By James Shirley.

Park, where very much company, and the weather very pleasant. I carried my wife to the Lodge, the first time this year, and there in our coach eat a cheesecake and drank a tankard of milk. I showed her this day also first the Prince of Tuscany, who was in the Park, and many very fine ladies.

26th. To Lily's, the Varnisher, who is lately dead, and his wife and brother keep up the trade, and there I left my French prints to be put on boards: and, while I was there, a fire burst out in a chimney of a house over against his house, but it was with a gun quickly put out. So home, calling at the laceman's for some lace for my new suit, and at my tailor's, and Mr. Sheres dined with us, who come hither to-day to teach my wife the rules of the perspective; but I think, upon trial, he thinks it too hard to teach her, being ignorant of the principle of lines. After dinner comes Colonel Macnachan, one that I see often at Court, a Scotchman, but know him not; only he brings me a letter from my Lord Middleton, who, he says, is in great distress for £500 to relieve my Lord Morton[1] with, but upon what account I know not; and he would have me advance it without order upon his pay for Tangier, which I was astonished at, but had the grace to deny him with an excuse. And so he went away, leaving me a little troubled that I was thus driven, on a sudden, to do any thing herein; but Creed, coming just now to see me, he approves of what I have done. And then to talk of general matters, and, by and by, Sheres being gone, my wife, and he, and I out, and I set him down at Temple Bar, and myself and wife went down the Temple upon seeming business, only to put him off; and to the 'Change, about things for her; and here, at Mrs. Burnett's shop, I am told by Betty, who was all undressed, of a great fire happened in Durham-Yard last night, burning the house of one Lady Hungerford,[2] who was to come to town to it this night; and so the house is burned, new furnished, by carelessness of the girl sent to take off a candle from a bunch of candles, which she did by burning it off, and left the rest, as is supposed, on fire. The King and Court were here, it seems, and stopped the fire by blowing up of the next house. The King and Court went out of town to Newmarket this morning betimes, for a week. This night I did call at the coachmaker's, and do resolve upon having the standards of my coach gilt with this new sort of varnish, which will come but to 40*s.*; and, contrary to my expectation, the doing of the biggest coach all over comes not to above £6, which is [not] very much.

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[1] William Douglas, ninth Earl of Morton, who had married Lord Middleton's daughter Grizel.

[2] Margaret, daughter and co-heir of William Halliday, Alderman of London, widow of Sir Edward Hungerford, of Black Bourton, Oxfordshire, who died, *s. p.*, 1648. She survived till 1673. The house burned down adjoined the present Hungerford Market.

27th. Up and to the Office, where all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and then to the Office again, where all the afternoon busy till late, and then home, and got my wife to read to me in the Nepotisme,[1] which is very pleasant, and so to supper and to bed.

28th. Up, and was called upon by Sir H. Cholmly to discourse about some accounts of his, of Tangier: and then to other talk; and I find by him that it is brought almost to effect (through the late endeavours of the Duke of York and Duchess, the Queen-Mother, and my Lord St. Alban's, together with some of the contrary faction, as my Lord Arlington,) that for a sum of money we shall enter into a league with the King of France, wherein, he says, my Lord Chancellor[2] is also concerned; and that he believes that, in the doing hereof, it is meant that he [Clarendon] shall come in again, and that this sum of money will so help the King as that he will not need the Parliament; and that, in that regard, it will be forwarded by the Duke of Buckingham and his faction, who dread the Parliament. But hereby we must leave the Dutch, and that I doubt will undo us; and Sir H. Cholmly says he finds W. Coventry do think the like. My Lady Castlemaine is instrumental in this matter, and, he says, never more great with the King than she is now. But this is a thing that will make the Parliament and Kingdom mad, and will turn to our ruine: for with this money the King shall wanton away his time in pleasures, and think nothing of the main till it be too late. This morning Mr. Sheres sent me, in two volumes, Marian his History of

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[1] The work here mentioned is a French translation, published in 1669, of a bitter satire against the Court of Rome, written in Italian, and as some say, by Gregorio Leti. It was first printed in 1667, without the name of place or printer, but it is from the press of the Elzevirs. The scope of the work will be well understood by the title: "Il Nipotismo di Roma, o vero relatione delle ragioni che muovono i Pontefici all' aggrandimento de' Nipoti: del bene e maleche hanno portato alla Chiesa dopo Sisto IV., sino al presente: delle difficultà che incontrano i ministri de' Prencipi nel trattare con loro, ed insieme col rimedio opportuno per liberarsi da tali difficoltà, e della causa perche le famiglie de' Pontefici non sono durate lungo tempo in grandezza." From this work the word *Nepotism* is derived, and is applied to the bad practice of statesmen, when in power, providing lucrative places for their relations.

[2] Clarendon, then an exile in France.

Spaine,[1] in Spanish, an excellent book; and I am much obliged to him for it.

29th. Up; and to the Office, where all the morning, and at noon dined at home, and then to the Office again, there to dispatch as much business as I could, that I might be at liberty to-morrow to look after many things that I have to do, against May-day.

30th. Up, and by coach to the coachmaker's: and there I do find a great many ladies sitting in the body of a coach that must be ended by to-morrow: they were my Lady Marquess of Winchester,[2] Bellassis,[3] and other great ladies, eating of bread and butter, and drinking ale. I to my coach, which is silvered over, but no varnish yet laid on, so I put it in a way of doing; and myself about other business, and particularly to see Sir W. Coventry, with whom I talked a good while to my great content; and so to other places—among others, to my tailor's: and then to the beltmaker's, where my belt cost me 55*s.* of the colour of my new suit; and here, understanding that the mistress of the house, an oldish woman in a hat, hath some water good for the eyes, she did dress me, making my eyes smart most horribly, and did give me a little glass of it, which I will use, and hope it will do me good. So to the cutler's, and there did give Tom, who was with me all day, a sword cost me 12*s.* and a belt of my owne; and sent my own silver-hilt sword a-gilding against to-morrow. This morning I did visit Mr. Oldenburgh,[4] and did see the instrument for perspective made by Dr. Wren,[5] of which I have one making by Browne; and the sight of this do please me mightily. At noon my wife came to me at my tailor's, and I sent her home, and myself and Tom dined at Hercules Pillars; and so about our business again, and particularly to Lilly's, the varnisher, about my prints, whereof some of them are pasted upon the boards, and to my full content. Thence to the frame-maker's, one Norris, in Long Acre, who showed me several forms of frames, which were pretty, in little bits of mouldings, to choose patterns by. This done, I to my coachmaker's, and there vexed to see nothing yet done to my coach, at three in the afternoon; but I set it in doing, and stood by till eight at night, and saw the painter varnish it, which is pretty to see how every doing it over do make it more and more yellow: and it dries as fast in the sun as it can be laid on almost; and most coaches are, now-a-days, done so, and it is very pretty when laid on well, and not too pale, as some are, even to show the silver. Here I did make the workmen drink, and saw my coach cleaned and oyled; and, staying among poor people there in the ally, did hear them call their fat child Punch, which pleased me mightily, that word being become a word of common use for all that is thick and short.[1] At night home, and there find my wife hath been making herself clean against to-morrow; and, late as it was, I did send my coachman and horses to fetch home the coach to-night, and so we to supper, myself most weary with walking and standing so much, to see all things fine against to-morrow, and so to bed. Meeting with Mr. Sheres, to several places, and, among others, to buy a perriwig, but I bought none; and also to Dancre's, where he was about my picture of Windsor, which is mighty pretty, and so will the prospect of Rome be.

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[1] *Historiæ de Rebus Hispaniæ Libri*, xx. By Juan Mariana; first printed at Toledo in 1592. The Spanish version is best known.

[2] Isabella, daughter of William Howard, Viscount Stafford, third wife to John Powlett, fifth Marquis of Winchester.

[3] John Lord Bellassis was thrice married: first, to Jane, daughter of Sir Robert Boteler, of Woodhall, Herts; secondly, to Ann, daughter of Sir Robert Crane, of Chilton, Suffolk; thirdly, to Lady Anne Powlett, daughter of the above-named Marquis of Winchester (by his second wife, Lady Honora de Burgh); and who is the person referred to by Pepys.

[4] Henry Oldenburgh, Secretary of the Royal Society.

[5] A description of an instrument invented many years before by Dr. Christopher Wren, for drawing the outlines of any object in perspective, is given in the *Abridgment of Phil. Trans.*, vol. i., p. 325 (1669).

May 1st. Up betimes. Called by my tailor, and there first put on a summer suit this year; but it was not my fine one of flowered tabby vest, and coloured camelott tunique, because it was too fine with the gold lace at the bands, that I was afraid to be seen in it; but put on the stuff suit I made the last year, which is now repaired; and so did go to the Office in it, and sat all the morning, the day looking as if it would be fowle. At noon home to dinner, and there find my wife extraordinary fine, with her flowered tabby gown that she made two years ago, now laced exceeding pretty; and, indeed, was fine all over; and mighty earnest to go, though the day was very lowering; and she would have me put on my fine suit, which I did. And so anon we went alone through the town with our new liveries of serge, and the horses' manes and tails tied with red ribbons, and the standards gilt with varnish, and all clean, and green reines, that people did mightily look upon us; and, the truth is, I did not see any coach more pretty, though more gay, than our's, all the day. But we set out, out of humour—I because Betty, whom I expected, was not come to go with us; and my wife that I would sit on the same seat with her, which she likes not, being so fine: and she then expected to meet Sheres, which we did in the Pell Mell, and, against my will, I was forced to take him into the coach, but was sullen all day almost, and little complaisant: the day being unpleasing, though the Park full of coaches, but dusty, and windy, and cold, and now and then a little dribbling of rain; and, what made it worse, there were so many hackney-coaches as spoiled the sight of the gentlemen's;[1] and so we had little pleasure. But here was W. Batelier and his sister in a borrowed coach by themselves, and I took them and we to the lodge; and at the door did give them a syllabub, and other things, cost me 12*s.*, and pretty merry. And so back to the coaches, and there till the evening, and then home, leaving Mr. Sheres[2] at St. James's Gate, where he took leave of us for altogether, he being this night to set out for Portsmouth post, in his way to Tangier, which troubled my wife mightily, who is mighty, though not, I think, too fond of him.

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[1] "*Puncheon*, the vessel, Fr. *poinçon*, perhaps so called from the pointed form of the staves; the vessel bellying out in the middle, and tapering towards each end: and hence *punch* (*i. e.*, the large belly) became applied, as Pepys records, to anything thick or short."—Richardson's *Dictionary.*

2d. (Lord's day.) Up, and by water to White Hall, and there visited my Lord Sandwich, who, after about two months' absence at Hichinbroke, came to town last night. I saw him, and he was very kind; and I am glad he is so, I having not wrote to him all the time, my eyes indeed not letting me. Here with Sir Charles Harbord, and my Lord Hinchinbroke, and Sidney, and we looked upon the picture of Tangier, designed by Charles Harbord,[3] and drawn by Dancre, which my Lord Sandwich admires, as being the truest picture that ever he saw in his life: and it is indeed very pretty, and I will be at the cost of having one of them. Thence with them to White Hall, and there walked out the sermon with one or other; and then saw the Duke of York, and he talked to me a little; and so away back by water home. After dinner, got my wife to read, and then by coach, she and I, to the Park, and there spent the evening with much pleasure, it proving clear after a little shower, and we mighty fine as yesterday, and people mightily pleased with our coach, as I perceive; but I had not on my fine suit, being really afraid to wear it, it being so fine with the gold lace, though not gay.

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[1] This is a little too much, considering that the Journalist had so recently set up his own carriage.

[2] See note at 18th Jan., 1669.

[3] See note to 25th February, 1665–6, *ante*.

3d. Up, and by coach to my Lord Brouncker's, where Sir G. Carteret did meet Sir J. Minnes and me, to discourse upon Mr. Deering's business, who was directed, in the time of the war, to provide provisions at Hamburgh, by Sir G. Carteret's direction; and now Sir G. Carteret is afraid to own it, it being done without written order. But by our meeting, we do all begin to recollect enough to preserve Mr. Deering, which I think, poor, silly man! I shall be glad of, it being too much he should suffer for endeavouring to serve us. Thence to St. James's, where the Duke of York was playing in the Pell Mell; and so he called me to him most part of the time that he played, which was an hour, and talked alone to me; and, among other things, tells me how the King will not yet be got to name anybody in the room of Pen, but puts it off for three or four days; from whence he do collect that they are brewing something for the Navy, but what he knows not; but I perceive is vexed that things should go so, and he hath reason; for he told me that it is likely they will do in this as in other things—resolve first, and consider it and the fitness of it afterwards. Thence to White Hall, and met with Creed, and discoursed of matters; and I perceive by him that he makes no doubt but that all will turn to the old religion, for these people cannot hold things in their hands, nor prevent its coming to that; and by his discourse he fits himself for it, and would have my Lord Sandwich do so, too, and me. After a little talk with him, and particularly about the ruinous condition of Tangier, which I have a great mind to lay before the Duke of York, before it be too late, but dare not, because of his great kindness to Lord Middleton, we parted, and I homeward; but called at Povy's, and there he stopped me to dinner, there being Mr. Williamson, the Lieutenant of the Tower,[1] Mr. Child, and several others. And after dinner, Povy and I together to talk of Tangier; and he would have me move the Duke of York in it, for it concerns him particularly, more than any, as being the head of us; and I do think to do it.

4th. Walked with my wife in the garden, and my Lord Brouncker with us, who is newly come to W. Pen's lodgings; and by and by comes Mr. Hooke; and my Lord, and he, and I into my Lord's lodgings, and there discoursed of many fine things in philosophy, to my great content.

5th. Up, and thought to have gone with Lord Brouncker to Mr. Hooke this morning betimes; but my Lord is taken ill of the gout, and says his new lodgings have infected him, he never having any symptom of it till now. So walked to Gresham College, to tell Hooke that my Lord could not come; and so left word, he being abroad. To St. James's, and thence, with the Duke of York, to White Hall, where the Board waited on him all the morning: and so at noon with Sir Thomas Allen, and Sir Edward Scott,[1] and Lord Carlingford,[2] to the Spanish Embassador's,[3] where I dined the first time. The Olio not so good as Sheres's. There was at the table himself and a Spanish Countess, a good, comely, and witty lady—three Fathers and us. Discourse good and pleasant. And here was an Oxford scholar in a Doctor of Law's gowne, sent from the College where the Embassador lay, when the Court was there, to salute him before his return to Spain. This man, though a gentle sort of scholar, yet sat like a fool for want of French or Spanish, but knew only Latin, which he spoke like an Englishman,[4] to one of the Fathers. And by and by he and I to talk, and the company very merry at my defending Cambridge against Oxford: and I made much use of my French and Spanish here, to my great content. But the dinner not extraordinary at all, either for quantity or quality. Thence home to my wife, and she read to me the Epistle of Cassandra,[5] which is very good indeed; and the better to her, because recommended by Sheres. So to supper, and to bed.

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[1] Sir John Robinson.

6th. Up, and by coach to Sir W. Coventry's, but he gone out. I by water back to the Office, and there all the morning; then to dinner, and then to the Office again, and anon with my wife by coach to take the ayre, it being a noble day, as far as the Greene Man,[6] mightily pleased with our journey, and our condition of doing it in our own coach, and so home, and to walk

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[1] Sir Edward Scott, made LL.D. at Oxford, 1677.

[2] See vol. i., 1st May, 1662.

[3] The Dean de Dona.

[4] *i. e.*, with the English pronunciation.

[5] See *ante*, 16th November, 1668.

[6] Probably on Stroud Green, and known by the name of Stapleton Hall, originally the residence of Sir Thomas Stapleton, of Gray's Court, Oxon., Bart. The building, on which were his initials, with those of his wife, and the date 1609, was afterwards converted into a public-house, with the sign of the Green Man, and a century ago had in the front the following inscription:—

"Ye are welcome all
To Stapleton Hall."

A club, styling themselves "the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Corporation of Stroud Green," formerly met annually at this place, which occasioned a scene similar to that of a country wake or fair.—Lewis's *Hist. of Islington*, p. 281.

White Hall, where the Duke of York met the Office, and there discoursed of several things, particularly the Instructions of Commanders of ships. But here happened by chance a discourse of the Council of Trade, against which the Duke of York is mightily displeased, and particularly Mr. Child, against whom he, speaking hardly, Captain Cox did second the Duke of York, by saying that he was talked of for an unfair dealer with masters of ships, about freight: to which Sir T. Littleton very hotly and foolishly replied presently, that he never heard any honest man speak ill of Child; to which the Duke of York did make a smart reply, and was angry; so as I was sorry to hear it come so far, and that I, by seeming to assent to Cox, might be observed too much by Littleton, though I said nothing aloud, for this must breed great heart-burnings. After this meeting done, the Duke of York took the Treasurers into his closet to chide them, as Mr. Wren tells me; for that my Lord Keeper did last night at the Council say, when nobody was ready to say any thing against the constitution of the Navy, that he did believe the Treasurers of the Navy had something to say, which was very foul on their part, to be parties against us. They being gone, Mr. Wren and I took boat, thinking to dine with my Lord of Canterbury;[1] but, when we came to Lambeth, the gate was shut, which is strictly done at twelve o'clock, and nobody comes in afterwards; so we lost our labour, and therefore back to White Hall, and thence walked to my Lord Crewe, whom I have not seen since he was sick, which is eight months ago, I think, and there dined with him: he is mightily broke. A stranger, a country gentleman, was with him: and he pleased with my discourse accidentally about the decay of gentlemen's families in the country, telling us that the old rule was, that a family might remain fifty miles from London one hundred years, one hundred miles from London two hundred years, and so farther or nearer London more or less years. He also told us that he hath heard his father say, that in his time it was so rare for a country gentleman to come to London, that, when he did come, he used to make his will before he set out. Thence to St. James's, and there met the Duke of York, who told me, with great content, that he did now think he should master our adversaries, for that the King did tell him that he was satisfied in the constitution of the Navy, but that it was well to give these people leave to object against it, which they having not done, he did give order to give warrant to the Duke of York, to direct Sir Jeremy Smith to be a Commissioner of the Navy in the room of Pen; which, though he be an impertinent fellow, yet I am glad of it, it showing that the other side is not so strong as it was: and so, in plain terms, the Duke of York did tell me, that they were every day losing ground; and particularly that he would take care to keep out Child: at all which I am glad, though yet I dare not think myself secure, as the King may yet be wrought upon by these people to bring changes in our Office, and remove us, ere it be long. To White Hall, to a Committee of Tangier, where I see all things going to rack in the business of the Corporation, and consequently in the place, by Middleton's going. Thence walked a little with Creed, who tells me he hears how fine my horses and coach are, and advises me to avoid being noted for it, which I was vexed to hear taken notice of, being what I feared: and Povy told me of my gold-laced sleeves in the Park yesterday, which vexed me also, so as to resolve never to appear in Court with them, but presently to have them taken off, as it is fit I should, and so called at my tailor's for that purpose.

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[1] On one of the public days.

11th. My wife again up by four o'clock, to go to gather May-dew; and so back home by seven, to bed. In the evening my wife and I all alone, with but the boy, by water, up as high as Putney almost, with the tide, and back again, neither staying, going nor coming; but talking, and singing, and reading a foolish copy of verses upon my Lord Mayor's entertaining of all the bachelors, designed in praise to my Lord Mayor. Some trouble at Court for fear of the Queen's miscarrying; she being, as they all conclude, far gone with child.

12th. To Westminster Hall; and there by chance met Roger Pepys, who come to town the last night: I was glad to see him. After some talk with him and others; and among others Sir Charles Harbord and Sidney Montagu, the latter of whom is to set out to-morrow towards Flanders and Italy, I invited them to dine with me to-morrow. After dinner, my wife and I to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there, in the side balcony, over against the musick, did hear, but not see, a new play, the first day acted, "The Roman Virgin,"[1] an old play, and but ordinary, I thought, but the trouble of my eyes with the light of the candles did almost kill me. Thence to my Lord Sandwich's, and there had a promise from Sidney to come and dine with me to-morrow; and so my wife and I home in our coach, and there find my brother John, as I looked

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12th. To Westminster Hall; and there by chance met Roger Pepys, who come to town the last night: I was glad to see him. After some talk with him and others; and among others Sir Charles Harbord and Sidney Montagu, the latter of whom is to set out to-morrow towards Flanders and Italy, I invited them to dine with me to-morrow. After dinner, my wife and I to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there, in the side balcony, over against the musick, did hear, but not see, a new play, the first day acted, "The Roman Virgin,"[1] an old play, and but ordinary, I thought, but the trouble of my eyes with the light of the candles did almost kill me. Thence to my Lord Sandwich's, and there had a promise from Sidney to come and dine with me to-morrow; and so my wife and I home in our coach, and there find my brother John, as I looked for, come to town from Ellington,[1] where, among other things, he tells me the first news that my sister Jackson is with child, and far gone, which I know not whether it did more trouble or please me, having no great care for my friends to have children, though I love other people's. So, glad to see him, we to supper, and so to bed.

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13th. At noon comes my Lord Hinchinbroke, and Sidney, and Sir Charles Harbord, and Roger Pepys, and dined with me; and had a good dinner, and very merry with us, all the afternoon, it being a farewell to Sidney; and so in the evening they away, and I to my business at the Office, and so to supper, and talk with my brother, and so to bed.

14th. At noon with Mr. Wren, to Lambeth, to dinner with the Archbishop of Canterbury; the first time I was ever there, and I have long longed for it: where a noble house, and well furnished with good pictures and furniture, and noble attendance in good order, and a great deal of company, though an ordinary day; and exceeding great cheer, no where better, or so much, that ever I think I saw, for an ordinary table: and the Bishop mighty kind to me particularly, desiring my company another time, when less company there. Most of the company gone, and I going, I heard by a gentleman of a sermon that was to be there; and so I staid to hear it, thinking it serious, till by and by the gentleman told me it was a mockery, by one Cornet Bolton, a very gentleman-like man, that behind a chair did pray and preach like a Presbyter Scot, with all the possible imitation in grimaces and voice. And his text about the hanging up their harps upon the willows:[2] and a serious good sermon too, exclaiming against Bishops, and crying up of my good Lord Eglington,[3] till it made us all burst; but I did wonder to have the Bishop at this time to make himself sport with things of this kind, but I perceive it was shown him as a rarity; and he took care to have the room-door shut, but there were about twenty gentlemen there, and myself, infinitely pleased with the novelty. So over to White

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[1] In Huntingdonshire, the residence of Pepys's brother-in-law, Mr. Jackson.

[2] Psalm cxxxvii., 2.

[3] The person here alluded to is probably Alexander Montgomery, the sixth Earl of Eglintoun, called Greysteel, who was a rank Presbyterian, and a ruling Elder of the General Assembly, when the solemn League and Covenant were drawn up. He fought against Charles at Marston Moor, whilst his son and successor was in the King's army; but he afterwards became a Royalist, and died in 1661, æt. 73. The son was a consistent supporter of Monarchy, and there seems no reason why he should have been made an object of satire. His death occurred only two months before the unseemly scene at Lambeth.

Hall, to a little Committee of Tangier; and thence walking in the Gallery, I met Sir Thomas Osborne, who, to my great content, did of his own accord fall into discourse with me, with such professions of value and respect, placing the whole virtue of the Office of the Navy upon me, and that for the Comptroller's place, no man in England was fit for it but me, when Sir J. Minnes, as he says it is necessary, is removed: but then he knows not what to do for a man in my place; and in discourse, though I have no mind to the other, I did bring in Tom Hater to be the fittest man in the world for it, which he took good notice of. But in the whole I was mightily pleased, reckoning myself fifty per cent. securer in my place than I did before think myself to be. Thence to Unthanke's, and there find my wife, but not dressed, which vexed me, because of going to the Park, it being a most pleasant day after yesterday's rain, which lays all the dust, and most people going out thither, which vexed me. So home, sullen; but then my wife and I by water, with my brother, as high as Fulham, talking and singing, and playing the rogue with the Western bargemen,[1] about the women of Woolwich,[2] which mads them.

15th. Up, and at the Office all the morning. Dined at home, and Creed with me, and I did discourse about evening some reckonings with him in the afternoon; but I could not, for my eyes, do it, which troubled me, and vexed him that I would not; but yet we were friends, I advancing him money without it, and so to walk all the afternoon together in the garden; and I perceive that he do expect a change in our matters, especially as to religion, and fits himself for it by professing himself for it in his discourse.[3] He gone, I to my business at the Office, and so at night home to supper, and to bed.

16th. (Lord's day.) My wife and I at Church, our pew filled with Mrs. Backewell and six more that she brought with her, which vexed me at her confidence. I all the afternoon drawing up a foul draught of my petition to the Duke of York, about my eyes, for leave to spend three or four months out of the Office, drawing it so as to give occasion to a voyage abroad, which I did, to my pretty good liking; and then with my wife to Hyde Park, where a good deal of company, and good weather.

17th. My wife and I and brother John by coach to the King's playhouse, and saw "The Spanish Curate" revived, which is a pretty good play, but my eyes troubled with seeing it, mightily.

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[1] For what Addison calls "Thames ribaldry": see *Spectator*, No. 383.

[2] See 2d June, 1668, *ante*, and 28th May, *post*.

[3] See *ante*, 3d May, 1669.

Great news now of the French taking St. Domingo,[1] in Spaniola, from the Spaniards, which troubles us, that they should have got it, and have the honour of taking it, when we could not.

18th. Dined in my wife's chamber, she being much troubled with the tooth-ake, and I staid till a surgeon of hers come, one Leeson, who had formerly drawn her mouth, and he advised her to draw it: so I to the Office, and by and by word is come that she hath drawn it, which pleased me, it being well done. So I home, to comfort her.

19th. With my coach to St. James's; and there finding the Duke of York gone to muster his men, in Hyde Park, I alone with my boy thither, and there saw more, walking out of my coach as other gentlemen did, of a soldier's trade, than ever I did in my life: the men being mighty fine, and their Commanders, particularly the Duke of Monmouth; but methought their trade but very easy as to the mustering of their men, and the men but indifferently ready to perform what was commanded, in the handling of their arms. Here the news was first talked of Harry Killigrew's being wounded in nine places last night, by footmen, in the highway, going from the Park in a hackney-coach towards Hammersmith, to his house at Turnham Greene: they being supposed to be my Lady Shrewsbury's men, she being by, in her coach with six horses; upon an old grudge of his saying openly that he had intrigued with her. Thence by and by to White Hall, and there I waited upon the King and Queen all dinner-time, in the Queen's lodgings, she being in her white pinner,[2] and appearing like a woman with child; and she seemed handsomer plain so, than when dressed. And by and by, dinner done, I out, and to walk in the Gallery, for the Duke of York's coming out; and there, meeting Mr. May, he took me down about four o'clock to Mr. Cheffinch's lodgings, and all alone did get me a dish of cold chickens, and good wine; and I dined like a prince, being before very hungry and empty. By and by the Duke of York comes, and readily took me to his closet, and received my petition, and discoursed about my eyes, and pitied me, and with much kindness did give me his consent to be absent, and approved of my proposition to go into Holland to observe things there, of the Navy; but would first ask the King's leave, which he anon did, and did tell me that the King would be a good master to me, these were his words, about my eyes, and do like of my going into Holland, but do advise that nobody should know of my going thither, and that I should pretend to go into the country somewhere, which I liked well. In discourse this afternoon, the Duke of York did tell me that he was the most amazed at one thing just now, that ever he was in his life, which was, that the Duke of Buckingham did just now come into the Queen's bed-chamber, where the King was, with much mixed company, and, among others, Tom Killigrew, the father of Harry, who was last night wounded so as to be in danger of death, and his man is quite dead; and Buckingham there did say that he had spoke with some one that was by, which person all the world must know must be his mistress, my Lady Shrewsbury, who says that they did not mean to hurt, but beat him, and that he did run first at them with his sword; so that he do hereby clearly discover that he knows who did it, and is of conspiracy with them, being of known conspiracy with her, which the Duke of York did seem to be pleased with, and said it might, perhaps, cost him his life in the House of Lords: and I find was mightily pleased with it, saying it was the most impudent thing, as well as the most foolish, that ever he knew man do in all his life.

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[1] St. Domingo, on the southern coast of Hispaniola, the oldest European establishment in America, was founded by Columbus in 1504. A town named Isabella had been built in 1493, on the northern coast, but it was afterwards abandoned.

[2] Pinafore.

20th. Up and to the Office. At noon, the whole Office—Brouncker, J. Minnes, T. Middleton, Samuel Pepys, and Captain Cox to dine with the Parish, at the Three Tuns, this day being Ascension-day, where exceeding good discourse among the merchants. With my eyes mighty weary, and my head full of care how to get my accounts and business settled against my journey, home to supper, and to bed. Yesterday, at my coming home, I found that my wife had, on a sudden, put away Matt upon some falling out, and I doubt Matt did call her ill names by my wife's own discourse; but I did not meddle to say anything upon it, but let her go, being not sorry, because now we may get one that speaks French, to go abroad with us.

21st. I waited with the Office upon the Duke of York, in the morning. Dined at home, where Lewis Phillips, with a friend of his, dined with me. In the afternoon at the Office. In the evening visited by Roger Pepys and Philip Packer; and so home

23d. (Lord's day.) Called up by Roger Pepys and his son, who to church with me, and then in the afternoon carried them to Westminster, and myself to St. James's, where, not finding the Duke of York, back home, and with my wife spent the evening taking the ayre about Hackney, with great pleasure.

24th. To White Hall, where I attended the Duke of York, and was by him led to the King,[1] who expressed great sense of my misfortune in my eyes, and concernment for their recovery; and accordingly signified, not only his assent to my desire therein, but commanded me to give them rest this summer, according to my late petition to the Duke of York. W. Hewer and I dined alone at the Swan; and thence, having thus waited on the King, spent till four o'clock in St. James's Park, when I met my wife at Unthanke's, and so home.

25th. Dined at home; and the rest of the day, morning and afternoon, at the Office.

26th. To White Hall, where all the morning. Dined with Mr. Cheffinch, with Alderman Backewell, and Spragg. The Court full of the news from Captain Hubbert, of "The Milford," touching his being affronted in the Streights, shot at, and having eight of his men killed by a French man-of-war, calling him "English dog," and commanding him to strike, which he refused, and, as knowing himself much too weak for him, made away from him. The Queen, as being supposed with child, fell ill, so as to call for Madam Nun, Mr. Cheffinch's sister, and one of her women, from dinner from us; this being the last day of her doubtfulness touching her being with child; and they were therein well confirmed by her Majesty's being well again before night. One Sir Edmund Bury Godfry,[2] a woodmonger and Justice of Peace in Westminster, having two days since arrested Sir Alexander Frazier[3] for about £30 in firing, the bailiffs were apprehended, committed to the porter's lodge, and there, by the King's command, the last night severely whipped; from which the Justice himself very hardly escaped, to such an unusual degree was the King moved therein. But he lies now in the lodge, justifying his act, as grounded upon the opinion of several of the Judges, and, among others, my Lord Chief-Justice; which makes the King very angry with the Chief-Justice, as they say; and the Justice do lie and justify his act, and says he will suffer in the cause for the people, and do refuse to receive almost any nutriment. The effects of it may be bad to the Court.

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[1] It seems doubtful whether the expression of being *led* to the King has any reference to the defective state of Pepys's vision. Perhaps, he might wish to make the most of this infirmity, in the hope of strengthening his claim for leave of absence.

[2] The history of Sir Edmund Bury Godfrey is too well known to require any comment, though his tragical end has never been satisfactorily made out. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for October, 1848, there are some interesting details about the Knight's family, and a description and plate of a silver cup, which seems to have been presented to him by the King for his important services during the Plague and Fire of London, and is now in the possession of the Corporation of Sudbury.

[3] One of the King's physicians.

27th. Presented this day by Mr. Browne with a book of drawing by him, lately printed,[1] which cost me 20*s.*, to him. In the afternoon to the Temple, to meet with Auditor Aldworth,[2] about my interest account, but failed of meeting him. To visit my cozen Creed, and found her ill at home, being with child, and looks poorly. Thence to her husband, at Gresham College, upon some occasions of Tangier; and so home, with Sir John Bankes with me, to Mark Lane.

28th. To St. James's, where the King's being with the Duke of York prevented a meeting of the Tangier Commission. But, Lord! what a deal of sorry discourse did I hear between the King and several Lords about him here! but very mean, methought. So with Creed to the Excise-Office, and back to White Hall, where, in the Park, Sir G. Carteret did give an account of his discourse lately, with the Commissioners of Accounts, who except against many things, but none that I find considerable; among others, that of the Officers of the Navy selling of the King's goods, and particularly my providing him with calico flags, which having been by order, and but once, when necessity, and the King's apparent profit, justified it, as conformable to my particular duty, it will prove to my advantage that it be enquired into. Nevertheless, having this morning received from them a demand of an account of all monies within their cognizance, received and issued by me, I was willing, upon this hint, to give myself rest, by knowing whether their meaning therein might reach only to my Treasurership for Tangier, or the monies employed on this occasion. I went, therefore, to them this afternoon, to understand what monies they meant, where they answered me, by saying, "The eleven months' tax, customs, and prize-money," without mentioning, any more than I demanding, the service they respected therein: and so, without further discourse, we parted upon very good terms of respect, and with few words, but my mind not fully satisfied about the monies they mean. With my wife and brother spent the evening on the water, carrying our supper with us, as high as Chelsea, making sport with the Westerne bargees,[1] and my wife and I singing to my great content.

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[1] A curious and uncommon book, entitled "A Compendious Drawing-Book, composed by *Alexander Browne*, limner, collected from the drawings of the most celebrated painters in Europe, engraven by Arnold de Jode." A second edition with letter-press, and additions, was published in 1675, under the title of "Ars Pictoria."

[2] Richard Aldworth, of Stanlake, Berks, then one of the Auditors of the Exchequer, represented Reading in the first Parliament after the Restoration, and died in 1680. He was the paternal ancestor of the second and third Lords Braybrooke. In 1762, the Auditor's grandson, Richard Neville Aldworth, succeeded to the estates of the Nevilles of Billingbear, in Berkshire, in right of his mother, who was their sole heir, and whose maiden name he assumed. The Auditor's portrait, by Lely, is still at Billingbear.

29th. The King's birth-day. To White Hall, where all very gay; and particularly the Prince of Tuscany very fine, and is the first day of his appearing out of mourning, since he came. I heard the Bishop of Peterborough[2] preach but dully; but a good anthem of Pelham's. Home to dinner, and then with my wife to Hyde Park, where all the evening: great store of company, and great preparations by the Prince of Tuscany to celebrate the night with fire-works, for the King's birth-day. And so home.

30th. (Whitsunday.) By water to White Hall, and thence to Sir W. Coventry, where all the morning by his bed-side, he being indisposed. Our discourse was upon the notes I have lately prepared for Commanders' Instructions; but concluded that nothing will render them effectual, without an amendment in the choice of them, that they be seamen, and not gentlemen above the command of the Admiral, by the greatness of their relations at Court. Thence to White Hall, and dined with Mr. Cheffinch and his sister: whither by and by came in Mr. Progers and Sir Thomas Allen, and by and by, fine Mrs. Wells,[3] who is a great beauty; and there I had my full gaze upon her, to my great content, she being a woman of pretty conversation. Thence to the Duke of York, who, with the officers of the Navy, made a good entrance on my draught of my new Instructions to Commanders, as well expressing his general views of a reformation among them, as liking of my humble offers towards it. Thence being called by my wife, we to the Park, whence the rain sent us suddenly home.

31st. Up very betimes, and continued all the morning with W. Hewer, upon examining and stating my accounts, in order to the fitting myself to go abroad beyond sea, which the ill condition of my eyes, and my neglect for a year or two hath kept me behind-hand in, and so as to render it very difficult now, and troublesome to my mind to do it; but I this day made a satisfactory entrance therein. Had another meeting with the Duke of York, at White Hall, on yesterday's work, and made a good advance: and so, being called by my wife, we to the Park, Mary Batelier, and a Dutch gentleman, a friend of hers, being with us. Thence to "The World's End," a drinking-house by the Park; and there merry, and so home late.

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[1] Still a cant term for the Thames bargemen.

[2] Joseph Henshaw: ob. 1678.

[3] See 8th February, 1662-3.

And thus ends all that I doubt I shall ever be able to do with my own eyes in the keeping of my Journal, I being not able to do it any longer, having done now so long as to undo my eyes almost every time that I take a pen in my hand; and, therefore, whatever comes of it, I must forbear: and, therefore, resolve, from this time forward, to have it kept by my people in long-hand, and must be contented to set down no more than is fit for them and all the world to know; or, if there be any thing, I must endeavour to keep a margin in my book open, to add, here and there, a note in short-hand with my own hand.

And so I betake myself to that course, which is almost as much as to see myself go into my grave: for which, and all the discomforts that will accompany my being blind, the good God prepare me!

S. P.

*May* 31, 1669.

END OF THE DIARY

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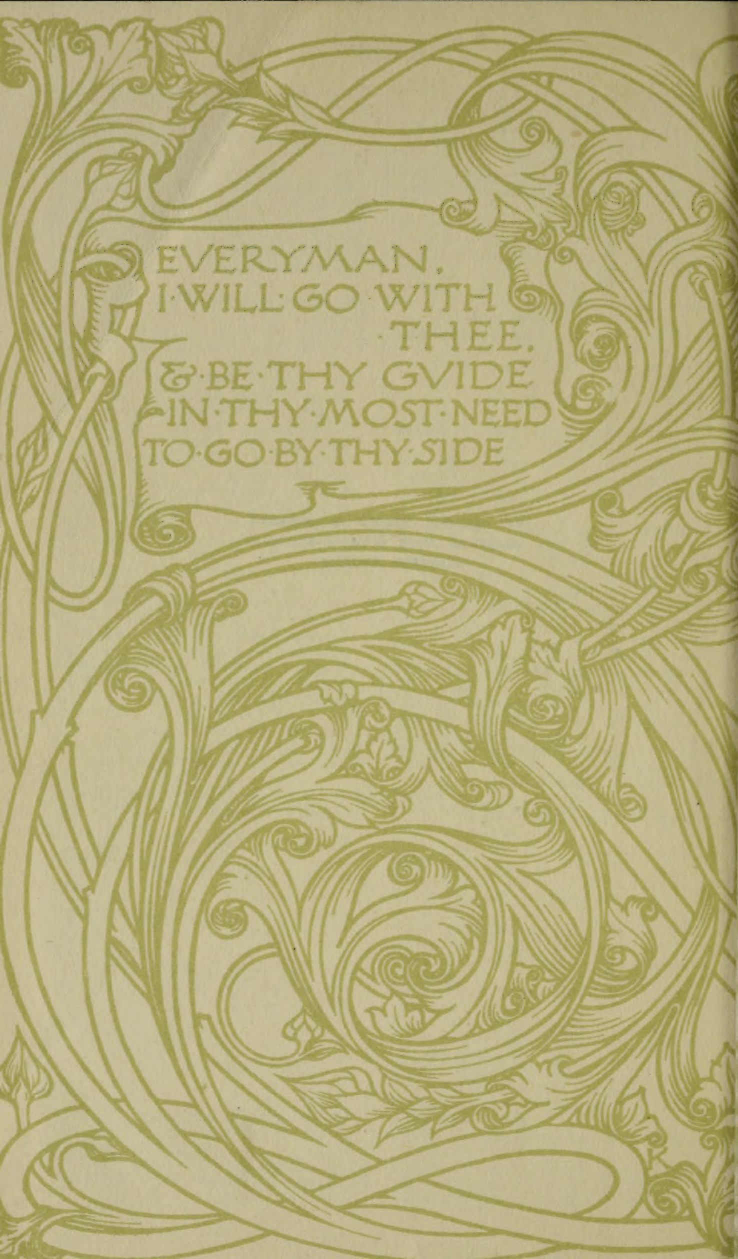

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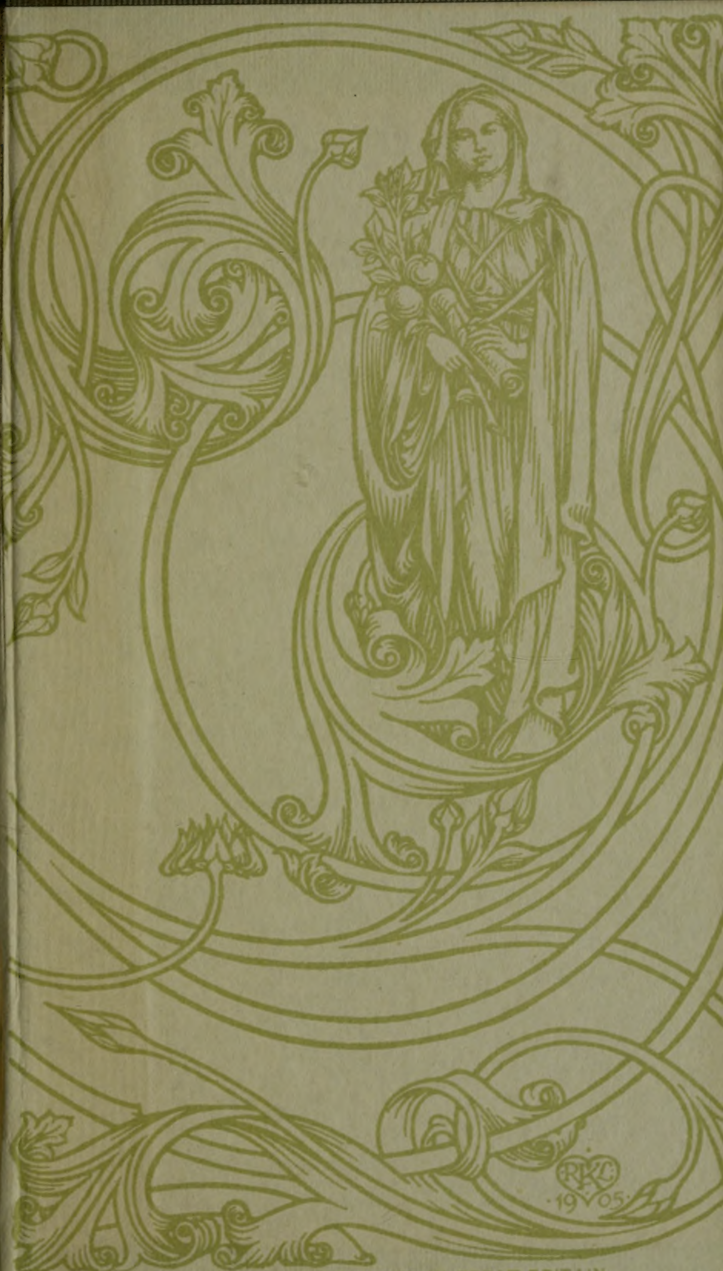

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